



SAM #10; another SAMUEL. Publish-
ed for December-January, '63 & '64
respectively. Edited by Steve Stiles.
Address: 1809 Second Avenue, NYC
28 (zip: 10028). Publishing courtesy
"Spirit Duplicator Press." SAM is
irregular and available for trade
and comment.



SAM CONTENTS

SECOND THOUGHTS.....	editorial
DISCON.....	Steve Stiles
GERBERINGS.....	Les Gerber
ON LOVE.....	Steve Stiles
LETTERS.....	letter writers

All art herein is by the editor.

YOUR FILTHY MIND IS RENDERING YOU EROTIC



AN INGROUP MESSAGE: Hello to Michael Feldman and Bob White. Today I went through the Music & Art Yearbook and drew mustaches on people I thought were status seekers and pretend-beatniks; there were seven mustached ones when I was finished, which is pretty remarkable. I drew a goatee on Robert ("Bob for Veep") Ginn. He used to drive me insane, eating potato salad behind me in Math Class.

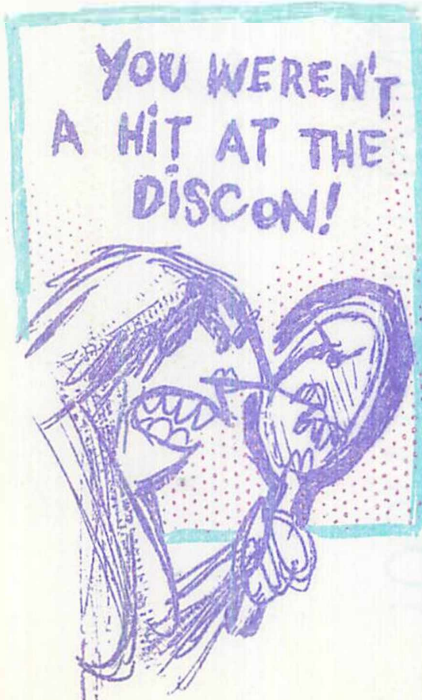
FOR NON-ALUMNI: People have sent in letters and things. Some have even sent money. Too bad, latter group; with this issue I'm going to stop publishing large Samuels until the summer. You will, however, be getting whatever I do publish in the meantime.

LABEL ME & BREAK A LEG: Somebody once said that I'm a "serious young man who is trying hard to be One Of The Fannish Boys". The Fannish Boys sure aren't letting me live that down. Everytime I make a funny remark they say "There goes that serious young man."

Well, anyway, I must say that I've never tried to be either a serious young man or a Fannish Boy. I lack an image, I'm neither, as the Bible says, "hot nor cold", and, in between thinking about how to make it as a Void Boy & the Dangers of Nuclear Warfare, I've given this matter serious consideration.

It would seem that these days a fan really has to have a label to be able to swing in fandom. I can't make up my mind on this score and am usually quite content to wander around on paper being whatever fan my mood seems to dictate. Right now I'm a Rapist.

SECOND THOUGHTS



"Boy, that's wonderful!"

P.S.: The very fact that somebody can point to a fan, say Ted Pauls, and say "He's Fannish." hits me wrong. It's like "fannish" has come to mean a certain amount of proscribed actions, formulas, and traits to follow. That's Conformist, so nuts to that.

THE SWELL OLE TRADING POST: Bob Lichtman, man of distinctive taste, wants back issues of SAM, prior, I think, to #8. As for me, I like very much to get copies of Habbakkuk prior to #5, and any Innuendos before #9.

GULST EDITORIAL (from "Growing Up Absurd" by Paul Goodman): "Take another example. This glorious enterprize of space! And now we have chosen seven astronauts for special training. But the nemesis of the Organized System haunts us. All prove to be white Protestant, in their early or middle thirties, married, with small children, and coming from small towns---in brief, models of salesmen or junior executives for International Business Machines. And these seven have now made a solemn pact, reported in the press, that whichever one goes aloft will split evenly with the others his take from syndicated stories and TV appearances.

"It has taken a proper scientest to hit the bottom: the professor who has advised us not to reply to any signals we might recieve from outer space because the astral beings are likely to be more advanced than we and they will come down and eat us up. This projection of the Cold War was favorably reported by the science editor of the Herald Tribune."

ANYONE GOT THE TIME? According to Eternity Magazine, atomic scientests have a trade journal called (oddly enough) "The Bulletin of Atomic Scientests". On the cover of each issue there's a clock with its hands almost about to indicate midnight. When the magazine began in 1947, the hands read 11:52. In '59 it was 11:58, and in 1960 the hands were moved back to seven minutes to twelve. Recently the hands were moved back even further as a result of talks between musk and Gromyko.

"My mouth is full of peanut butter" said Tom with his mouth full of peanut butter.

STEVE STILES: ANOTHER DISCON REPORT



As with most of my contributions to fandom, this convention report is being set down on paper so I can read it.

Some people's conventions begin three days before the actual event. I certainly don't know why. In my case, three days before the DisCon it seemed certain that I wouldn't be making the con at all: I was sick.

The reader can well imagine the thoughts which ran through my mind as nausea set in; "It's not fair!" was one of the chief ones. The others I will not mention here as you will certainly recall that this is, after all, a Family Magazine; just like McCalls, my family reads this "magazine".

The major strategy in making the convention was to avoid vomiting in front of my parents. Had this happened (as it threatened) I would've been packed off to bed, forced to spend Labor Day consuming toast and tea and Analog mags which I bought but never, somehow, ever got around to reading. However, I made such a fantastic show of good health, eating double portions of all sorts of Greasy Foods, that by Friday I recovered. I owe everything to Christian Science.

Because of my will-power and determination, at 5:30 I found myself on a Trailways bus. I had looked forward to that bus trip as I had always enjoyed traveling to Philcons that way. I felt that some of the discomforts of a fan caravan (such as crowdedness and frayed nerves) might be avoided. Well, we will say as little about that trip as possible, save to mention the heavyweight who continually fell asleep on my shoulder, the gurgling Trailways Toilet Bowl which sloshed merrily away behind my seat, and the lack of reading material to while away the long hours. As the bus approached our destination I began to worry about possible difficulties of getting to the hotel in the middle of the night in a strange city.

FRIDAY, 11:30 P.M.: The Statler-Hilton was not quite as regal as I have always imagined Hilton hotels to be. There were no chandeliers or gold door-knobs, for example. My taste of luxury came later when I discovered that my "single" room had two beds.

"This 'single' room has two beds!" I said, panicked.

"This is true," said the bellhop, marveling at my lack of sophistication. I tipped him fifty cents, and he slammed the door after him.

My first night at the convention was not a terribly exciting one partywise. I happened on one gathering of friends (sometimes known as The Last Vanguard of Fanish Fandom), entered, sat down and

proceeded to go into a trance. Bleery-eyed I stared at all the people I had wanted to meet, and all my friends from NY, and I just stared, not saying a word. After awhile I remembered something I had left in my room and left. Returning, after a half hour of relaxation on one of my beds, I was just in time to see Gregg Trend, a Fellow Fan Artist, being ejected from the midst of assembled. A Good Buddy was doing the ejecting.

"Go, Gregg Trend, for you have done a Bad Thing!" said one of my Good Buddies.

"But, lemme explain..."

"Go!"

"I want to explain..."

"GO!"

"But if I could perhaps for one second explain..."

"Out!"

"Hey, let that person over there explain," said somebody.

"O.K., Trend, you have one second to explain!" (Commanding voice, just like John Wayne, or, better still, Jonathan Winters.)

"Well, you see..."

"O.K., Trend---you've explained...now Go!"

I don't know whether they ever got Trend out of there as I decided to go to bed at that point.

SATURDAY: Registration. The pros were in the bar, save for two, who, with John Boardman, proceeded to open the convention. John, dressed as some magician of the Black Arts, exhorted all the demons in hell to begone, reading a telephone book from A to Z in the process and triumphing over some mind-freezing tongue-twisters as he did so.

Blish was the first speaker on the program. Read about this in the DisCon proceedings; my notes have disappeared. Halfway through his talk he excused himself and stepped down from the platform. What was wrong with Jim Blish? Nausea? Indigestion? Fear of throwing up in front of 300 people?

Katsey MacLean, to fill in for Blish, got up and gave a spontaneous talk on utopias, which she said were impossible. Everybody knows that.

The program was somewhat scrambled, and the next item on the agenda, RINGS AROUND AN ILLUSTRATION started minus Ed Emsh because of its earliness. I was surprized that Emsh was supposed to speak on this subject as it is clearly described as "Problems of writing a story around an illustration." One supposes that he was supposed to disagree with Silverberg, who was the main speaker. Bob didn't exactly tear artists apart, he just concluded that sf illustrators were a strange breed intent on making the Poor *Writer* pull his hair out in handfuls.

I, as now a semi-pro sf artist (I hasten to emphasize "semi", and even that might be an exaggeration), would like to balance things out a bit; ever think of the problems of illustrating a story?

Dan Adkins had commissioned me to do pencillings for four illustrations for Amazing. We spent a good part of Saturday night reading the ms., which was deadly boring, stopping occasionally to look at the stars through Dan's new telescope. Came Sunday night we got down to starting the illustrations. In spite of all the wordage in this story, it was a very simple work; a "gigantic balloon with tendrils"

follows a planetary exploration team around until they all get themselves killed. End of story. This certainly gave us a lot of room to work around with, having such a variety of subject matter. "Well," said Adkins, "I guess were stuck with just showing these alien creatures bump off the earthmen. There's no getting around it. What do these things look like?"

"Here's the description, Denny; 'a blur of fangs and claws'..." I guess it's pretty obvious that "a blur of fangs and claws" could fit anything, from a dinosaur to a groundhog.

After a long discussion about the anatomy of a "blur of..." (we both had very different ideas) we compromised and drew one. Miz Goldsmith also had very different ideas of "blur" and she rejected that illo. It was our very favorite, of course.

In short, sf writers are a strange breed intent on msking the Poor *Artist* tear his hair out in handfuls.

Emsh did show up, but contributed little to the discussion as "I have no problems". Maybe that's because he isn't a writer.

At this point I decided to miss "Cogswell struggling with the muses" and headed for the hucksters' room where the art exhibition was being held. The exhibit's contents weren't nearly as polished as what I saw at Chicago. Sylvia Dees and Larry Ivie deservedly took high honors. I'm rather sorry that I didn't submit my two rejected F&SF covers as people seemed to even be bidding on crayola scrawlings.

I am also sorry that in my mad frantic rush to get ready for the con I neglected to bring the Xero art file which Dick Lupoff entrusted to my care and which would've been sold on a table in the room. There was some pretty good stuff in that file.

"Dick," I said, "I forgot the art file and I am a big stupid fool and I am sorry."

"That's all right, Steve," said Dick, kicking me in the head, "we forgive you because you are a big stupid fool."

Sometimes I think my mind is full of peanut butter.

I live for hucster rooms. I purchased "Galactic Patrol", five "Lil Abner's (now lost), and completed my collection of PSYCHOTICS, thanks to none other than John Magnus! ---This seems to have been the convention where old fans crawled out from wherever old fans crawl out from. Dave Van Arnen, gefis since Chicon II, was in attendance and passing out first fanzine in ten years (a good one). And on the registration table there was a leaflet announcing Lee Riddle's reentrance to fandom and his revival of PEON.

"Whale vomit is deviously hard to trace."

Larry Ivie and Dick Lupoff were giving a talk on comic art at 3:15, and I arrived late when the lecture was well under way. Larry was the first speaker, and his talk--illustrated with slides, as was Dick's--was oriented around the art in comic books. I was rather surprised to see Larry doing rather well, as he sometimes tends to be on the quiet side. However, there he was, being witty and entertaining; most of his jokes got laughs, but his closing remark, a Calvin Demmonism, fell flat on the assembled. There were very few fanzine fans at this con, so the audience was poorly equipped to dig strictly faanish jokes.

As Larry's talk was centered around the art of comics (a lot of E.C. & Mac Raboy stuff), Dick Lupoff took the other side of the story and explored what might be called the Personality of comics. Slides of (naturally) the Human Torch and Sub-Mariner were shown, and lesser known, more humorous, super characters were chuckled at.

In conclusion, Lupoff stated that it was unfortunate that an entire comic book fandom was being formed outside our microcosm (unlike the kind of audience that digs Comic Art), as to completely center one's interest and intellectual life around comic books (which, save for rare exceptions, might be of only curiosity and nostalgia value) was a form of mental perversion.

In the open discussion which followed, Will Sykora got up and stated that nobody should read comics for any reason for "as Dr. Fredric Wertham pointed out in his excellent book 'Seduction of the Innocents'..." He got no further, being drowned out by boos and hisses.

I'm sorry that I missed "MYSTERIES OF ASTRONOMY, a spring day on Pluto and such".

Wandering across the hotel at around six thirty that afternoon I happened across Phil Harrell. He had a beard which covered his Adam's Apple. In tow with Phil were Wallis Weber & Gonsor. "I've found him at last!" Phil shouted, clutching Weber, "let's all go out and eat!"

At last Weber was in the hands of some CRY letterhacks....I remembered all those diabolical headings WWW had thought up for my letters, the merciless cuttings, the puns..... However, Weber (and Gonsor) proved to be such pleasant company that I completely forgot to lecture to Wally on all the merits that MZB has.

The restaurant that Harrell had discovered was a gem. In fact it was one of the nicest restaurants I've been in, putting Howard Johnson's & Horn&Hardart to shame. It was a seafood restaurant, designed to resemble a four-master right down to the portholes in the walls, behind which cardboard waves went up and down, up and down, up and down.... We didn't look at the portholes too much, noticing the strange little plastic bags clipped to the legs of our table.

At seven thirty the costume ball began. When it came time for the contestants to parade past the judges I sprang up with my camera (unused for months) and aimed at the first interesting outfit; my flashbulb fell out. Resetting the bulb I got ready for the next fan, and with a click the entire flash attachment bounced to the floor.

With my next attempted shot the toggle that triggered the flash came unscrewed.

When I got back to New York the camera worked fine and I was able

to take all sorts of interesting photographs, like at the annual Sanitation Department Parade.

I should stick to sketch pads.

The party's began again--what few there were--and once more I found myself in room #907. There Gary Deindorfer was showing us how to engage in Fun Tests designed to determine our recall abilities. "Draw this after I describe it. There's this checkerboard plane--hey, shut up there, Stiles!--which stretches five thousand miles away, and there is this lamppost on the left which is thirteen feet high and a hundred miles away--pay attention you guys!--and there are these mountains, made of shale, I should say, and on these mountains..."

Les Nirenberg was present and I really wanted to talk to the guy and he wanted to talk to me as "Somebody says you hate my guts, Steve. Why do you hate my guts?" However, we were so busy testing our memories (it matters) to engage in idle, worthless communication. It is not every day that one can test one's memory.

After having to engage in "Fun" Tests for awhile, Nirenberg announced that he'd like to get back to his own room. "I think I'll turn in, too." I said. When the door to Mental Research had closed, Les and I found ourselves staring at each other, grinning. "I am Gary Deindorfer!" we shouted. "Woo-woo! Body humor! Braa-kk!"

Laughing we made our way to another party.

As we did so, Dick and Pat Lupoff, and a whole herd of fans, were making a triumphant march through the corridors, waving a newspaper at every fan they encountered. "ELLISON MURDERED!" screamed the headlines.

SUNDAY, 12:45 was when I caught the Japanese cartoon ASTRO BOY; I shouldn't have bothered: although cute, with some far-out qualities, the film was obviously for a very low age group.

There were two other films being shown. One was Bob Stewart's abstract "The Year The Universe Lost the Pennant". Contrary to Bob's expectations there were no hostile reactions to this unusual film, but rather a spirit of inquiry.

"Uh...but what did it mean?"

The third film, although a mere five minute segment, was one of the most exciting things I saw during the entire convention. A look at the sadistic elements of hell, the gruesome special effects were tremendous for their shock value.

Its unfortunate that nothing by Emsh was shown.

Rather than pay the steep price for the banquet I ate out with Jon White. Come to think of it, this was the most eatingest con I've ever attended. Every time I finished a meal, a group of fans would invite me out with them. I couldn't seem to say no. On the average, I ate two lunches and three suppers per day.

I was sad to note, when I got back to the banquet hall, that I missed most of Jenkins' speech. What I did hear seemed to be ramblings on whatever crossed this guys mind, including race jokes---rather poor taste considering the march on Washington, which had only taken place a few days earlier. And what does a joke about "a little

colored boy" (What color; pink, brown, or yellow?) have to do with either science fiction or fandom?

Xero won a Hugo, contrary to Dick Lupoff's fears. Dick made a crack about the Willick-Prosser award and nobody laughed; as I said, this wasn't much of a convention for fanzine fans. And Ingroup Jokes are out for this year.

In the program booklet: "FANDOM'S BEST SELLER! READ: 'MY LIFE IN COURT' by Ted White. Only \$75,000 the copy."

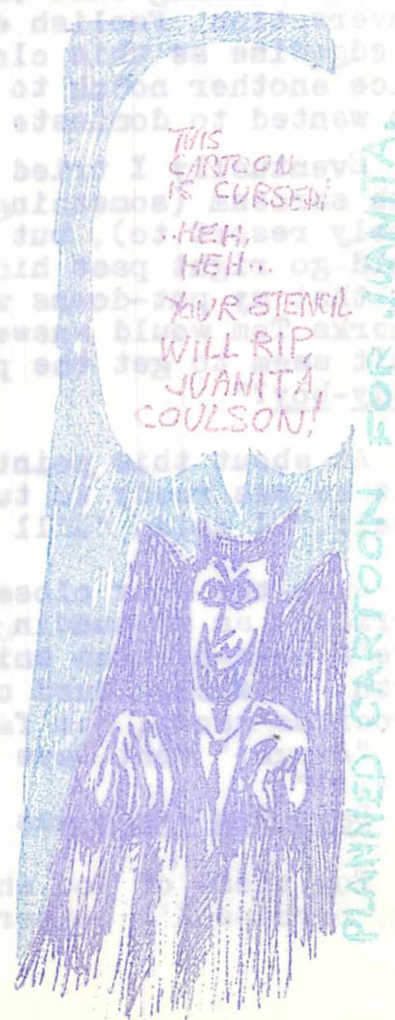
There were other conventions at the hotel. Two groups particularly stick out in my mind. One was composed of upper middle class drunks in their forties and fifties. I remember getting stuck in a elevator with them. A well-stewed old crone shouted incomprehensible sarcasms in my ear; I did my best to control my temper and ignored them. When a bunch of youngsters from a fraternity convention boarded the elevator these people began to make rude remarks about their hats, their dress, and especially their ages; "War babies!", "Thish one ish Vietnam age. Har, har, har!". They all had these "Remember the Maine" and "Down with the Kaiser" buttons stuck to their lapels.

The other group was the fraternity crew. More about these sheep later.

Ted White, Juanita Coulson, Don & Maggie Thompson were giving a talk on stencilling. I was supposed to take an unofficial part in the program as the Thompsons wanted me to shout out some Provactive Questions ("What do you think of Barry Goldwater?") and Ted wanted me to draw a cartoon for Juanita to stencil. However, at the end of the talk there was a big rush to clear the hall and I missed out on my big chance to reach out and seize Fame, as it were.

The panel was good, but an outside element took away from it; the Congressional Room was seperated from another large hall by only a curtain. And while the panel struggled to make themselves heard, the fraternity people (dubbed Signs-Fraps by some fans) were holding some kind of insane affair. They just sort of chanted for an hour or so; imagine a ERB Dum-Dum and a Hitler Youth Rally intermeshed and you'll have some idea as how they sounded. "Yuh, Yuh, YUH! Seig Heil! Yuh, Yuh, YUH!" That's all they did for the entire weekend. Somehow I can't imagine sane human beings travelling hundreds of miles and spending good money doing this.

They should've watched ASTRO BOY, or something.



Phil Harrell invited me to a party he was throwing in his room and I arrived in time to hear Ed Wood hold forth on "What's Wrong With SF Fandom?" Wood had written a short article for some fanzine on this subject, bringing out his points in a rather one-sided way. At the time I wrote an irritated letter in rebuttal. However, Ed Wood the conversationalist is much more lucid than Ed Wood the writer, and he expanded a great deal on his topic, actually going into detail and making a few valid points to make his theories more understandable; one wishes that he had done so in his original article. I still disagree with more than 50% of what he said (I wish I had taken notes), but Wood was entertaining--kind of like a conservative Les Nirenberg--and I enjoyed listening to the sound of his voice.

How unfortunate that such a promising party had to end in tragedy. After Ed Wood has left the group assembled, having thinned to a comfortable number, settled down to talk. Dave Van Arnen and I began discussing some of the arguments that Wood had used; however before we, and anybody else, could really get started, one fan spoke up.

This guy opened his yep, and gabble spewed forth. In a loud and obnoxious way he began expounding on his ideas about the Universe. His ideas on a breakthrough story for Analog (Adam & Eve from outer space, yet), His ideas on why the Superior Germany should have won WW I, and blah, blah, blah.....

At first Dave and I, who happened to be sitting next to him, tried to ignore him. Seeing that this was impossible, we held our peace, thinking that once he had had his say we could resume our conversation. Foolish dreamers! And it was impossible to get a word in edgewise as this clod, let's call him Tom, would merely raise his voice another notch to drown out anybody else---it was obvious that Tom wanted to dominate and monopolize the whole scene.

Eventually I tried to puncture him with sarcasm (something which I rarely resort to), but my twits would go right past him, and, thinking that my put-downs were serious remarks Tom would answer with "You don't seem to get the point, do you, buddy-boy?"

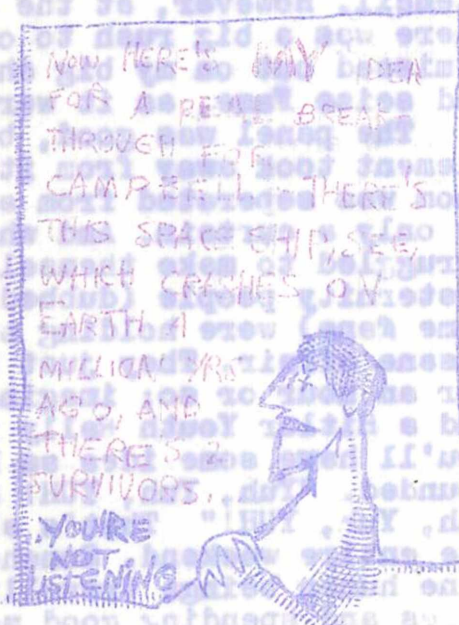
At about this point, Van A. announced that he was ready to turn in. "I'm bushed myself," I said, "I'll leave with you."

When the door closed & we were in the corridor, an astounding thing happened; Dave's ever-present smile vanished, his teeth clenched hard on his pipe in a ferocious scowl, his face reddened!

"Arrgh!" went Dave Van Arnen, "I/*+&--
#%+=+!!!"

Dave Van Arnen was angry!

For those of you who don't know this fan, perhaps I'd better explain; it is



universally agreed in NY fandom that of all our number, Dave Van Arnam stands out as being most good natured, cool of head and humorous in spirit.

But Dave Van Arnam was angry!!

I stood back and, with mouth hanging open, gaped stupidly at Dave, who, at this point, was swinging his fists at the air, or, rather, at an imaginary Tom.

I only mention this to demonstrate the nuisance that Tom was; if only I could come out and name him without risking a lawsuit!

We both went to the 650 party thrown by the San Francisco group, and about a half an hour later Phil Harrell drifted in. "I couldn't stand it any more," he said, "I've been driven out of my own party!"

MONDAY: I don't recall much of what went on Monday. As on the previous days I wandered around meeting fans, walking around, seeing the sights. I had overslept, missing most of the program and avoiding the auction so as not to be tempted to spend my cash reserve. And the only item on the program I particularly wanted to see was a skit with Garrett, Lieber, Merrill and Studebaker. As I might have expected, this was extremely amateurish and not very funny---the only thing that I truly enjoyed was Sandy Cuttrell singing "The Friendly Dope Peddler".

There were the goodbyes, the confusion about transportation. Esther Davis wanted me to ride back with her, but it seemed that every fan I met had a seat reserved in her car and I decided to take my chances with Trailways again.

Unlike the day after the Chicon, I was not saddened by leaving, just amazed that the con had gone by so fast. I kicked myself for not having arranged to arrive on Thursday and leave Tuesday, as many of the NY group had.

I think I enjoyed myself more at Chicago, but it would be stupid to draw any conclusions from this; enjoyment at a convention depends on where you are, who you're with, and how you feel at the time (I was rather sepped of energy and exhuberance during Labor Day weekend due to my previous illness). I will say that I wish there had been more parties, more fanzine fans (missed: Avram & Grania, Bjo, Donaho, etc, etc.etc.), and fewer obnoxious individuals at this World Con.

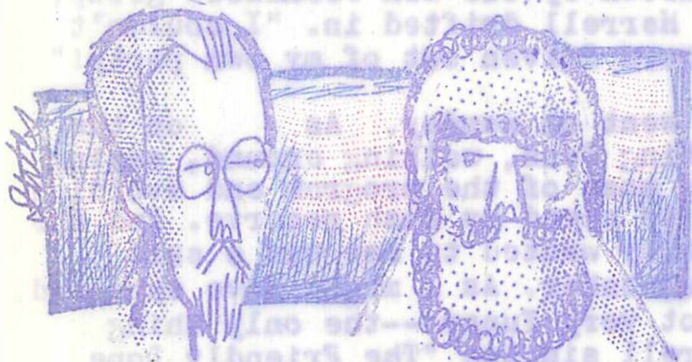
But, for me, the convention didn't end with my checking out at the hotel. In fact, my most enjoyable time during those three days happened when I rode home on the bus with Dave Van Arnam; it was on this ride that one of those rare things, a good two-way conversation, took place. We talked enthusiastically on about every subject a fan would be interested in and our communication was on an entirely give & take basis. I haven't had such such an enjoyable talk in months.

After what seemed like a mere hour of talk, I happened to glance out the window; I was greeted with the sight of the NY Port Authority Bus Terminal. The Twenty First World Science Fiction Convention was over and done with.

--SWS--

Edited by Carl Brandon. The title of this journal is copyrighted and nobody can use it but me.

FANAC #1



THIS TIME THE REAL REAL THING

Joe Pilati. I also met Calvin Demmon, Terry Carr, and Ted White, but I see those guys every day of the week. Others were also present.

"We're waiting for Harlan Ellison," they explained, "he hasn't shown up yet." Four hours went by and then Mr. Ellison showed.

"Hi folks!" he said in his unimitatable Harlan Ellison way, "I can only stay for a half hour."

Harlan is short for a pro. I was nervous at meeting such a Big Name, but when I saw he was short I lost all fear. I might've been able to beat him up if he pulled any Big Name stuff.

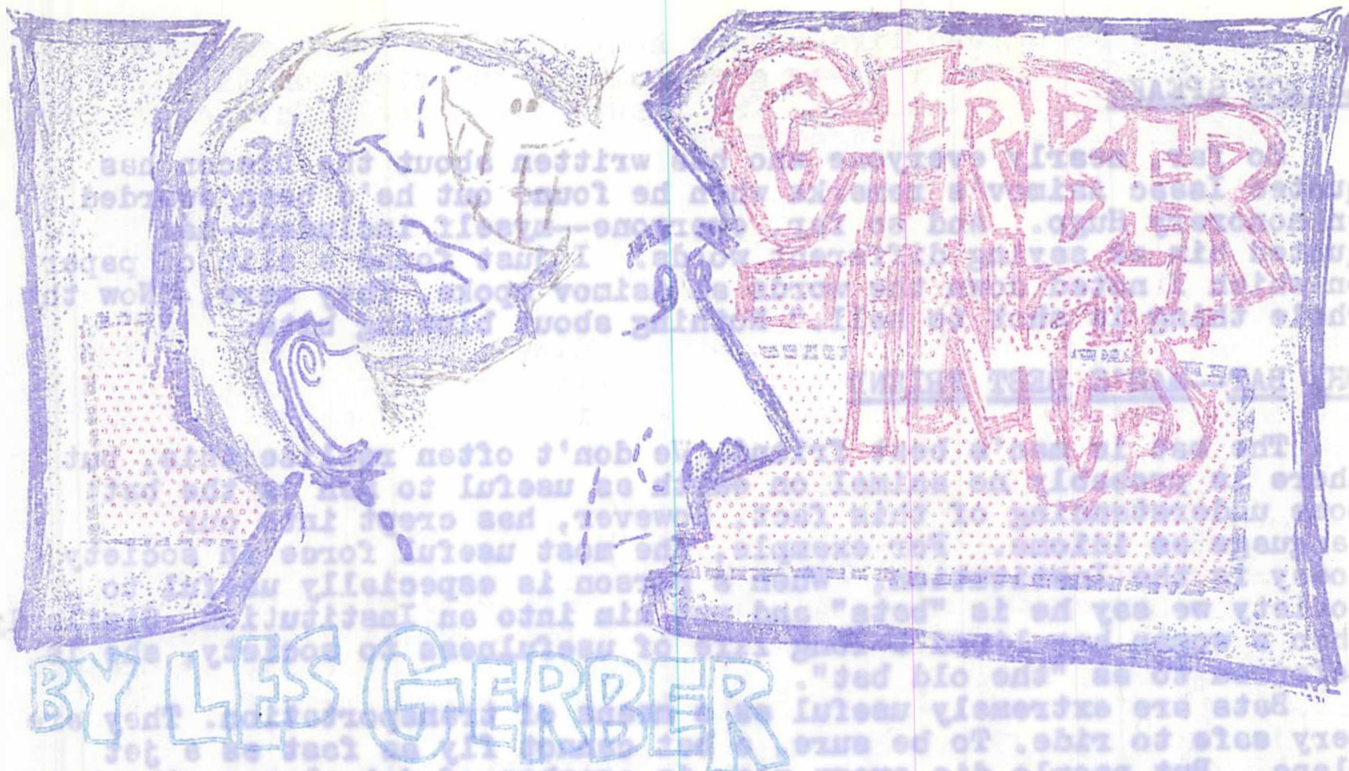
Ellison has made the Big Time. "For the first time in years I'm free of those bloodsucking slimy salamanders, those #!"*"&+=#!!" said Harlan in his own unimitatable way.

Only once before I had met Harlan Ellison. That was in the summer of 1960 when I was just a little kid and nervous about mixing with people. It was at a Futurian party and I was standing around digging all those BNFs, basically afraid to say anything to those people who would later turn out to be friends of mine. And as I stood there, paralyzed, I first met Harlan Ellison. He pulled his hat down over my eyes and let me hold his coat.

Yesterday I was in Greenwich Village with Lee Thorin, and I met a guy named Carlos.

--Spy "S"--

Next issue we're having a Tucker Death Hoax.



CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE FAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING

This one is especially good for the old fan who goes around muttering every time he sees a new We Did It In Outer Space Again headline that we did it first: "Law and Public Order in Space", by Myres S. McDougal, Harold D. Lasswell, and Ivan T. Vlasic. According to the publishers, Yale University Press, "The importance of the problem to which these authors address themselves can hardly be exaggerated. Among the problems discussed are those relating to freedom of access, boundaries, maintenance of order, and nationality of space craft." Makes the old sense of wonder bone come alive again, if that's worth fifteen bucks to you.

Especially for Bob Silverberg; Karlheinz Stockhausen's "Gesang der Junglinge" and "Kontakte". These two works of electronic music from probably the leading practitioner of that new art provide a rather broad hint of what the music of the future will be like. I would have a discussion of these works in this column, but I lost it. Maybe next time. Meanwhile, you can get them on an imported but widely available Deutsche Grammophon LP, SPIM 138811, stereo only. You can hardly call the record high fidelity since (with one exception) it does not reproduce sounds but creates them. Still, the sounds themselves are impressive. List price of the record is \$6.88, but I got my copy for \$3. Bob Silverberg, incidentally, doesn't believe in stereo. (I do.)

THE CASE FOR PRECOGNITION

There is no case for precognition. It doesn't exist. In all the many years of recorded human history, there is not one authenticated instance of precognition being observed in anyone. Why, the whole thought of someone being able to foretell the future is absurd enough to....but why go on. I can tell that nobody will be reading this by now.

ASIMOV SPEAKS

So far, nearly everyone who has written about the Discon has quoted Isaac Asimov's remarks when he found out he'd been awarded an honorary Hugo. And so far, everyone--myself included--has quoted him as saying different words. I just found a slip of paper on which I noted down the words as Asimov spoke. They were, "Now the whole thing is shot to hell." Nothing about blowing bits.

THE BAT--MAN'S BEST FRIEND

The bat is man's best friend. We don't often realize this, but there is probably no animal on earth as useful to man as the bat. Some understanding of this fact, however, has crept into our language as idioms. For example, the most useful force in society today is the Institution. When a person is especially useful to society we say he is "bats" and put him into an Institution. Similarly, when a woman has lived a long life of usefulness to society, she is referred to as "the old bat".

Bats are extremely useful as a means of transportation. They are very safe to ride. To be sure, a bat cannot fly as fast as a jet plane. But people die every year in crashes of jet planes; there is not one recorded case of a passenger falling off a bat. Admittedly, there is a slight hazard. In one famous instance, a bat suffered a heart attack while in flight. This heroic bat, by a tremendous effort of will, managed to fly over a lake, where it died. Since bats fly low, the fall into the lake left the bat's passenger unharmed. (Unfortunately, the bat's passenger, a roach, could not swim, and drowned.)

Bats, notice, are the only thing which the sports of cricket and baseball have in common, except for balls, pitchers, batters, runs, innings, and a few other things.

Bats have acquired a bad name due to the legend of vampires. This legend states that some people turn into bats at night and kill people by drinking their blood. The victims then turn into vampires. However, as a famous rocket scientist has shown, if vampires had been in existence for a thousand years, and if vampires killed one victim per year--both very conservative estimates--everyone would now be a vampire. Since a vampire dies if he drinks the blood of another vampire, everyone would die next year. Maybe they will, but don't blame bats.

In medieval times, bats were the protectors of the Church. Occasionally a peasant riot would get out of hand and the drunken peasants would storm a church. When this happened, the priest would have only one recourse. He would let loose the church's corps of bats, who would fly among the peasants and terrify them. From this ancient practice we retain the phrase "bats in the belfry," which is where the bats were kept.

From all this, I am sure you will be able to see that the bat is man's best friend---unless, of course, you are blind as a bat.

THE BATMAN'S BEST FRIEND

The thought that Batman and Robin are queers first occurred to

me at the 1962 Chicon when Larry Ivie asked me to wear the Robin costume he had prepared to go with his Batman. I had no costume myself, and I readily saw the tremendous possibilities involved for clowning around. That's us on page 59 of the Chicon Proceedings, clowning around. In that photo, we are menacing Sylvia, but most of the time we walked around embracing each other and simpering. It went over pretty well, except with the comic book fanatics. I swear, sometimes I don't understand those people.

Anyway, I've been thinking, since then, about Batman and Robin. You know what this "young male ward" business is usually a cover-up for, don't you. And did you ever see Batman (or Robin, for that matter) bringing a girl home for the night? Or making any sort of pass at a girl?

Recently, the Batman people have been trying to cover up so the Comics Code Authority won't catch on. Notice how they crammed Batwoman and Batgirl into the strip sudden-like? And how Batman keeps saying he'll marry Batwoman, and how he keeps putting the date off? Do you honestly think a normal straight male could get interested in those two plastic females, anyway?

I leave you to draw your own conclusions.

LUCY VS. THE CREATIVE ARTS JOURNAL

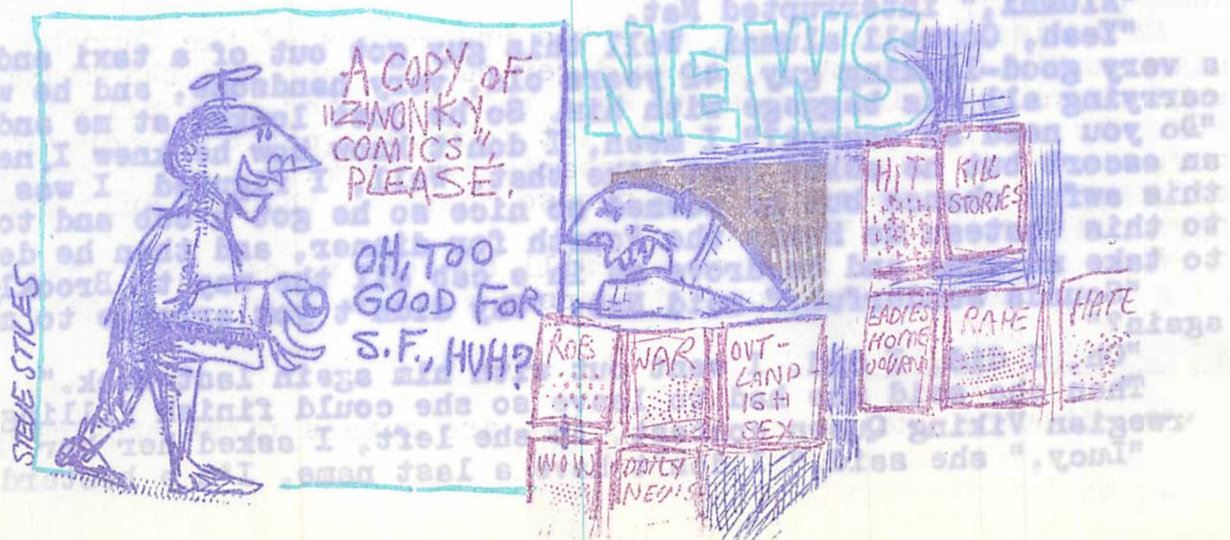
I was sitting around the Creative Arts Journal office at Brooklyn College trying unsuccessfully to write when the door opened and a girl walked in. "Do you have a scissor?" she asked. "No, I don't think so," I said. Nat Goldhaber, the only other guy in the office, pulled open the door of our metal cabinet and looked in. There was a scissor. He pulled it open and gave it to the girl. She took it and danced out of the office.

A minute later she was back. "Thanks for the scissor," she said. "Do you have an envelope?"

"What's all this for?" I asked.

"I'm entering a beauty contest," she explained. "It's only for people who live in Bay Ridge of Norwegian descent, so I have a chance."

I looked closely at her. She was about average height. The first thing I noticed was her hair. Evidently it had once been an elaborate coiffure which had deteriorated completely. She was wearing a cheap blue and pink print dress over a set of leotards. Her face was



slightly attractive but not really pretty; her nose was too big. She looked like a perfect Greenwich Village girl.

She sat down on a chair and started to read her newspaper. "What's that?" I asked. "It's a Norwegian newspaper," she said. "I have a Norwegian boyfriend who works on the ship Oslo. You know, Oslo, the capital of Norway. I'm trying to be a good Norwegian girl and learn the language from the newspaper."

I could tell she was making the whole thing up. Then she told us she was an upper junior majoring in speech and theater, which may have been true for all I know. Nat told her I was the theater critic of the school newspaper (which is true). She said that was good because she thought my latest review (published that morning) was a great review and she was going to save it as a model. So I told her Nat was really Leslie Gerber and I was really Barry Roth, the editor of the paper. We kept this going for a while, but then Nat and I began to get pangs of conscience because we were both cutting classes to be in the office and neither of us was getting anything done. So Nat started reading manuscripts and I tried to write about some concerts I had attended the previous week.

Lucy gave up on us and started reading her Norwegian newspaper. I watched her read a while, wrote a few paragraphs, then gave up and threw away what I had written. It was awful. "Do you really read Norwegian?" I asked. "No," she said, "I'm just reading the ads in English." I looked and there really were ads in English on the page she was reading. Later she told me she could really read Norwegian. Nat gave up trying to read. I offered everybody some Juicyfruits from a pound bag I'd brought. Then, finally, Lucy decided to tell her story.

"I had this girl friend, you know, she went to the Round Table. You know the Round Table, it's this big restaurant that costs a fortune. She went in and she was dressed all sloppy and her hair was a mess, and she was afraid they were going to throw her out because they don't let you in the Round Table without an escort only she didn't know that when she went. And they have a cover charge and drinks cost a lot so you have to spend about twenty dollars and she didn't have that much money. In fact, she didn't have any money."

So she was in there and she went in the ladies room and combed her hair. She spent about a half an hour in there and finally she went out and she was looking at the Cornell Club which is right next to the Round Table. You know the Cornell Club, it's like a hotel for people who went to Cornell..."

"Alumni," interrupted Nat.

"Yeah, Cornell alumni. Well this guy got out of a taxi and he was a very good-looking guy, 42 years old, very handsome, and he was carrying all his baggage with him. So he just looked at me and said "Do you need an escort?" I mean, I don't know how he knew I needed an escort but he asked just like that. Well, I figured I was taking this awful chance but he seemed so nice so he got a cab and took me to this Chateau de Henry the Fourth for dinner, and then he decided to take me home and he drove me in a cab all the way to Brooklyn."

"Sounds wonderful," said Nat. "Why didn't you arrange to meet him again?"

"Oh, I did, I did. I went out with him again last week."

Then she said she had to leave so she could finish filling out the Norwegian Viking Queen contest. As she left, I asked her her name.

"Lucy," she said, "I don't have a last name. I'm a bastard."

ON LOVE

"by" Steve Stiles

People may be surprized at this; here's Steve Stiles, thought by some to be a "Fannish" writer, writing on a serious subject. Some may find it even more surprizing that the serious subject is love.

You'll notice that I've put "by" in quotation marks up there; this is because this article is not original in the sense that all the ideas herein are my own---on the contrary, they are Dr. Erich Fromm's, culled from his excellent book "The Art of Loving". I suggest that whatever you think of this essay, you get Fromm's book. It's out in paperback and pocketbook form (.1.25 & 60 respectively), and a pretty Neat book.

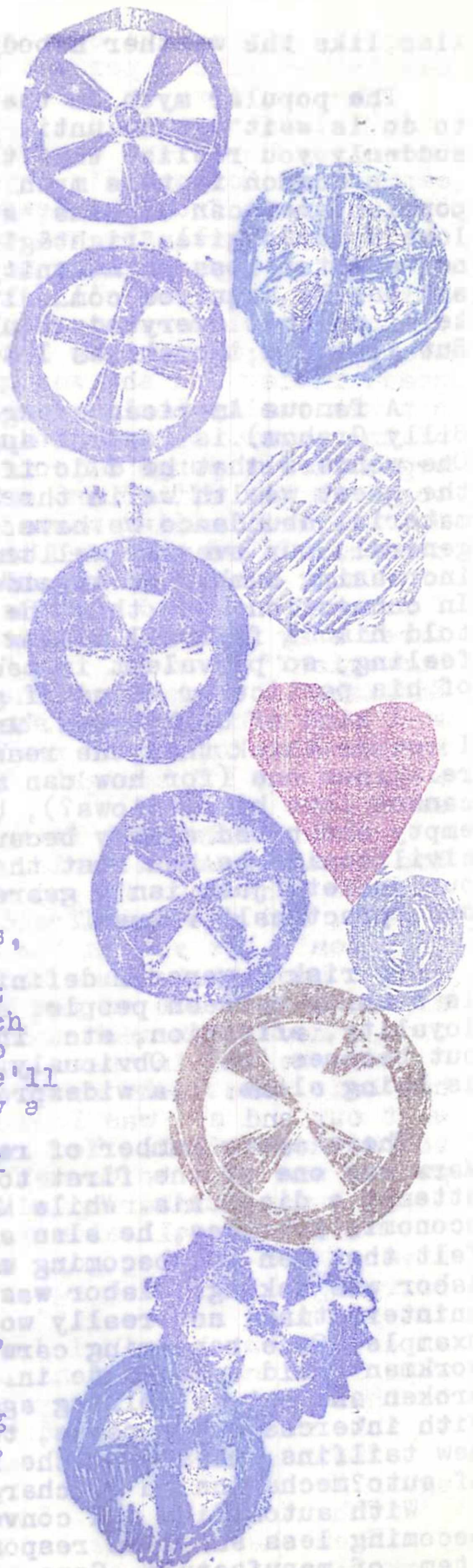
Incomplete People:

My brother likes to listen to teenage "music". As I type this, he's sitting in the other room listening to some pimply faced youngster sing about some cute little gal he knows, and how much he loves her, and how he'll follow her to the ends of the earth, and how unhappy he'll be if she should happen to be run over by a railroad train. She has a great build.

When that record is over, the DJ will put on another one featuring a thirteen year old girl who will moan about some broad-shouldered guy she knows, and how much she loves him, and....

My brother, like thousands of others, has been listening to these popular records for well over a year now, and the chances are he's no closer to finding out what real love is than when he began.

It's fairly obvious that love is a popular topic of discussion; like the weather, everybody talks about it.



Also like the weather nobody ever does much about it.

The popular myth is that one just "falls in love"; all you have to do is wait around until you meet "the right person" and then--shazam!--suddenly you realize that this is It! Phooey.

So common is this myth that most people, overwhelmed by the ever popular American cinema, swallow it whole. It's almost assumed that love is a Godgiven right&gift, inevitable as a sun rise (if you're not a total loss to humanity, that is). If love was such a universal and easily acquired commodity my instincts (what there are of them) tell me that everybody would be just one big happy swinging family. But it isn't; sometimes I even hate to read the newspapers.

A famous American evangelist (just for laughs let's call him Billy Graham) is fond of spewing about the troubles in modern society. One wonders what he'd do if we had no troubles. He always points to the great wealth we in the US presumably enjoy, the great material abundance we have, our freer sex lives (debatable), and, in general, our overall wellbeing. He then proceeds to point to the increasing number of suicides, neurotics, divorce cases, crimes, etc. In connection with this, he once went on to quote a young girl who told him "I feel all hollow inside". Graham claims that this empty feeling, so prevalent in people today, is caused by a sinful shunning of his particular brand of god.

I kind of doubt this. And not because I'm a irreligious iconoclast. I rather think that the reason for our Hollow Men is not some abstract religious one (for how can man love an impersonal abstraction if he cannot love his fellows?), but a much more natural problem; man is empty and bored simply because somewhere in the shuffle of modern civilization he has lost the ability, or rather the talent, to love: our society just isn't geared for love, but for more materialistic and "practical" values.

To risk a general definition of love early in this essay, love is a union between people, a sharing of experiences, personality, loyalty, affection, etc. Through love a person ceases to be just "I", but becomes "we". Obviously, the opposite of the state of being in love is being alone....a widespread disease in modern times.

There are a number of reasons for this disease of separation. Karl Marx was one of the first to see the symptoms of the sickness and attempt a diagnosis. While Marx was primarily concerned with the economic sciences, he also advanced some theories in sociology. He felt that man was becoming more isolated because of the evolutions labor was taking: labor was becoming personally non-productive, uninteresting, not really worthy of life activity. Take car repair for example. Once repairing cars was a job that a young semi-skilled workman could take pride in. It's nice to take something that's broken and set it rolling again. But mechanics have become cynical. With interchangeable parts, they've become more interested in selling new tailfins and making the fast buck. According to one survey, 63% of auto mechanics in NY charge for repairs they don't make.

With automation and conveyor belt techniques the worker is becoming less and less responsible for the whole and result of any item of manufacture. Gone are the days of the craftsmen, who, by themselves, could produce a single item from beginning to end.

The blue collar worker has become the flunky of the machine, reduced to the status of a cog---to use a well worn cliché. Sometimes, as was my case while working in a factory this summer, the worker may not even know what he's making, what it's used for, what the finished product looks like.

The present dehumanizing aspects of a great many of our jobs alienates the worker from his job because of sheer boredom, reduces his life's work to the production of things he doesn't give a damn for. In this way, surrounded by a world of impersonal objects the worker becomes an object himself. Clearly he can have no pride or vitality in a large percentage of his waking hours. In such a state a man's ego loses the strength and self-love to permit him to reach out and communicate with others.

Then too, the American dream of equality for all hasn't seemed to materialize. With the crystalizing stratification which is taking place in our society free communication is becoming increasingly difficult. People are faced with inescapable class barriers based on prestige, community belonging, pigmentation, religion, and national origin, not to mention the division of classes by income. A code is being established, a code which determines what friends one may have, what people one can associate with even on the most casual terms, and even who one can marry---a code which even takes into account what club one goes to, what one eats (Italian food is out in the middle class), and what one wears (only the very poor and the very rich can afford to be seen puttering around their lawns in old slacks).

In such a system man once again becomes an object; a walking jumble of class symbolism; his real worth and personality is unimportant.

Gone are the days of the American community. The communities where everyone knew everyone have been replaced by supermarket villages, building projects, rent districts, turfs & ghettos. The death of the community negates growing together.

Life has also become so complicated, with its giant industries, complex sciences, behind-the-scene-politics, that the average man can't untangle its web.

Faced with life's hugeness, with the overpowering sensation of being alone, or alienated, man can escape this state by finding union in love (or work or art, but that's not what this essay is about), or he can find union in an escape mechanism, such as blending into a crowd of fellow robots and adopting the badge of conformity. Or he can use the escape mechanism of being a dominator, or in subjugation.

Judging from life as it is now, obvious these latter solutions are easiest to arrive at, but far less satisfying.

Well, anyway, these are some of the reasons that I can think of that love, empathy, whatever you want to call it, has gone out of style. I'm sure there are other reasons, but I'm no sociologist, just an art student & a fan. Maybe people have all been captured by their television sets.

Luckily, the completely alienated individual is in a position

to discover love. He's completely not with it, and the loneliness of being alienated provides the stimulation to move on to a better scene. To paraphrase Marx (who wasn't a stupid old stiff, even though he was a Marxist), "only when a society is completely insane can there be any will for sanity". Pity the poor character who is neither here nor there, but has substituted and sublimated in his need for love; he's lulled by false compensation.

Animals are lucky. They don't need love; they get their unification from being a part of nature and relying on their instincts. Stupid Man is too smart to rely on instincts; he's sold his for reason. And there's the fallacy of "falling in love"; it places too much stress on instinct, and we just can't trust ours any more. Love must be an attitude, attained through a certain useage of reason (note: not cold logic). Love must be an art.

This statement may be surprizing. Two years ago when an entire class at Visual Arts heard a similar statement the reaction was of surprise. I suppose it sounds very unromantic and not what one sees in the movies. But isn't love one of the most important aspects of human life? And isn't anything essential to life worth studying and mastering? As an art student I ^{am} supposedly chock full of creativity and talent, but it wasn't after years of learning to master my materials and studying the nature of art that I am where I am today; an art student about to become an unemployed artist.

The only way one can learn any art is to master the theory of that art and then proceed to put it into practice.

LOVE:

Love is an activity. Love is the activity of giving, not as an activity of sacrifice, but as an expression of potency. You give because you have; you give your interests, understanding, joy, etc. Not merely to recieve, but because the act of giving should of itself be a joyful experience.

Beyond giving, the character of love can be expressed by basic symptoms, common to all forms of love. Some of these expressions are care, responsibility, respect, and knowledge.

The care in love is most obvious when we see a mother's relationship towards her child. It would be hard to believe a mother who proclaimed her love for her infant if she neglected to wash it, feed it, change its pants, or give it some form of physical comfort and security. Naturally, love cannot exist without care, as one labors for that which one loves, and one loves that which one labors for.

Care implies responsibility. Responsibility is not to be confused with duty, duty being something imposed on one from the outside. Responsibility is voluntary. The loving person will answer the question "Am I my brother's keeper?" with the affirmative. Of course, responsibility could degenerate into domination were it not for respect, which recognizes a person's unique individuality; respect cancels out the desire to exploit--exploiters are notoriously contemptuous of their victims, as is amply illustrated by the relationship (hopefully changing) between the Caucasian and Negro races.

Naturally, one cannot respect a person without knowing him/her; care and responsibility would be empty unless guided by knowledge,

knowledge empty unless motivated by concern. It all fits together into a nice package.

It might be a good idea, at this point, to go into the various types of love that exist, or better still, the various channels through which love may manifest itself.

1.) Mother love: Mother love is unique in that it is a selfless love, a non-exploitive expression of care and concern. The mother receives nothing from her child, who is incapable of recognizing individuals & hence, incapable of truly loving. The mother is merely security, etc.

2.) Brotherly love: The love of humanity, a love which does not depreciate differentness and uniqueness.

3.) Self-love: Not to be confused with selfishness or narcissism. Self love is a healthy respect and acceptance for oneself. One accepts ones' assets and unchangeable drawbacks. Of course, this does not mean that one sits back and smugly declines to attempt to change any flaws in ones personality. Self-love is vitally necessary to any other kind of love, for love involves taking a chance; offering oneself up to one's loved one. And, too, if you hate yourself, your chances for loving anyone else are considerably dim.

4.) Erotic love: Erotic love, according to Fromm, is the love between two individuals, and therefore an exclusive kind of loving. Fromm does not take into account polygamy, so I personally don't find his definition satisfying. I'm not sure that humanity is naturally monogamous or that all people are, but I'm hardly equipped to debate the issue. Secondly, monogamy implies sexual relationship, while erotic love ala Fromm does not. But, says Fromm, erotic love is the fusing of one person with another; we have already seen, what with the hang-ups in our society, the difficulty of achieving union with one person. The question of whether or not erotic love must be exclusive is one I'm not prepared to tackle. I suspect that a radical change in society, at least, would have to take place. Perhaps the Expansive Lovers in the audience (if there are any left) can debate the question.

Inasmuch as erotic love requires complete union (without the destruction of the individuality of those involved) there must be a breaking down of barriers on a level where there can be few secrets-- a sharing of thoughts, personalities, etc. The danger here is that once the last barrier of intimacy has been destroyed and there are no more secrets to be learned; if the experience of erotic love is merely an illusion ("falling in love"), or the desire to love merely to prove that one has the capacity to love, boredom may set in. Therefore, if the relationship is to be more than temporary, an experience of exploration, there must be a will and commitment to love; a feeling can come and go. With will and commitment there obviously must be attraction and affection between lovers. "Hence," writes Fromm, "the idea of a relationship which can be easily dissolved if one is not successful with it is as erroneous as the idea that under no circumstances can the relationship be dissolved."

5.) Love of God: Fromm believes that this love is more or less a

love of the ideals religion express. In this sense, patriotism would fall into this category. There are many individuals who do love their god in this way, unfortunately Fromm has forgotten that the majority of worshippers are born into their religion. He also neglects the more emotional religions, such as the Baptists, Jehovah's Witnesses, etc., who do not regard God as a personification of ideals, but as an actual person.

Once the theory of love is understood, there remains putting the theory into practice. I originally thought of titling this part of the essay "How To--Ten Easy Steps"; I meant to do so with my tongue firmly tucked into my cheek, for there can't be any step-by-step rules to follow in practicing love. Human beings are too complex for that. If there are to be any rules in the art of loving they must be general. So it is in the fine arts where one must learn the basic elements in painting, but depend on what one has within oneself to turn out a good painting. With any art one must avoid dogma.

As in the learning of any art, to practice the art of love one must exercise a certain amount of discipline; if you wish to love, you can't just love for a few hours each week or when you feel like it--the activity must be continual. With discipline we must have concentration and patience; few things worth mastering ever come quickly or easily. In order to practice discipline, concentration, and patience, there must be a true concern for what one is doing--not that discipline should be imposed as something painful, like doing without starch or something, but must come from a sincere desire that makes the experience of discipline pleasurable. The end result of discipline is reward, or the achieving of a goal.

Concentration requires the ability to be alone (not lonely), and once again we can see why love is such a slipshod affair here in our society where togetherness and conformity are honored bywords. To be alone heightens the sense of "I"; a step towards realizing self-love, and a step away from being a face in the crowd, a thing manipulated by the forces of automation. Once we can know ourselves, the next step is knowing others ("Love thy neighbor as thyself").

To be concentrated in relation to others one must be able to listen with a will to understand. I suspect that our own little microcosm is often too concerned with verbal fencing to destroy one's opponent, to bring one's own points into view, to monopolize and control the discussion. This is merely mental masturbation, and unproductive. Only true communication, with the will to know others, is capable of breaking down the barriers of separation and open the way to understanding and love (you also might learn something).

To be concentrated in relation to a goal--such as love--one must have patience and live each moment in the present. One cannot force learning an art.

not only are there general requirements for the practice of love, but there are necessary qualities. One of these is objectivity, the ability to see things as they are, not as they're interpreted through set values, or in a self-oriented way. To emerge from such a narcissistic orientation one must have a certain amount of faith. To realize this quality, one must differentiate between rational and irrational faith. One must avoid wish-fulfillment and popular belief and submit faith to thought, evidence, and reason.

One must have faith in one's own ability to love. We're back to self-love again. Love requires the courage of faith; in any possible love situation one must have the courage to reach out to another person, to open up. There's always the possibility of rejection to face, so, in a way, love is a gamble; a gamble on whether or not your love will awaken love in the loved person. Love is a give and take proposition.

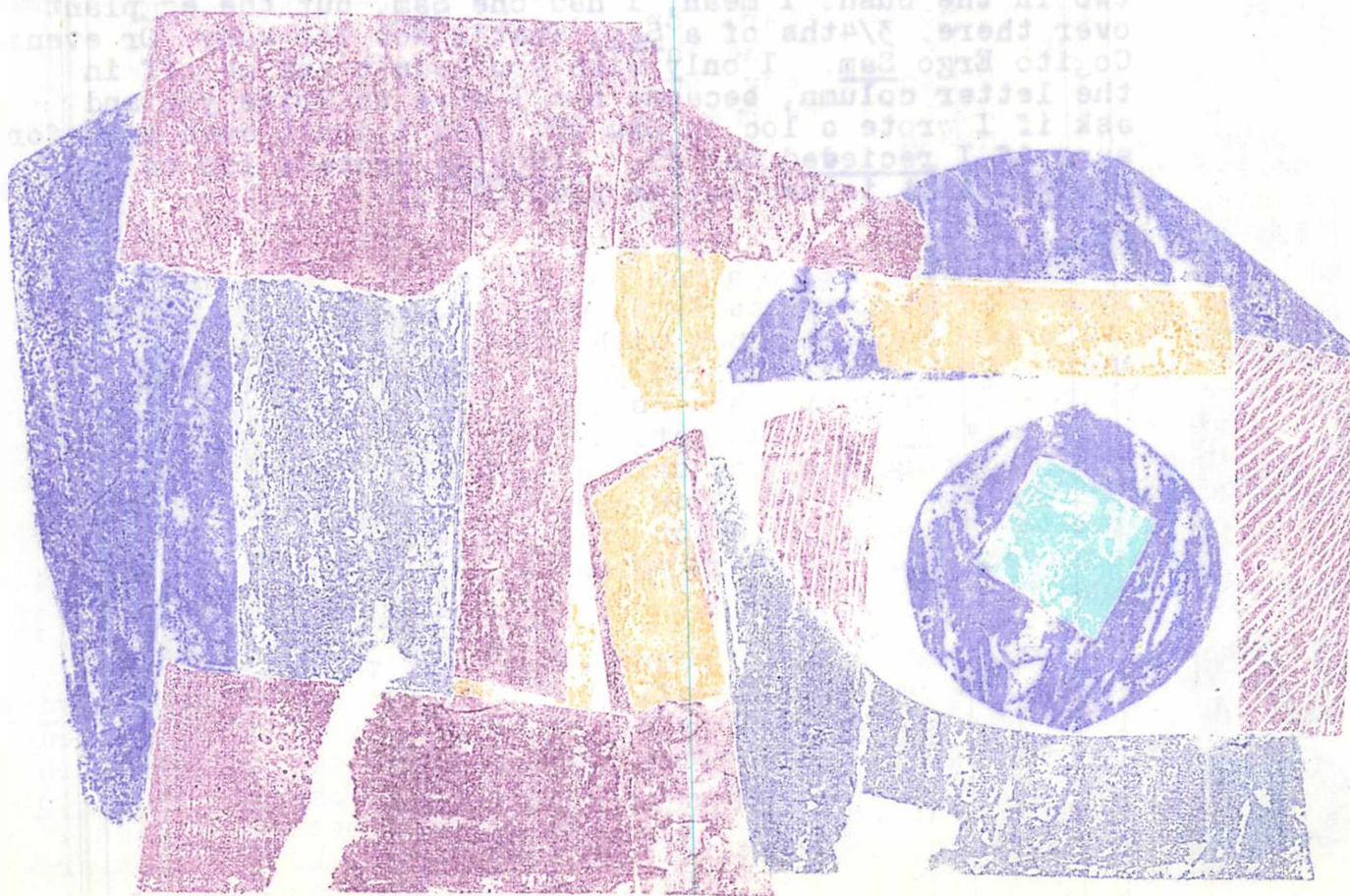
Lastly, and once again, love is an activity. This activity must not merely be confined to the sphere of love alone, but must spread out into life. Through the love of life one can become a loving individual. Through loving a person one can love the world. It needs all the love it can get.

And that's all you'll from me about *love* in this issue.

---Steve Stiles---

Reference:

- 1.) "The Art of Loving" by Eric Fromm
- 2.) "Growing Up Absurd" by Paul Goodman
- 3.) "The Status Seekers" by Vance Peckard
- 4.) "Beyond the Chains of Illusion" by Eric Fromm
- 5.) "The Individual in Society" by Silas Rhodes (lecture)



I note that there were a few letters recieved commenting on SAM #8. You may note this as well. Evidently, publishing two issues in two months' time caught you guys by surprise.

Hello, Steve Stiles. Even.

I want to thank you for the copy of SAM #8, with the beautiful Adkins cover & baccover, and all the frothy-but-pleasant material in between, even if I did get an incomplete copy. I really don't blame you for sending me one, though, because I never write letters to fanzines, except once in a while to Cry. The funny thing is, though, I keep getting fanzines; I get almost as many fanzines now as I did in my younger days when I wrote loc's to every single fanzine I recieved. And, you know, maybe it's just habit, I keep going through the letter-columns expecting to find a letter of mine printed therein. It doesn't seem to occur to me that I Just Don't Write LOC's Anymore when I go on my diligent little searches; especially in in cases such as SAM, where publication is irregular, I think that maybe I made an exception and wrote one. But it always turns out that I didn't, and I'm disappointed. However, to get back to the track of my original train of thought, I'm not blaming you for sending me an incomplete copy--I'm taking an extremely philosophical view about it all. Half a Sam is better than none, and a Sam in the hand is worth two in the bush. I mean, I had one Sam, but the eggplant over there. 3/4ths of a Sam; That's Not Too Many. Or even: Cogito Ergo Sam. I only wish you hadn't cut me off in the letter column, because now I have to write you and ask if I wrote a loc on SAM #7. And I don't even know for sure if I recieved Sam #7. ((Nobody wrote a loc on Sam #7. And that issue cost me \$240,000.))

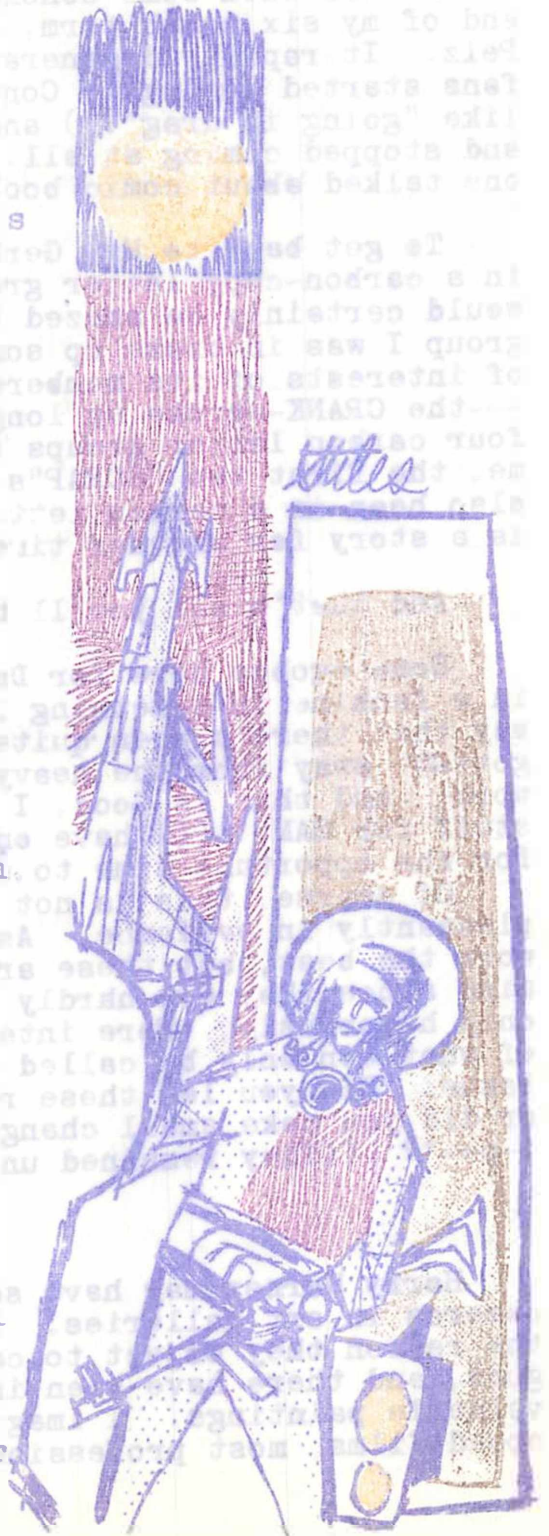
BOB LIGHTMAN, 6137 S Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California

Thanks for SAM #8 which I got some time ago and which I thought was damned good. Since according to Les Gerber in this issue I am the secret master of fandom you had better pay attention to this opinion. Les Gerber is one of my dupes. He thinks I am an "essentially cruel" "-aster-", as Gary Deindorfer would say if he said things like that.

Let us consider these statements made by Les Gerber a bit closer and determine whether or not I am the secret master of fandom or whether I am just capitalizing on fanzines (that's an old Deindorfer joke, long used up).

"When he decided he liked apa activity," states Mr. *-erbe-, "he joined every apa in existence." This is true, but at roughly the same time so did Mr. Ger**r.

"When he joined LASFS, he became director." This is not strictly a case of cause and effect. Mr. Lichtman joined the LASFS in December 1958. In June 1961 he left the city of Los Angeles "never to return". When he returned in December 1961, he started going to LASFS meetings again because he'd been away a long time and had forgotten how essentially maudlin they are. At the same meeting in 1961 elections of officers was held. Miri Knight happened to be in town at that time and came to the meeting. Don Fitch, prime mover of local fandom, was also at the meeting. Mr. Fitch nominated me for director. I surveyed the crowd present! most of whom I didn't know, and figured that if I accepted I would get two or three votes at best. So I didn't decline the nomination, and laughed blithely. Mr. Jack Harness, a local priest, & someone else I forget, were nominated to run against me. On the first ballot, I voted for Mr. Harness. The first ballot counting resulted in no clear-cut majority for any one candidate, so there was a run-off between Mr. Harness and myself. I voted for Mr. Harness on the run-off. To my amazement I won the run-off and had to serve 6 months as LASFS director.



Everyone agrees that I was a pretty lousy director. I never started the meetings on time, except one or two times, and kept lousy control over them. When there was a boring programme item or a boring discussion going on, I would leave the chair and say, "Call me when this is over and I'll adjourn the meeting for you guys if you're interested." Being one of those people who used to go to LASFS meetings only to talk to people before, after, and (if possible) during the business meetings, having to chair the meeting was an almost intolerable drag.

It was with some considerable relief that I left office at the end of my six month term, leaving the club in the hands of Bruce Pelz. It rapidly degenerated into a comic-book discussion group, fans started coming in Conventry costumes to meetings, ((Is that like "going in drag"?)) and all the worthwhile people got turned off and stopped coming at all. At least during my term as director no one talked about comic books as I recall.

To get back to Mr. Gerber's allegations. If anyone is presently in a carbon-copy letter group containing ((Mr.)) Bob Lichtman, I would certainly be amazed to learn of this. The last carbon-letter group I was in broke up sometime very early in 1963 from fragmentation of interests of its members, or something. The last one before that ---the CRANK---broke up long before that in 1962. I know of at least four carbon letter groups (all defunct for a good while) started by me, the first two "SCRAP"s and the CRANK and something else. I have also been in a carbon letter group started by Calvin Demmon, "but that is a story for another time."

And that's all you'll hear about me being an archfiend.

Some egoboo here for Dan Adkins. I haven't seen Adkins artwork in a fanzine in something like three years until now, and I must say that there's been quite a bit of improvement. His style has gotten away from the heavy borders and outlines of his earlier work, and this is good, I feel. I hope you will get more of his stuff for SAM. ((I have one more illo by Dan'll, and am waiting for the opportune time to use it.))

Of course, this is not to slight your own artwork, which is pleasantly in evidence. As you probably know, I like your cartoon work the best, but these are probably at best toss-offs in your mind since they are hardly even genuinely creatively artistically, only humorously. More interesting to me in this issue was the series of what can only be called ditto collages spread throughout the issue. Did you let these remain static throughout your color run, or did you make small changes from time to time like you did once in *-pe-*? ((They remained unchanged throughout the run.))

FRANK WILLIMCENT, 447 Tenth Ave., New York 1, N.Y.

Harry Warner may have something to say about the business of cameras in art galleries. In a letter a while back he mentioned that the reason they object to cameras is that a lot of people use flash guns, and there have been instances of bulbs exploding and damaging valuable paintings. I imagine, though, that in this age of high speed films, most professionals would dispense with flash bulbs.

WALT WILLIAMS, 170 Upper Warris Road, Belfast 4, N. Ireland

I'd just finished reading SAM 8 and was putting it away with a mournful feeling of guilt and regret that I didn't have the time to write a letter of comment, when I got to thinking about that comment of yours about Bertrand Russell in the letter from Big John Hughes. The other day out of the someone asked me who I thought the greatest man in the world was and to my intense surprise the name Bertrand Russell leaped to the forefront. I pushed him hastily out of the way but after five minutes I still couldn't think of who the more obvious candidates were. So to justify my own inadequacy I thought I would speak up for him. After all, if your criteria are such qualities as intelligence, altruism and courage, the spectacle of the twentieth century's leading philosopher sitting on the sidewalk and going to prison for love of humanity, at an age when its future must have ceased to have any personal importance to him, must surely merit respect, even if you think his activity is unlikely to be successful. And after all if we all got out and sat on sidewalk it would be more likely to produce world peace than us all sitting here watching tv and waiting for the flash. At least he tries.

You say if you see Nikita listening to Bertrand Russell you'll change your opinion. Well, OK, I'll hold you to that. Turn up a few issues of the New Statesman a few years back. You probably know it; it's an English weekly magazine with a circulation of about 75000. Practically a fanzine. Russell had an open letter in it to Krushchev and Eisenhower. Krushchev replied to it at length. So, incidentally, did John Foster Dulles. The editor printed them in the correspondence columns, just like ordinary letters...with an aplomb which struck me as a fellow little-magazine editor with awed admiration...and they batted world peace around in the letter section along with the other readers. So at least Nikita does listen to Bertrand Russell.

((I don't recall ever having cast aspersions of Russell's character, so I think your defense of him wasn't necessary. The point is, as I've said before, that all of us are not going to get out on sidewalks, and even if they did I'd have my doubts about the probable success of such an adventure. Perhaps "listen" was a wrong word; I was thinking more of "agreeing with", "cooperating with"...ACTUALLY going and saying "OK, you're right; I'm dumping all my nuclear armaments into the ocean." This would be a good theme for a fantasy writer.))

Now I can say that I did enjoy SAM, especially the editorial stuff and Gerber's column. And I admired Deinderfer's marvelous technique of completing that story opening. Not only did it make a very reasonable story indeed, it seems to me to enshrine, dimly glimpsed, a new sort of Law. Something to the effect that absurdity infinitely produced seems to be absurd. Because he made absolutely no attempt to resolve the illogic of the opening: he merely built on it until the illogic became so immense as to be acceptable. I'm struggling with unrealized concepts here, but the sort of thing I have in mind is GOSmith story where the hero forcibly changed the speed of light. Deinderfer is a remarkable writer.

BILL WOLFENBARBER

Gafia House is a fannish masterpiece. All descriptions are vivid, the characters are completely and compellingly believable, and the whole of it is, at least to me, at the same time sad and beautiful. And as far as this fan is concerned, Gafia House will go down in fannish history....a sweet memory. The author was not given. Please publish more pieces like this. Such an author is an asset to any fanzine. ((The author is none other than Steve Stiles, who also edits this fanzine and decides what goes into the letter-column.))

MAE STEELKOV, Las Barrancas, Ascoyinga, Cordoba Argentina

We have no Purple Groundhogs down here, but we used to have God Tatz-Tumpa, the Armadillo God of the Chiriguano Indians, who ever persecuted the Two-Headed Feline Draconian. Any relation?

Now please, "Watermelons with little Yellow Dogs inside"! Yelp! What does that mean, if I may inquire? See what I mean about your talking Greek? I know of no little Yellow Dogs or Gods down here!

No...no... each new quote is more mysterious. What's a benday floor? Am I supposed to guess. Indeed, and I cannot. (Odds Bodkins Korsooth! That wisecrack I understand. It's the century I've been inhabiting of late.)

What's verbal-oriented? Do you have a dictionary modern enough to recommend I buy?

Naked Ladies. We had them here too formerly. "Der voodwork outd in my own neighborhood" still got dem critturs you discuss in Yorkville. We call them something else again, of late. I guess I'd better not say the name in print for safety's sake. You hope they won't regain power? I'm depressed, these days. You see, I've been doing so much solid research into worm-eaten woodwork of library shelves down here, and ruins, I've lost the optimism I've developed till then. Does right ever triumph for long? ((Does evil ever triumph for long?)) One day you may buy the history book I shall soon be mailing a publisher, but I doubt it. Who'd dare print it anyway? It's all about the little critturs in der voodwork down here, alas.

But masochist isn't the right word for them. Put in "sadist" instead. More correct. And they sure go for this "crazy Love stuff" in my book. Definitely not by "agape" type of love. How else do you think the Conquistadores won in South America? By Sex! Not glamor, but rape.

Gamow already drew a sketch that resembled a dead frog with intestines coming out of a mouth in his BIRTH AND DEATH OF THE SUN or maybe it was ONE TWO THREE INFINITY. So don't! Please! That was enough! A person turned inside out! Oog! as Pat Lupoff rightly says. How does he put up with you? ((Pat's a mighty strange guy.))

Ah, so you do get depressed as is your wont. (Is wont 1963 slang? I thought it was medievil!) But why, Steve? Why not stop trying so hard---leen back and relax, like the Chinese do, in the Taoist way. People will love you just as much. Or maybe it's the traffic noises get you down? Pretend you're listening to the ocean surf!

GUY TERWILLIGER, Route #3, South Maple Road, Boise, Idaho-83705

"Gafia House" seemed to be the best thing in the issue. Perhaps this is because it hit home with me. I'm not old, in the same sense as your lead character, but once I had gafiated from fandom, the same lethargic attitude overcame me. It's so easy to let the mundane world slip in and take over.

I'm sorry Steve, but I don't dig these illos like the one you did at the end of "Gafia House". This is "art" that I could do -- and I'm no artist. I could do it, but I wouldn't be satisfied with the result. Not, at least, if I were you. You are capable of doing excellent work; this doesn't show it. Unless, of course, it is a new form of art and I don't understand what its supposed to represent. ((Hard to resist trumpeting forward with a rousing sermon that would take up the rest of this page. If it is true, as you say, that you are "no artist" let me say that you could not have done that "illo" -- which is a collage, incidently, composed of cutting up and pasting down pieces of colored masters. Because of the very nature of a collage it would be difficult to get representational. But representing objects was not I was concerned with. Rather the representation of the very basis of art itself; the relationships of color, mass, shape and movement. With illustrational art and cartoons I am pretty sure of where I'm headed. Abstract fan art is something which has barely been touched on and so it offers me new challenges. I hope to do more of this sort of thing in SAM as long as it doesn't conflict with the image of the zine. S.F. illustrations I can do for other fanzines, like yours and Adkins'..))

You ask if there are any Ian Fleming buffs out there. Besides JFK, that is... I am in a half-assed sort of way... the movie version of Dr. No I thought was ginger-peachy... any time you like you can send me Sean Connery (who plays Bond) as a little gift. The film was science-fictional by my standards and interpretation of that term. Expensively beautifully staged and shot... nifty scenery, Gene especially enjoyed the vistas of that skin diving blonde. ((Yum-yum..))

But as to the books... no... as with Mike Hammer-Spilleine its just too over-blown to be taken seriously by yours truly. I can't suspend belief all that much... little-boy jazz, by that I mean wishful thinking Big Deal action and thud and blunder tales that sound like a bunch of adolescents bragging... you dig? First time I tried Mickey I having hysterics... took it to be a deliberate satire, you see... he still reads best this way... as does Fleming, I feel. Also, as you may recall from YANDRO and other zines, its been pointed out what an awful amount of boo-boo blunders Fleming has made in his tales... particularly as he's touted to be so accurate and so expert on many many fields... he gint. ((Fleming has admitted as much himself. Personally, I couldn't care less whether or not his data on sports cars, games, exotic meals, etc, is valid. After your letter arrived I went out and got a Mike Hammer book. I found that Spilleine is a thoroughly incompetant writer, where Fleming has a great deal more skill and polish. I used to feel the same way that you do about the believability of Fleming's adventures. Then I began reas the newspapers..))

BOB LICHTMAN (again)

I would also agree with Mr. Norm Clarke and disagree with you that protests against War and Segregation and The Like are "inane" and "ineffectual." ((I never said that protests against segregation were inane and ineffectual and the like. See Willis' letter.))

Lest someone say that Bob Lichtman is just being defensive because he goes on these things and the like, might I note that I am hardly as radical as All That and my participation in these movements is pretty small potatoes (but not an Ordinary Talking Small Potato) compared to, say, Stanley Kohls, a friend of mine who recently went on a ten day hunger strike along with other CORE members to protest school segregation here in Los Angeles, and Jonquill Olds, who was arrested more than once this summer just past while protesting discrimination at a certain infamous Torrance housing tract.

However, I do go on these things and I do attend meetings and make posters and help write speeches and generally help out because I feel that basically any protest against the 20th century State (either the United States or any other State), which seeks to establish and perpetuate its own power to the detriment of the people who comprise it, is worthwhile. ((Let's give this boy a big hand, folks!))

As for your remark, "When has the Little Man ever had any say in World Affairs, particularly in war times?" -- this is like the crux of my argument and, all the other issues aside, what I am basically concerned with. Ray Nelson put it pretty well in his article, "War Baby," in an old Habakkuk, when he said that if he had a chance to really do something good during a war, it would be to go out and shoot all the leaders --- that the Little Man on the other side of the field is probably as unconcerned with the State's Issues as you are. Wars are fought over political losses of face, most of the time, not usually because of some genuine threat (like Hitler).

RICHARD MANN, 131 Belt Road,
APO 845, NYC 00604

What is "Bouncing Bird"? I didn't follow what was going on with it. It seemed kind of pointless, "or something." And please, Please!, tell me what that "plus ce change, plus c'est la meme chose" means. The silly thing is haunting me. (("Bouncing Bird" was a take-off, a friendly satire, on a fanzine called "The Flying Frog", a zine put out by Good Buddies Main & Demmon. The circulation of FF was only 60-80, so imagine some of the people who got SAM #9 were also

"AS A YOUNG MOTHER OF
THREE, I CERTAINLY CAN
BE GLAD OF THE TEST-
BAN TREATY, HOWEVER, EVEN
IF THE THREAT OF MY
CHILDREN'S MILK BEING
POISONED IS REMOVED,
LET US ALL
REMEMBER..."



slightly puzzled. "pas ca change, etc..." is a phrase that Hugo Gernsbeck is always saying on the back of F&SF. I am not too much familar with the Spanish tongue, but I think it means "The more things change, the more they remain the same".))

On the "Odd Bits" section: It certainly is well titled. What is a discussion of NY's art museums doing in a humor SF fanzine? Or is SAM a SF zine? The same question also applies to the bit about Nazis. This is SF? ((Ever read "The Man in the High Castle", "The Sound of his Horns", "Three Hearts and Three Lions"? --Actually, I have no idea what kind of a fanzine SAM is supposed to be; right now its a personality-fannish zine with overtones of discussion zine. I just let things drift along, dependant on my own whims. I don't think that SAM will ever be a s.f. fanzine; I love to read science fiction but I hate to read about it.))

M BUSBY, 2852 14th Avenue W., Seattle 99, Washington

Did I really bug you all that much by saying that I am more a word man than an artwork man, for comment-&-discussion? It was but truth, though perhaps I got hung up on brevity and said it more clumsily than is my wont. To expand the theme, then, I feel competent to comment on damn near anything anyone says in words about anything that interests me. But people including yourself can say things graphically that elude my capacity for meaningful comment. This tends to cause me to overlook artwork that does not specifically catch me on some point such as sex or humor or the combination of both. So just stick to luscious nudes and funny cartoons with uproarious punchlines, and you will not lose me so often. OK? ((I like to stick with luscious nudes.))

And now I wonder how many people will take that last bit literal/seriously....

"Gafia House" is a chilling and sensitive piece of work. I guess it just does not payxgans to live to the age of 75, if they can't duck that kind of deal.

I don't know why it should make me feel better to hear from Guy Terwilleger that Chuck Devine almost certainly shot himself by accident rather than on purpose, but it does. I guess the difference is that anyone can be discarnated by untoward circumstances at any time; this is just the breaks and we all have to learn to live with it. So if a nice guy gets knocked off by a sheer bad break---well, this is certainly sad, but nowhere near as sad as if this same nice guy had been through so much hell that he was driven to knock himself off; the two kinds of dying are different not only in degree but in kind. Put it this way: I think that nearly everyone has in the natural course of living run into some very close calls, where a slight variation of circumstances would have put him into the Vital Statistics column in the next day's paper. Children lead mostly charmed lives or nobody would ever grow up, but now and then the charm slips and one child doesn't. This is natural and normal, if a trifle drastic for the rest of the universe. An entirely different thing from the idea of a live human deliberately deciding that the best thing he can do is make of himself a dead human; suicide makes us shudder (with good reason,

because if we don't understand it, how can we be sure that we might not unexpectedly succumb to the urge to it?) And it is a terrible and heartbreaking thing to think of a life-loving human becoming so beaten and hurt that he can inflict the ultimate injury upon himself more easily than he can continue to live. So this is why I find it a relief to think that Chuck just lucked out the wrong way, as could happen to anyone who relaxed alertness at the wrong time. Well, I remember twice in my teens when (although I was quite used to handling guns) I fired a gun inadvertently through inattention & overconfidence: once it just went out through a garage roof missing my buddy by at least six inches, and the other time it took out a chunk of my shoe but missed my foot by a very little bit. Later I gained caution, but the point is that people have to live through their quota of mistakes, or not. (And leave none of us kid ourselves that we are all done with making mistakes, either.)

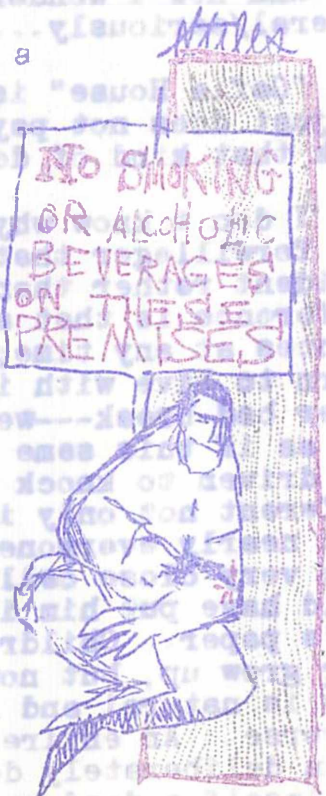
Sorry; I didn't mean to pontificate quite so much, but the subject hooked me.

I meant to say re SAM#8 that Mike Deckinger did not exactly catch my style; there were about two sentences in his effort that I could possibly have written. What he did catch was a composite of the CRY (or SAPS) of about 1957 or '58, with quite a bit of the flavor of the old Wally-Toskey horseplay, and even a bit of Otto Pfiefer if you look closely, which some (having no pride) probably will. It takes all kinds. But most likely it is my fault and not Mike's; possibly I have been all too folksy of late. Fallout from too much atmospheric Hootenanny, no doubt.

ENID JACOBS

Good ghu! That anti-girly mag organization sounds like something that should have died out a century ago. The stink over girly mags, Peyton Places and other borderline erotica (for people with borderline IQs) has always amused me. Like the old scotch proverb: "God help them as has to READ about it." ((Yes, but thanks to the way the social system in Western culture is set up, many people, particularly the young, are forced into the position where they have to read about it (sex). Like, they have no other outlets. Ann Landers says, though, that if you've got sex on the brain you should go out an row a boat, or run around the block, or something. That sure doesn't sound like fun.))

WAHF: Seth Johnson, George Scithers, Joe Forman, Rob Williams, John Hughes, Dr. Dupla, Betty Kujawa, and we suspect from many other people whose letters we can't find at this moment. Oh, and Don Simpson.



SAM #10
FROM STEVE STILES
1809 SECOND AVE.
NYC 28

252

9

0

3

5

To: Richard Bergeron
333 E. 69th Street
New York, N.Y.
10021

