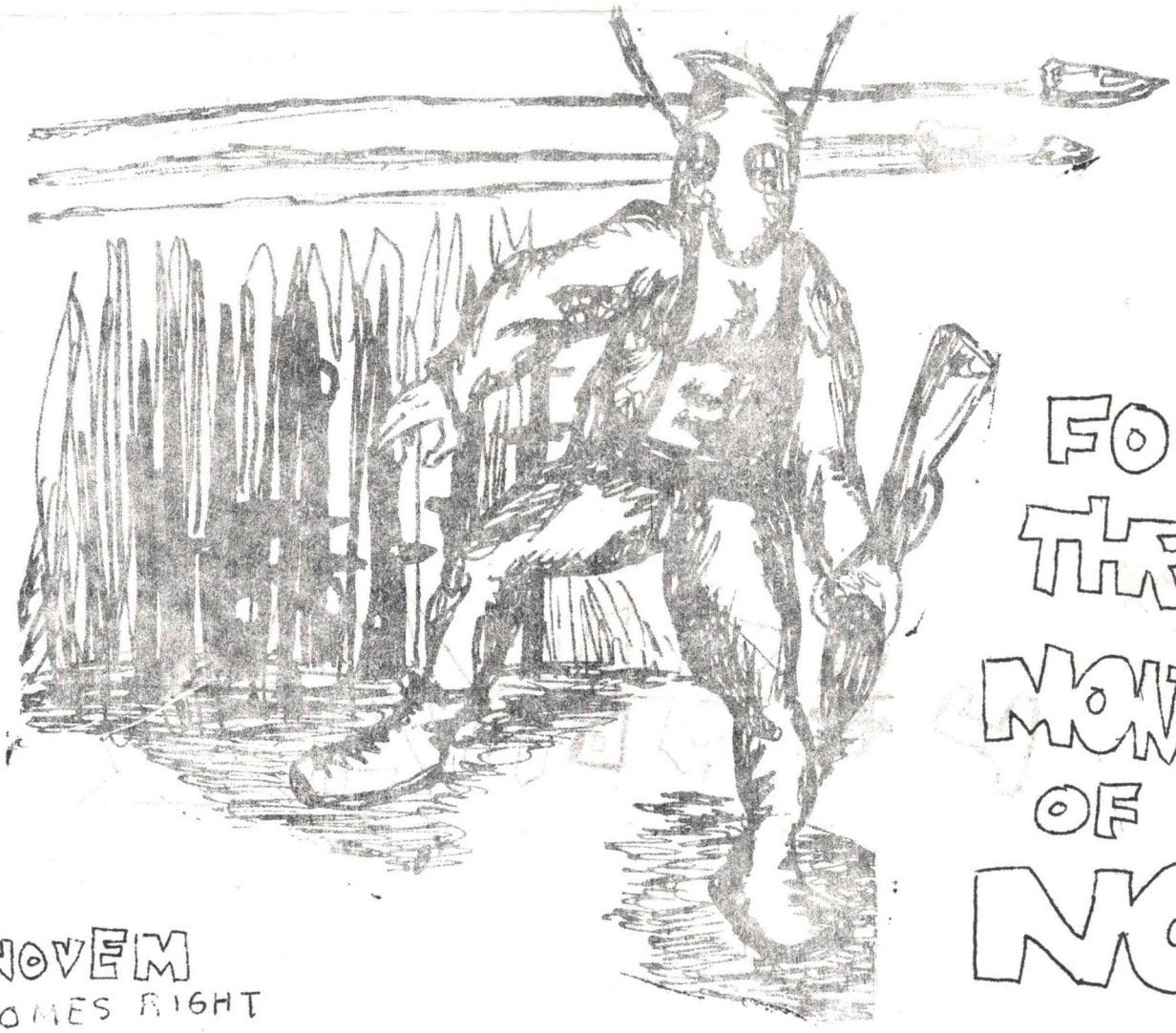
SCAMB #4



FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEM.

NOVEM COMES RIGHT AFTER OCTOB

This here thing in your grubby little hands is the latest issue of Schamoob which for all practicle purposes is numbered 6. Schamoob is published; not [illegible] by the little theatre off Times Square but is cranked off a mimeo by IYDLILI*. You can get this issue free of charge if you do at least one of the following things. You can give me 20¢, a dollar for the next six issues, trade for your zine, contribute something to this zine for the betterment, or send me an loc which I would probably print in the next issue and you'll see your name in print (other than the posters at the post office.) You can do these wonderful things to Frank C. Johnson who lives at 3836 Washington Ave. in the city of Cincinnati in the state of Ohio under the zip code number of 45229. Cheers!

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

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ART CREDITS: Brad Balfour - cover; Mike Symes - pages 4, 11; FCJ - all the rest

AND NOW WE PRESENT WITHOUT ANY RESPONSIBILITY WHATSOEVER...

THE EDITOR RAMBLES

As you probably know there's been a rumour going around the country that Paul McCartney of the Beatles is dead. People have found all kinds of weird clues pointing to his death. Let me just name a few found on the Sargent Pepper album cover: On the inside, Paul has on his uniform a patch that says O.P.D., which of course means Officially Promounced Dead; On the back you can't see Paul's face and George Harrison's thumb is pointing to "five o' clock" the time that Paul was supposed to have died. Some people say that the music leaves certain clues that point to the death. I'm not going to argue the validity of the thing because I think it's a hoax, but mainly when it started.

Many will say that the clues started to pop up in the Pepper album. I think that this started only maybe at the beginning of the year. So let me juggle a few dates. Remember the Prisoner? The last episode? A Beatle tune, "All You Need is Love," was used in the beginning of the program. Let's say that this was shown in England a half year before it was shown in the US. The Beatles saw it and noticed how Patrick McGoohan used song to get symbolism across. I think that the Beatles used this idea to start a put-on. They chose a subject (Paul) and a gimmick (his death). That's why all the real heavy clues start after "All You Need is Love." I think that all the clues in the Pepper album were merely coincident. And of course it's a put-on. After all, anybody capable of almost completely changing all popular music is certainly able to concieve and carry out one of the biggest put ons of the decade.

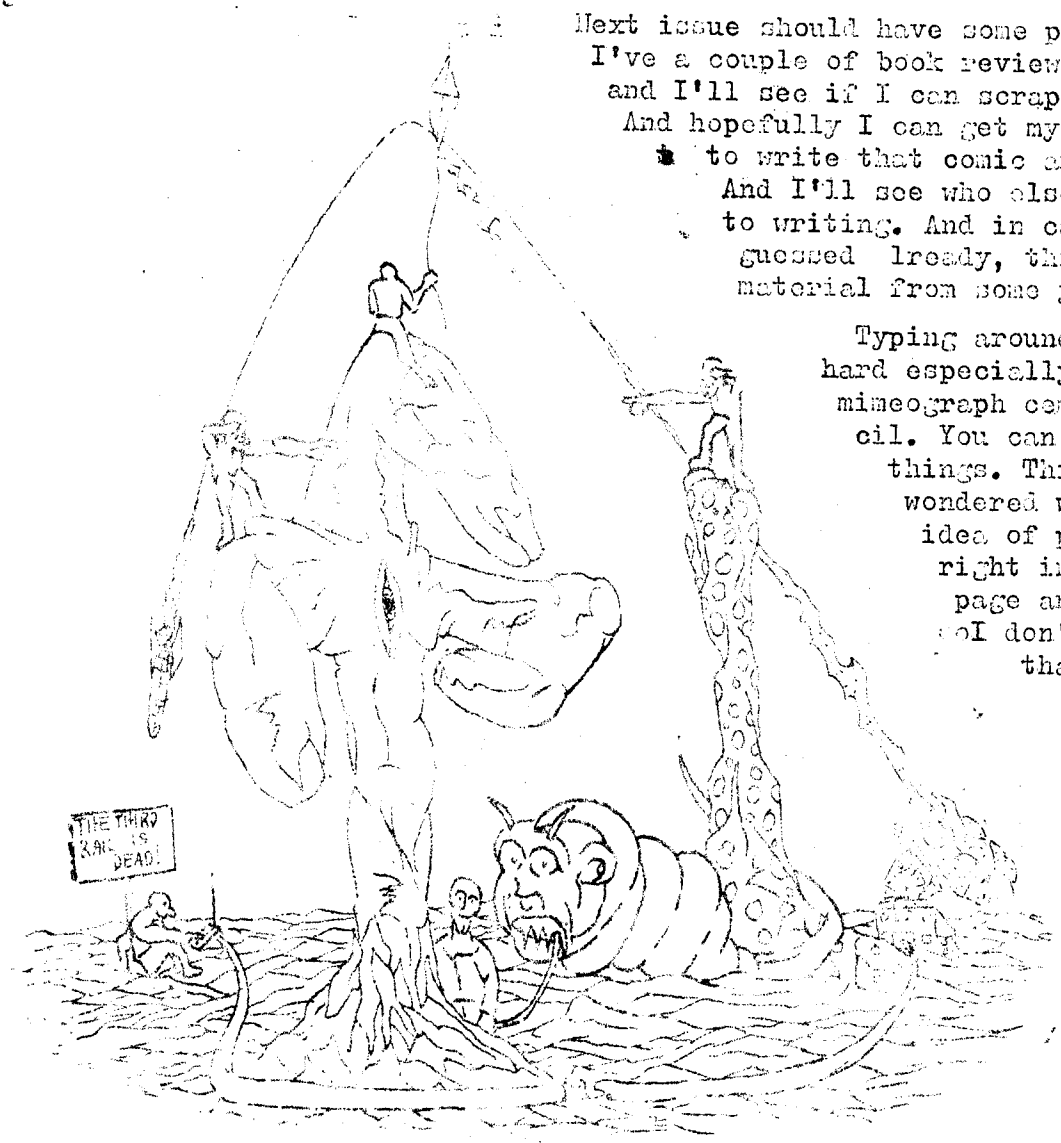
Well enuff on the Beatles and on to more familiar territory. At least it

will be for me.

Right now I'm in the middle of all kinds of confusion up at the high school. The teachers around here are having a meeting in Cincinnati on the 24th of Oct. All the schools are closed on Fri. That was the good news. Now for the bad. On the 25th at the redic hour of 9:30am I have to take a PSAT (Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Test) thus ruining a 3-day weekend. If that's not bad enough, I have to draw a picture for the student paper and will probably end up doing 2 or 3 ads for the student annual. I may not be a well-known fan artist, but they got working up at school.

GRIPES AND COMPLAINTS DEPT: If you have a tape recorder at home you know how distressing this is. Suppose there is a certain record that will be played on the radio. They play it and you tape it. But you can sure that some jerk will start jabbering some time before the song is over, ruining a perfect recording. I also hate the local tv stations who will blackout a good movie and replace it with one their own which - to put it mildly - ain't so hot. There otta be a law.

Looks like I forgot to mention that I have back issues on sale. Issues 1,2, and 3 are 20¢, 25¢, and 1[illegible]¢. You can get any six issues (3 old and 3 new) for a dollar. Forget what I said last issue. It even confuses me. In fact it scares me a little bit.



Next issue should have some pretty good stuff. I've a couple of book reviews already written and I'll see if I can scrape up any more. And hopefully I can get my English teacher to write that comic article for me. And I'll see who else I can devil into writing. And in case you haven't guessed already, this is a plea for material from some you out there.

Typing around pictures is hard especially with globs of mimeograph cement on the stencil. You can't type thru them things. This is wild. I wondered who started this idea of placing pictures right in the middle of a page and typing around. I don't think it's that fantastic. I guess I'm almost all out of typing space. That means that I can't say much more. So I guess that ends it. So until next month I say goodbye, goodluckandpeaceintenforecomingmilleniumwhichwillofcoursestartatthebeginnin2001andallthatjazz.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS BREAKS TRADITIONS

BY WILLIAM CARTER London Express writer Cincinnati Post-Times Star

LONDON: We were discussing elves, the professor and I, and there was an alarm clock ticking beside us as a reminder to be brief. For elves - and dwarfs, dragons, trolls, wizards, walking forests, and rings of enchantment - have made him a very busy man.

He is now completeing another book about them. By today's literary fashions, it should be a disaster, but his publishers await it with the fidgety impatience of children on Christmas Eve. They know what happens when John Ronald Reuel Tolkien, age 76, breaks the fashionable rules.

His world sales so far total around three million (hard-cover books) and are still soaring. And his main fame rests on a story, "The Lord of the Rings," in three volumes - when everyone knows three-decker novels went out with high button shoes - a story of 900 pages, longer than "War and Peace," with five learned appendices, with streches of verse.

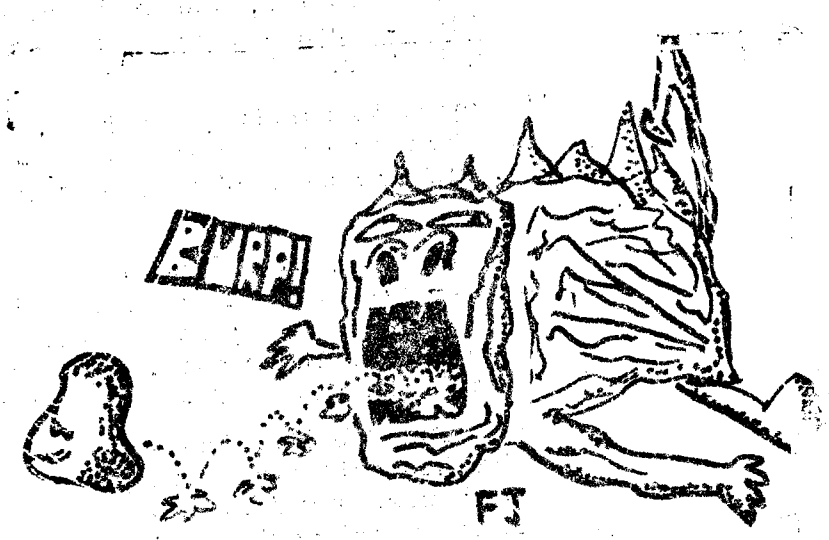
The 16th printing - or maybe it's the 22nd; his publishers are afraid they are losing count - of this work has now appeared in Britain.

But we were talking about elves.

"The idea that they are little people is quite recent," he was saying. "The idea seems to have appeared in London in the 16th century. Shakespear picked it up, but didn't bother to use it consistently. He talked of elves hiding in flowers and yey had Titania, the fairy queen making love to a man.

"NO. ELVES were large, formidable ... Spenser wrote about knights who were elves. By writing about elves as tall as men, I am restoring tradition, trying to rescue the word from the nursery."

To Tolkien's annoyance, his elves and other non-human characters mark him, to those who haven't read him, as a children's writer. Far from it. Many an adult Tolkien fan avoids rereading it alone after dark, so great is the sense of hovering evil he conjures.



"The so-called fairy story is one of the highest forms of literature and quite erroneously associated with children," he says. And learned critics, dusting off their surperlatives for him, agree.

Real fairy tales, the stories of gods and devils, heroes and magic, respectably studied under the name of mythology, are frequently grim, bloodier than Bond, wilder than any Western. And "I was always distressed that almost all the myths were Welsh or Scots or Irish or French or German ... All we English seemed to have were a few things like Jack the Giant Killer," he says and chuckles.

"So I thought I'd make one myself..."

TOLKIEN DIDN'T set out to write a best-seller; he hardly set out to write a book at all. As a small boy he was fasinated by languages.

He learned Latin and German from his mother; Anglo-Saxon and Medieval English at King Edward VI School in Birmingham. Languages became his life work. He retired as a professor of English language and literature at Oxford, an authority on the various tongues which made the language we speak today.

Over the years as a schoolboy, undergraduate and don, Tolkien built up in his mind and in jotted notes this background for his imaginary languages - the country and people and history of "Middle-earth."

He peopled Middle-earth (the ancient name for the known, inhabited parts of the world) with elves and dwarfs and wizards for the same reason that science-fiction writers set their scenes in the far future or on far planets - to bring men into strange and revealing situations.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC reader of science fiction, he realized that magic in ancient legends served the same purpose as science in modern science fiction - there's no real difference between believing in faster-than-light space ships and believing in magic rings.

But in the beginning were words, and one of these words was Hobbit.

Between the wars Tolkien helped pay for the education of his three sons and one daughter by marking interminable piles of examination papers - "so wearying... I used to thumb through and if the last sheet was almost blank, I'd wish I could give the chap and extra mark out of relief!"

On one such blank sheet he scribbled: "Once there was a Hobbit and he lived in a hole in the ground." He didn't, he says, know what it meant, but around the word began to grow the Hobbits, a small, laughing, huge-eating, deep-drinking and pipe-smoking race "inclined to be fat in the stomach, dressed in bright colors, wearing no shoes, because their feet grow natural leather soles, and thick brown hair like the stuff on their heads..."

They were the light relief, the ordinariness, in a world dark as Wagnerian legend. For his Middle-earth was no soft fairy-tale land; its real making began in World War I when Tolkien joined the Lancashire Fusiliers.

"One didn't expect to survive, you know. Junior officers were being killed a dozen a minute. Parting from my wife then - we were just married...it was like a death," he says, and the pain of that parting is still in his voice half a century later.

The war ended, for him, with long months in the hospital. He began writing his stories of Middle-earth with no real thought of publication. Some of the pain and fear of war entered into them; so did the landscape of the Somme, a shattered land where men hoping to do their duty, but not daring to hope to live, stumbled through mud from which the faces of the dead looked up.

It was the cheerful Hobbits, however, who first came into print. He wrote a story about them for his children. Friends, among them the Oxford theologian and fantasy writer C.S. Lewis, urged him to get the story published, and Tolkien it to the publishers, Allen and Unwin.

Unwin took the type-script home, tossed it to 10-year-old son Rayner and offered him a shilling for a child's-eye opinion. Rayner read it at a sitting, voted "Yes."

THE BOOK created little stir then, and Tolkien on with his own scholarly work. But he went on writing Middle-earth, too. This time it was a deeper dip into the great pool of imaginary history, and it told of darker things than could

make a children's story.

"I wrote it for my own amusement to see if I could produce a really long story, but when I discovered that quite different people - like my doctor - took an interest, I began to wonder..."

In 1954 it appeared, this emormous gamble in the teeth of a current literary fashion - three volumes, elves, high adventure, honor, dwarfs, and all. It was peppered, too, with odd snatches of the languages Tolkien had constructed with scholorly precision according to the rules that govern real languages.

"The Sindarin, a Gray-Elven language," he says of one in the very accent of professorship, "is in fact constructed to resemble Welsh phonologically and to have a relation to High Elven similar to that existing between British, properly so-called, and Latin..."

NOR WAS all this. There were calendars and maps for his imaginary lands, lists of kings, a history of 3000 imaginary years.

The book, "The Lord of the Rings," was a slow starter. Then, around 1960, it went up with a woosh.

In the U.S. a loophole in the copyright laws ena- a paperback publisher to issue it "without reference to the author," as Tolkien now puts it. An authorized paperback (Ballantine Books) followed it rapidly ($2\frac{1}{2}$ million copies in print). In Britian, hard-cover sales are still so high that no paperback has yet appeared.

The story of "The Lord of the Rings" is of a journey by Frodo Baggins, a Hobbit, from his own comfortable and seemingly safe Shire - a country much like an idealized rural England of the past - through the perilous lands of Middle-earth, once ruled and settled, too, but now largely empty except for the ruins and legends of the past. He bears with him the One Ring, most powerful and dangerous of all the magic Rings of Power.

THE ONE RING is being sought by Sauron, the Dark Lord, so that with it he can enslave all of Middle-earth; for the ring confers absolute power on its wearer. But absolute power means absolute corruption; the only way to preserve the world is not to use the Ring but to destroy it. And that can only be done in the heart of Sauron's stronghold, Mordor, casting it into the fiery Cracks of Doom, where it was forged.

Wizards and elves are too wise to take on the burden and the temptation of the Ring; men are tempted to seize it and use it in a straightfoward war against evil. But evil cannot be used to fight evil.

Only the Hobbit, smallest and least heroic of all those concerned, proves capable in the end of facing the natural and supernatural perils of the journey and the temtation of the Ring itself. He begins for the sake of his own quite Shire, and ends by saving all the larger and more heroic world as well.

ALMOST AS soon as the book went on sale critics were rushing to play Hunt the Symbol. They interpreted the Ring as the atomic bomb and the Satanic Saurom as this ideology or that; they declare that the whole tale was a parable of capitalism or of Christianity.

Tolkien denies it.

"I think it is on the side of the angels," he concedes. "IT may have resuscitated some of the old humane ideals. But the motive of writing was not to preach, and it is not allegory. I dislike allegory."

model railroad fan knows that for realism you spray a laquer on to get rid of the plastic shine. These same models were probably used for Fireball XL-5 and the rest of the shows mentioned. The space scenes were well done but didn't quite match the realism of 2001. The part that really interested me was when Herbert Lom took out his left eye. Not a real one but a fake one to conceal a camera.

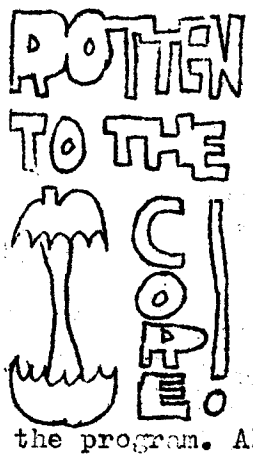
The movie's title should have been "Roy Thinnes Through the Looking Glass" or something like that. An old story with a new color camera, a cheap back lot, and a couple of sexy broads. And without nude scenes, even they didn't contribute much.

In closing I say this to Gerry and Slvia Anderson: Stick to your puppets and leave the stf to Serling and Kubrick - FCJ.

That's right more fahzine reviews. And as usual they're done by the lord and master of this thing - that's right - me. Otherwise known as FCJ.

HARPIES 6 Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit Mich. 48234 (mimeo; 17 pages; 15ø, trade, loc, membership in MiSFits)

Co-editor Chris Hoth has been snatched away by Uncle Sam and is now stationed at Fort Knox. And it seems that the issue shows it. The bulk of the mag is consumed by Schultz's Worldcon report. Even tho the issue has some very well written fanzine reviews, I miss the usually interesting lettercol. And for those of you who can't find it, a two page map telling how to get to Norm Grenzke's place and Island Park.



They're pushing next year's Triple Fan Fair. Fair repro and and somewhat strange artwork. It has been better.

OTHERWORDS 2 David Gerrold, box 526, Hollywood Calif 90028 (mimeo; 40 pages; 60ø)

The official David Gerrold as conducted by the David himself. He tries to tell us that he hates Star Trek and that Otherwords is not a ST zine, yet he puts in a Trek story he wrote last year for the program. Also is some news on his new anthology.

Not much else except for an article on the dead art of pornography and an amusing lettercol. The issue's main point is humor and it comes out well, but I don't know whether to take the porno article seriousy or not. Otherwords is going for South Gate in 2010.

LOCUS 37, 38, 39 Charlie & Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx NY 10457 (mimeo; 22, 10, 8 pages respectively; 6/$1)

37 was the giant con ish with everything you wanted/needed to know about the St. Louiscon. Lengthy articles on the banquet, the Hugos, bidding sessions, art shows, masquerade, and , of course, the hotel. Also some prozine reviews and a column by Bob Tucker.

38 & 39 were normal issues with mostly fanzine reviews. I think 39 was a little bit better with COA's, fanzine reviews, and some interesting Tolkien news.

LUNA MONTHLY 5 Ann F. Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell NJ 07649 (offset; 32 pages, half-size; 25ø)

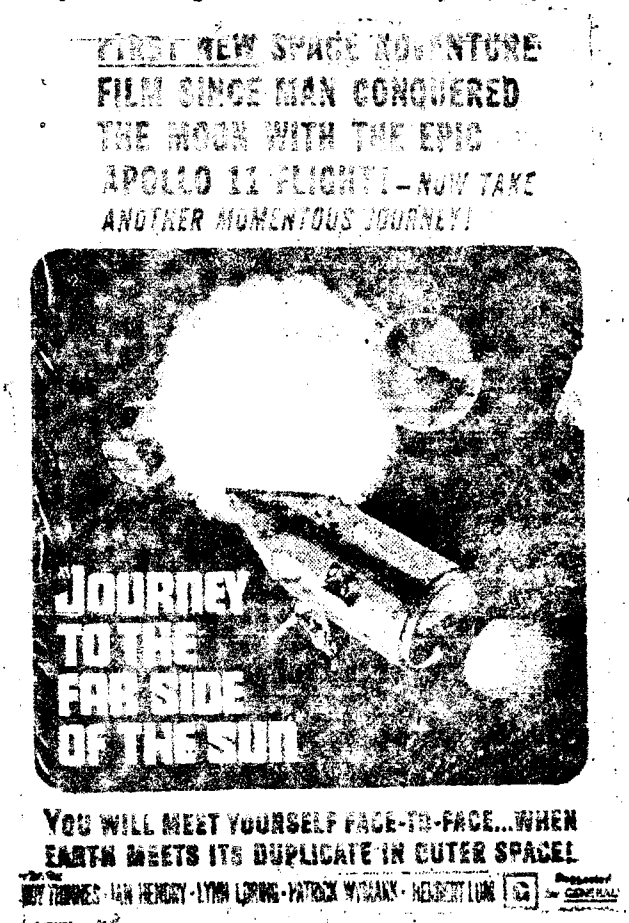
A con report with a lot of statistics and a whole page on the hotel. This is the third con report I've seen and I think there's nothing more to say about it. There is not personal flavor in it at all and I wish everybody keeps off it.

International fandom has a bit in the zine and I found it more interesting than most of the other stuff. A section devoted to Issac Asimov and his 100 books is done by Judy-Lynn Benjamin. The rest is taken up with the usual: coming events thru April, new books, stf movie reviews, and prozine reviews.

Journey to the Far Side of the Sun - review by FCJ

Journey to the Far Side of the Sun is the latest stf movie released and is one to be commented on. It is realsed by Universal-International and is produced by Gerry and Slvia Anderson (Fireball XL-5, Supercar, Stingray). It stars Roy Thinnes (Invaders), Herbert Lom, Ian Hendry, Patrick Wymark, Lynn Loring, and Loni Von Friedl. The special effects by Derek Meddlings and Harry Oakes. The story was by Robert Perrish and the Andersons. I think that the last two writers were responsible for the movie appealing to the general juvenile audience.

The main plot of the story is one that has been used over and over, hashed and rehashed time and time again, and is seen most frequently in Superman comics. Eurosec, a scientific organization, has discovered a new planet behind the sun. They send up two astronauts (Roy Thinnes and Patrick Wymark (I guess. Didn't know who most of the people were. In fact all I recognized were Thinnes and Herbert Lom)) to explore for them.



The two astronauts take the 30-day flight to the planet, only to take out the smaller craft (ala 2001) from the main ship and swiftly crash on the new planet. They are found by human beings and are immediatly taken to Eurosec. Yes, the new planet is exactly like our own old earth. (For a moment there I thought that they had merely flown around the sun and were back where they started from.) But it seems that the new planet seems different after all. Everything is done backwards. (Hold this page up to a mirror. Those guys over there are able to read from the image.) That's right, the old mirror world routine. And it also seems that they also discovered a new world behind the sun. And they also sent two men to explore the new planet. And these two new astronauts also happened to be the same two guys we sent over there. And this was about the time I was in hysterics.

But the fun was not over yet.

While on the opposite earth, one of the two astronauts dies (Wymark), and the other (Thinnes) wants off the reverse world. He has successfully convinced everyone that he is from another planet, a planet that is exactly like ours and that everything happening at the exact same time back on his earth (shades of the JLA and Earth-2). Too bad he couldn't convince me.

The local crew builds him a spaceship exactly like the small craft he came in and sends him on his way. He has to fly back to his mother ship which he has left out in orbit and fly on home. On his way up, I remembered something from an old science class that said that like molecules attract.(Can this be foreshadowing?) Anyway once the small craft touches the mother ship, it is thrown out back to the weird earth. It seems that they've taken that molecular I mention before and carried it out beyond beliveability: Unlike molecules repell. Their earth is made up of opposite materials of our earth. And when the two mix - they don't.

The little ship falls back to the planet, crashes into the Eurosec launching pad and blows up the whole instalation.

The special effects were either done very well or very bad. The miniatures used throughout the film looked like plastic rejects from a slot car set. Any

The lettercol HYPERBOLICSYLLABICSSQUEDALYMISTIC

Stanley Hoffman/7657 Orion Ave./Van Nuys CA 91406

You know you really ought to decide which spelling you're going to use. I suggest you stick to "Schamoob" because that can be pronounced either "skamoob" or "shamoob", depending on whether you follow Spanish or German orthography. ((I like "shamoob" because it confuses people.))

Generally, the third issue is a letdown after #2. The Scott piece is alright. Short and sweet — I can't stand it when authors blow up infinitesemal material into a long winded nothing.

No, Mark — I got HARPIES 4, and believe it or not, 5 also! Your sercon sercon sounds fantastic! Like golly gosh wow gee gosh oh boy!!!!!! ((You forgot gosharootie)) I do hope you will publish proceedings for the benefit of us serfen who won't be able to make it. (I didn't mean it that way — I mean I want to come, but unless it is very close to home, I won't be able to...)

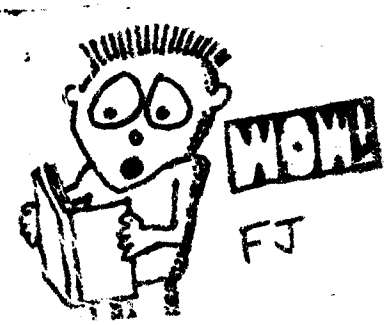
Richard Schultz's letter was interesting — can't comment more on it due to lack of background.

Here I go again, giving unsolicited advice. Oh well....Like I said, I would rather see a good short zine than a good long one. But notice I did say good. You plan to publish monthly — fine. But don't feel you have to publish every issue on time if you have nothing to publish. If you're going to say something, say something!

Oh well...school starts tomorrow and I've got eight and a half hours of classes the first day. Think I'd better drop something. one thing's for sure, fanac will diminish. I couldn't bear to stop it completely, tho. Gee — maybe it is becoming a way of life for me, and all these years (all three of them) I've been steadfastly maintaining that it was just a *bleep* hobby. Anyway, I spent too much money on it and I want to buy a mimeo.

Auf Wiederschreiben!
Stanley Hoffman

PS — I really was planning to contribute a short article — really! But with the quarter starting last Monday and the administration lousing up things by giving me the classes I requested (yes, believe it or not), and me trying to move into the dorms but only being on the waitinglist and also waiting to hear from the U. of Mich. if they're going to let me transfer and a zillion other little bothersome details that may ruin the rest of my life, I just had to let something go. I'm surprised I even got as far down on the pile of fanac on my desk as SCHAMOOB. ((Rest of PS crossed out)) This PS is DNP, which means (should you not already know) Do Not Print. I don't know exactly why, but it is.



PPS ((This being handwritten)) — I just decided that if you've got your heart set on it, you can print the above PS. See how nice I am! SH

((You certainly are nice. Like golly gosh wow gee gosh oh boy gosharottie! In my case fanac is not really expensive. It costs me around $10 to produce each issue of SCHAMOOB. And a couple of bucks spent mailing the thing, it turns out not to be so bad. All the rest of my fanac (getting other zines, going to conventions) comes to about $50 dollars a year. Or something like that. Pubbing a zine brings down the price a mite.))

Connie Reich/box 193 Carnegie-Mellon U./Pittsburg Pa. 15213

I'm not sure why I got Schoboob 3 — the "Why You Got This" page was as bare as Rod Steiger's bottom. I will assume that you would like some art (my only decent fannish product) and send you some as long as you promise to electro-stencil it. ((I promise.))

I see Brad Balfour mentioned in your CFG club — maybe he is responsible for this? You ought to get him to draw for you: he spent all Sunday night at St. Louiscon drawing unpolished but definitely cute monsters in my sketchbook. Put a few years of hard practice under his belt, and he could make quite a decent fan artist. ((So this explains why he was suddenly pushing his art after he got home. My lady, methinks you have created a monster. He is a good artist, and I'll be first to say so, but Ghod help the egoboo.))

I like Rambling Editorials.

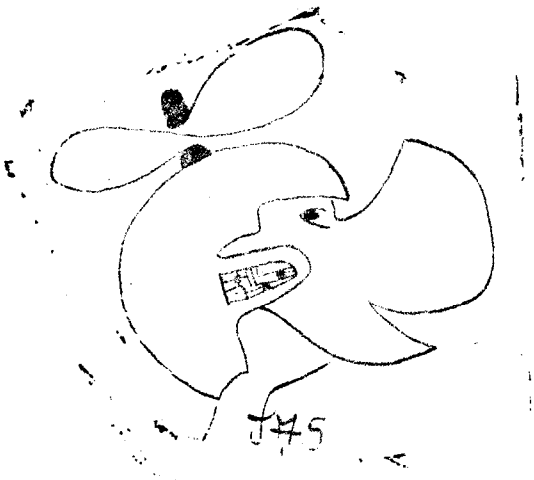
Get Jim Scott to try poetry rather than prose: he seems to have a greater talent for description and emotion than for plots.

I do suspect your anonymous letter was from David Gerrold. He purports to hate Star Trek but I know for a fact taht he posed long and hard for photos with Spock-eared girls in yeoman's uniforms at St. Louiscon. He has come under criticism for various inconsistancies, but despite his egomaina, I rather like his style. (Take that as you like!)

Expand your reviews and squeeze some articles out of your friends. I will review you in RAGNAROK 3.

LUV/LUK
— ConR

((It's very hard for me to expand my review columns because I get too few fann publications (probably because my policy of not buying zines) and I'm not reading as much as I used to.))



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

I was surprised to see another ish of whatever-it-is so soon but I like the way you've gone about doing it. Eleven pages is quite enough for a zine that's going to come ou as often as yours. You'd go broke if you tried to put out a 100 page monster every month. This way you'll go broke, too, but the process will take longer.

I'd like to send you an article but right now I just don't have the time to do some lengthy writing. Besides working 8 hours a day and driving something like 60 miles every 8 hours, I'm on call for the other 16. It's not unusual to for me to get a call in the middle of the night to make an emergency run up to the hospital and pull a quick shrink. I hope that, within another month, things will have settled down to the point where I can do some more intensive fanac. For the time being You'll have to get along with my letters.

On the subject of you bacockteh comic book fans, I idly picked up a copy of "The Flash" that was sitting around our day care center and read it. I noticed that the editors of these things have become very sensitive to the opinions of comic fans. In addition, they're slanting the stories and story commehts so that you sometimes think you're reading another fanzine. As you know I'm no comic fan but I did find it interesting to see the reader being courted in this wise.

Since you can't seem to find Morehead on the map, here are directions: Find Cincinnati. Got it? Now find the line that indicates I-75 and follow it south to Lexington. That's about 75 miles down. Now find the line that indicates I-64 and follow it as it wanders in a generally eastward direction. About midway between Lexington and Ashland and slightly below the line of I-64 is Morehead, home of Morehead Stare University, a place so conservative that they're holding a massive demonstration for the Vietnamese War. ((They must have a weird fandom Down There))

Now you know me. In spite of the displaced pubic hair that gracefully surrounds my mouth I'm pretty conservative. In spite of the fact that I'm liable to wander around with love beads draped like spanish moss around my neck I think occasional kind thoughts about William Buckley. Well, this crew down here are unreconstructed Dixiecrats and if you think I'm conservative, you ought to see them. I walked into class for the first lecture and nearly got holes stared through me. There are some disparities, though. The birds dress in typical bird fashinns - mini everything, but the fellows look like something out of on old Sears Roebuck catalog - bib overhauls and all. ((They must have a weird fandom Down There))

I've got to end this letter now, but before I go I want to tell you how much I like your mag. It is coming along very well and I think you've got the right slant for your readers. Keep up the good work.

Give Joel Zakem a Piece - Now! ((A Piece of what?))

Regards, Mark

((I see that I have no room to say anything here. So I'll comment on the let-

ter down here: Flash is a weird comic book in comparison to the rest of the superhero strips. The stories seem to have a kind of sophisticated air and the writers seem to be very learned people. The editor of it Julius Swartz has tried to conduct the whole magazine, and especially the letter column, in a manner to make the reader feel that everyone who reads the zine is really a smart egg and really shouldn't be reading the thing after all. The lettercol's similarity to that of a fanzine is only, I think, just a coincidence. As far as comics go, he is really a bit on the serious side.

Seems that I didn't make myself too clear on answering the last two letters. I meant to say that I do not buy fanzines thru the mail, but I do blow a wad every year buying every zine in sight at the Midwestcon. The rest of my money goes into this form of fan pubbing.

David Gerrold/box 526/Hollywood Calif. 90028

Yeah, it's me, Gerrold again.

So, I forgot to sign my postcard. Big deal. I'll make up for it. I'll sign this missive twice. You happy now?

Let's lead off with the egoboo dept this time around. My anthology, GENERATION, -has been sold to Dell, and will probably be a series. I am continuing to look for stories by new young writers. This is a showcase thing. I'm definitely paying two cents a word (advance on royalaties) and will probably be paying three in a short time.

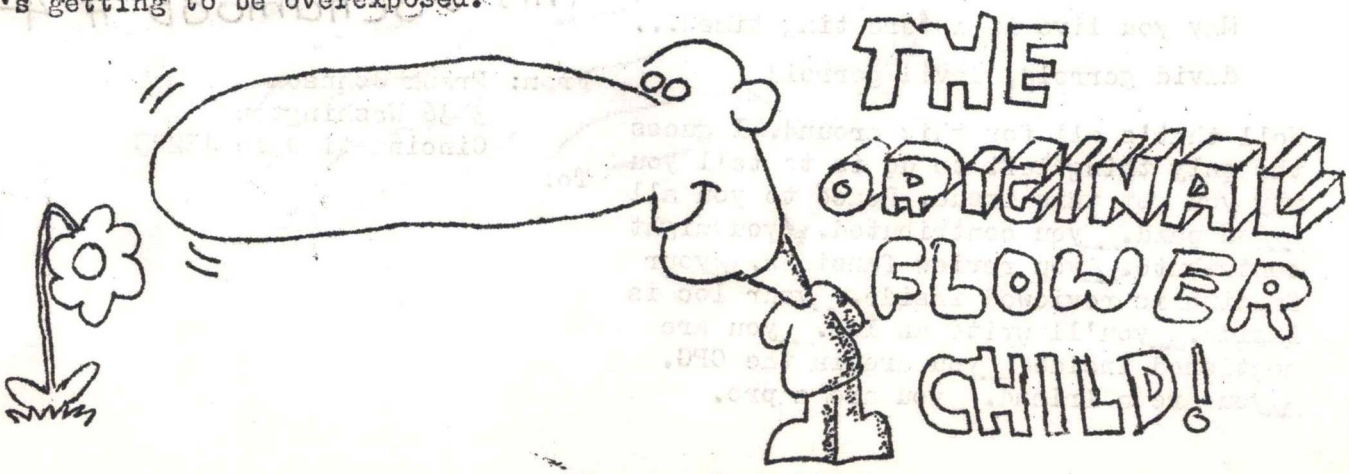
As the same time I sold GENERATION, I also sold a novel called YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN, which is only a warmup for the next two I'm working on. (HARLIE and THE METAPHYSICAL HYENA. HARLIE is an expanded version of the novelette in the Dec. Galaxy.)

Now about that Dec. Galaxy. If that Magazine is going monthly, you'd better tell Ejler Jakobssen about it. He would want to know. ((Maybe I'll have to. I can see the reason for the June issue not appearing, but I can't understand why the Aug. issue didn't come to Cincinnati. And as of this writing, Oct 16, the Oct. issue has not yet arrived. So at the present rate of slowness, there still won't be a Dec. Galaxy. At least it won't Dec. when I get it.))

Now, some general comments on some of the things in your zine. On TV science fiction, as the only show left is the abominable LAND OF THEGIANT BORES, I have come up with a script idea for them. I may even submit it for consideration. You see, there's this giant midget... naw, even Irwin Allen isn't that dumb... ((Care to wager on that?))

(Irwin Allen was the last man on Earth. There was a shlock at the door.)

THE PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH (this is a prediction) will probably be the most popular and sucessful animated feature of the current decade. The man responsible for it Chuck Jones. I've seen stills from it, and I can tell you that the art work is magnificent. Knowing the Jones directs, the animation will probably be riotous. The book itself is a fantastic property. I don't think the lack of the Disney name will hurt it — if anything, it might be a help in this case. The general public is gettig a little more sophisicated than you might think. Word of mouth, if nothing else, will sell the TOLLBOOTH. On the other hand, I expect the PEANUTS flick to be a big fat egg, paying for itself, but not making the fortune that everyone one expects it to. Charlie Brown (not the fandom one) is wearing a little thin. Last Xmas, I was in a dept store and a salesgirl tried to sell me a Peanuts datebook. I told her I'd had it up to here with Charlie Brown, and a whole crowd of people turned and applauded. PEANUTS are fun, but only in small doses. I think it's getting to be overexposed.



Part of the reason for my predictions on those two flicks is that I know the people making them. (I once took animation courses from Melendez at USC.) Melendez is a cool head, but the PEANUTS stuff is an artistic dead end for him. Unfortunately, there's too much money in it for him not to do it. On the other hand, Chuck Jones has a grotesque sense of humour -- and he lets it go. He doesn't play a joke, he wallows in it. ((I've seen many of Jones' productions and they all seem to have a certain wildness in both the art and animation. I don't know if he has written any cartoons, but I do know that there is something completely different about the way his characters do things. The Roadrunner cartoons, at least the early ones, always have short segments that can either be connected or shown seperately. And he never carries a joke to the extent of the boredom. Probably the worst RR cartoons are the latest ones. Jones isn't on them any more. Any I don't see how a car was named those horribly done one-minute shorts for Dodge.))

I'm curious to see if I will be right. If Tollbooth is better recieved than Peanuts, it will prove my theory that a film can be as good as its basic idea -- and its style is only as good as the people making it. ((That brings up a very interesting point about one cartoon group. William Hanna and Joe Barbera are probably the two most famous cartoon director-producers in the business. Way back when they did Tom and Jerry for MGM; I consider those to be some of the best animated cartoons ever. But when they quit that company and started their own company for Screen Gems in 1959, the quality of the cartoons dropped considerably. This was because they lost many of their animators when they switched. But if you look at their cartoons today (Space Ghost, Fantastic Four, Jonny Quest) you'll see that the animation has greatly improved from that Yogi Bear stuff and is very realistic. The reason: they have most of their old animators back. I'm trying to say the greatest director is nowhere without the people under him. I think they're the ones who make the film what it is. But of course this isn't brought out and not many know this, and they'll go see a movie just because it has Walt Disney Productions.))

We shall see. We shall. see.

Re: Harlan Ellison and the new wave. Harlan denies that there is a new wave. New Wave is a term invented by Judy Merrill. Obviously, she was having trouble coping with science fiction and needed a pigeon hole to classify anything that didn't have a Bem in it. (The only thing that fits in a pigeon hole, tho, is a pigeon.)

Unfortunately, the term is here to stay. Too many people, mostly the "old wave" are branding the new writers "the new wave" so whether there is a new wave or not, the historians will ultimately decide that there is, or was. Tho, I have yet to see it adequatly defined.

Thassall for now. (I don't know why I even write letters to fanzines. I must have a typewriter on my back.)

May you live in interesting times...

david gerrold, david gerrold

Well that's all for this around. I guess the only thing left to do is to tell you why you got this issue. Peace to you all
__you paid. __you contributed. ✓you might contribute. ✓you review fanzines. ✓your fanzine is reviewed inside. __your loc is inside. ✓you'll write an loc. __you are mentioned inside. __you are in the CFG. ✓you are a friend. __you are a pro.

This is Schamoob # 4

From: Frank Johnson
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