

5

SAM

Here we are again,
the madmen gather.

This is SAM. SAM#5.
The SAMUEL. See SAM
Run. Run. Run. SAM
Run. Run. Run. Run.
Run! SAM is produced
by Steve Stiles. He
edits, and writes,
and draws. People
should send him
letters. Send to:
1809 Second Avenue,
New York 26, E.V.
Coeditor: Al Lewis.
Duplication this
issue is supplied by
Les Nirenberg (cover)
and Andy Main.



SPACE HERO

I still need old
fansines. Anybody
have any Dafos?
Help me.

If you've been observant, and have actually
gone to all the trouble of reading the type on the
left, you're sick.

This, dear harts, is The Editorial. Make a joyful
noise, not too loud, because I am going to write the
Editorial. And I am Steve Stiles. As has been my
habit in the past, I intend to take a long probing
look into the entire existence of man. There will be
any number of profound insights into the nature of
man. And I'll probably make up a lot, too.

Do you know, blank audience, that the staff of the
offices of SAM (one room, one chair) now has a real
live coeditor? Yes, I have a coeditor. His name is
Al Lewis (East Coast Friendly Al Lewis, for short)
and he has coedited the last issue of SAM, the issue
which nobody noticed. Now I want you all to notice
Al Lewis; Al is in the Coast Guard, and in these
times of trouble he might wind up on isolated
patrols. Who knows, for instance, when Al might wind
up in West Berlin?

Al will be helping with this issue, and perhaps--
unfortunately--with this issue only. I have a feel-
ing that he won't be with us next ish. "I won't be
with you next ish," he has been saying.

Buck Coulson, Void fan, once observed that old SAM
was a seven page editorial. "A seven page editorial"
--such poetry; I hate it! But actually Buck was
pretty right, it was. But imagine the conception of
such an observation; a poor old editorial just
floatin' around in the cosmos. This might influenced
me towards enlarging things; the old image struck me
as surrealistia. You know, like those bladders and
eyeballs hanging in mid air. So that's why SAM is
pregnant.

A FAN'S LIBRARY (ON 42nd. St.) REVISTED AGAIN: I
have read recently. I have read "Borstal Boy" by
Brendan Behan, "Mistress Masham's Repose" by T.H.
White, "Thurber Country" (purchased the day before
the author was hospitalized, finished the day before
he died) "The Gathering Storm" by "Winnie" Churchill,
"On the Beach", "Brave New World", "Slam", "The Moon
Pool", "Inside the John Birch Society",
"The Catcher In The Rye", 12 copies of the World
Telegram, and four issues of "TV Guide". Boy, am I
smart.

Lettersaction: Response on SAM #4 was remarkably poor
---I can honestly say that I only recieved 3 letters
that had enough interest in them to bear reprinting.
Avram Davidson was the writer of one of them. The
other two are missing. It would be the height of
stupidity to actually attempt to produce a letter

column. I do have Avram Davidson's letter, so I might as well throw it in here. What the heck.

"It wonders me if our missile program might be better taken away from civilian organized labor altogether and handed over to scientific specialists from the armed forces? I mean, who needs all this jazz over homecooked coffee from \$600 per week, whilst the Ukrainians, or is it the Turkmenistanis?, zip ahead of us, light year by light year? Not that I wouldn't be exceedingly cautious and cautious over anything the Readers Digest says. ((We neither. Since the last issue I've taken to reading much more informative and unprejudiced material in the Daily News/old Steve Stiles joke./))

My first impression to your long sad tale of tripewriter woe was that R. Garrett had somehow gotten into your house and evoked great persecution on the Vintage Underwood whilst trying to stand on his head, whistle Dixie, and drink rye whiskey (he has been known, on the testimony of reliable witnesses, to do all 3 together.). But my Frame of Reference was too narrow. There are, it seems, other Randys. I am amazed.

Well, I don't know what you do for a living, bub, ((nothing; I'm an artist)) but I WRITE see? And if you think that wasting golden hours, tossing off gems to kids, is going to pay my rent, weh-hell, weh-hell, you are vastly misapprehended.

Argal, farval,

Avram."

INTELLIGENT PEOPLE (even those not in MENSA) might do well to ask why they are receiving this magazine--fanzine, rather. Because asking questions preserves their images; as anyone knows, Intelligent People go around asking themselves deep questions about the universe, and why're they receiving SAM.

You are receiving this issue for a very simple reason; Stamps. Yes, we must always remember this truly American art form, which closely parallels the Dutch Miniature school. It is really croggling to realize that we can get fine portrait etchings of Washington, Lincoln, and Jacky---not to mention a whole slew of stamps with black eyed susans on them, and things like that.

And then, there is another reason. Yes indeed. The reason is Letters. I don't ask for money (although one Richard Ambrose did send some): the subscription institution would be a mockery since SAM is relatively cheap to produce. Besides, as a friend put it (Bob Krolak asked me not to use his name, so I won't.) if I asked for money I wouldn't get any, and then I'd be out of a readership. That makes sense.

The letters which I'd like to get are the kind which, in a pinch, can provide material for an unimaginative editor. I don't at all mind general thought-provoking ramblings all over the place. On the other hand, I'm not discouraging specific comments.....

I like egoboo, too.....

THE CHILD HAS GROWN UP, MAYBE: There is a strong chance that this issue will be larger than the previous ones. I am aiming at a page count of about 25-30 pages, which is pretty much for me.

GOING TO EXTREMES: Last night I was scrutinizing my ceiling (a graceful titanium white), and I began to consider the political situation in this country; particularly the extreme aspects. (And it almost seems that if you're not on the far right or left, well then, you're just not with it.) As I turned the liberals and conservatives over in my mind, it came to me that both groups Stink, Are Good For Laughs, And are groups that one should not be caught dead in. Most definitely.

Let us consider the far left. (← that way) The group in which I really have in mind are the types which--God love 'em--like to Protest. They like to plunk down on sidewalks, wear Protesting expressions, and wheel little siblings around in the snow and sleet while carrying signs with pictures of mushroom clouds and little messages like; "Don't Irritate Our Babies' Pabum"; things like that. I think that they are kind of finks because they thrust themselves into martyrdom and then complain. I'm thinking specifically of a recent group here in New York; it was a fairly large turnout, and fairly peaceful, but some 45 of these people, for some unknown reason, took it upon themselves to hie down to 47th. street and block traffic. According to police (and I refuse to believe that N.Y. cops are some kind of Gestapo--they are all fine Irish lads) the sitters were reasoned with, ignored pleas, etc, and were subsequently removed.

God, gang; you should have heard the squalls of "police brutality". And I have here a photo of said group being moved, and you should see the proud smiles, grins, and assorted triumphant grimaces. The martyr complex.

Another fantastic observation is that most of these types are young squirts in/or recently out of/ high school and college.

I suppose their activities are better than the Boy Scouts'.

Going to the other group extreme, I have noticed that most of the far right "superpatriots" are old (and rather rich) fossils.



The extreme rightists worry me for two reasons: their ideas, most of them, repel me, and they seem to have the potential for getting things done. But the bomb groups are generally ignored. I'm sure most of you who get Kipple know what these people stand for. If you don't get Kipple, and still aren't aware of their ideals then you must be either politically blind or politically dead--or maybe just blind or dead--because the rightists have been getting an extremely large amount of publicity in all the big magazines. (that, in itself, is a danger sign) I am somewhat on the dead side myself, so here's a brief rundown on far right wing policy--correct me if I'm in error.

Rightists--and let me continue to emphasize extreme--are in favor of impeaching Earl Warren, withdrawing from the UN, nonrecognition of Russia--not to mention China, invading Cuba to dethrone Castro, the repeal of income tax, HUAC, putting more emphasis on the problem of U.S. communists (what little there are of them), states rights, elimination of anything that faintly resembles socialism, and a lot of other things which I don't have room to mention. Individually, most "superpatriots" have an unfortunate tendency to confuse intellectualism with socialism, and socialism with communism. Some rightists are in favor of segregation, this was particularly brought home to me while watching a filmed program of a "superpatriot" convention; some very indignant gentlemen went as far as to claim that the Freedom Riders are communist spies. How he

arrived at such a conclusion I know not--except, of course, that some of the riders are--horror!--intellectual.

My distrust of these people are

SCIENCE---FICTION, HOW ALLIED-

WHAT THIN PARTITIONS MATE FROM MYTH DIVIDE

---Avram Davidson---

(with apologies to Mr. Alexander POPE)

founded on many reasons. One of them is their contempt towards intellectualism; the National Socialists had that same contempt, and, according to Richard Wright in "The God That Failed", so do the communists. In the middle ages people who were suspected of the awful sin of thinking for themselves were often branded heretics and burned at the stake.

I must admit that I am unkind enough to suspect that many of these fanatics are "superpatriotic" for entirely selfish reasons; they have money, and the least little step towards any kind of welfare state would hurt them in the purse. I also found a mention of a D.B. Lewis in a March issue of LOOK. It seems that Mr. Lewis supports the far-right movement because it helps him sell his dog food. Gee

John Glenn: Strange, but aside from wishing that I was in his position--to have the terrific thrill of success in one of man's most awesome undertakings, the rape of the universe--I was not overly enthusiastic over his flight. I suppose it stems from the fact that I was weaned as a child on Robert Heinlein's juveniles; ever notice how his first book dealt with the moon, and after that he seemed to branch out into the solar system and beyond? Anyway, I find myself so accustomed to the idea of travelling between galaxies that a mere few orbits around the earth can't excite me. As a matter of fact, I find myself wondering if I'll be able to drum up suitable excitement when the first manned ship lands on the moon. And I suppose that it's true that it's hard for a romantic to pay proper attention to his own era.

I'm slightly annoyed that John Glenn has been played up as a hero; he may be brave and skilled, but a hero must be an individual, and work under individualistic conditions. The real hero of the flight, the one who made it possible, is Man.

SERIOUS DEPARTMENT:

Quite recently, I, in my meandering way, discovered that I can cover(read) three books per school week while merely riding on the bus to SVA. This has been quite a discovery for me; I've been getting tired of the fat ladies with the bundles who always sit next to me. When I read, the fat ladies disappear. I have long needed an escape from the unthinking, unseeing typical New Yorker. I told this to a friend who was trying to psychoanalyze me, and he said it was escapism. What isn't? ...he couldn't answer that.

Of the nine and a half books I've read in a three week period, three have been science-fiction. (I'm discounting "The Outlaws of Mars", which is trash.) Surprisingly enough the three were remarkably similar. They are: "Brave New World" by Aldous Huxley, "Messiah" by Gore Vidal, and Philip Jose Farmer's "The Lovers".

This is not meant to be a book review.

The ideas, certain specific ideas, that these books bring up are terrifying. They are terrifying because the worlds that they portray are repugnant, but they are even more frightening when one considers just how possible they are. These societies could easily come about in the next two hundred years. Fortunately I will be quite dead.

"Brave New World" shows us a society run by economic, social, and biological sciences which have almost been catapulted into godhoods.

Here society has a new deity with new prophets; the deity is ultimate stabilism and the prophets Freud and/or Ford. Here the state supports this psuedo-religion with cradle brainwashing and planned heredity; "The D.H.C halted and, bending over one of the little beds, listened attentively. "Elementary Class Consciousness, did you say? Let's have it repeated a little louder by the trumpet." At the end of the room a loud speaker projected from the wall. The Director walked up to it and pressed a switch. "...all wear green," said a soft but very distinct voice, beginning in the middle of a sentence, "and Delta Children wear khaki. Oh no, I don't want to play with Delta children." (pg.181). "Give me the first six years of a child's life," said some famous church official, "and you can have the rest."

"Messiah" portrays a world seized by an idea, with the idea later twisted into a religion molded in the image of Christianity which it sought to replace. The main deities are John Cave, in his great role as Jesus Christ and Iris Mortimer as the Virgin Mary. Paul Himmel plays Judas, and the narrator, Gene Luther, (J.C.'s greatest disciple) is none other than AntiChrist! "Cavesway" is supported again by the state through propaganda, censorship, omission, and a sort of Peace Corp. There are also Cave centers, running on the same lines of communist "blocks", and maintained by expert psychologists. God.

Farmer's "The Lovers"; again we have a world controlled by a rigid religious sect, with "gpts"-block leaders and a regular church S.S.

The sect portrayed is an extreme exaggeration of some of the worst

WORLD

aspects of Christianity, particularly the form of Christianity which ran halter-skeeter during the Dark Ages. In referring to one of my books on this era I found that "medieval dogmatic faith regarded the emotional impulses between one human being as distracting, if not wicked." (of course this is true today of some religious organizations. I came across a catalogue yesterday which advertized a huge line of Protestant books. I was amazed, in reading the various descriptions, to note how much sex was stressed; or rather the avoidance of sex. Here's a juicy one:

"Why you should wait until marriage". Theodore Sturgeon put his finger on this in his excellent "Venus Plus X": "There are two direct channels into the unconscious mind. Sex is one, religion is the other. The Judeo-Christian system put a stop to it (expression of certain elements in early Christianity) for a very understandable reason. A charitable religion interposes nothing between the worshipper and his Divinity." But I'm rambling.)

The religion in "The Lovers" seems to be a divine patriarchy, which is, as experience has shown us, extremely conservative, and sometimes even masochistic.

The idea of a strong pseudo religion springing up in modern society terrifies me. I used the term 'pseudo religion'--- what do I mean by that? Just this; non-individual religion. Non-personal religion. Spoon-fed religion. A pseudo religion is one that thinks for you and supplies you with a Arthur Murray dance step formula for life. But imagine a religion of this kind springing up today, or, even more likely, after an atomic war---people always need a little disaster to turn them toward a new idea, and if its theological, all the better! (remember "A Canticle For Liebowitz"?)

We have pushed to point where men can make their brothers jump into the river and like it. They do it with propaganda and psychology, and with capable control of communication, and with communication being what it is, these two sciences could be sustained forever. Goebbels realized this, the Communists realize this (particularly China), and Madison Avenue knows it.

The endurance of a religion, already strong in its original idea, could last forever if it was supported and supervised by the state.

Scary, isn't it?

After all that, it was somewhat of a relief to read a book in which theism was presented in a positive light. I refer to "The Vindicta", written by Nobel Prize winner Henryk Sienkiewicz. It's a novel about Roman persecutions of Christians, and it's a quite decent attempt if only for the accurate description of the Roman Empire. I, for one, have always wondered why "Nero did fiddle while old Rome did burn", and here I found out. Sienkiewicz has played up all the best virtues of Christianity, painting a very pretty picture indeed, a picture which made me rather wistful.



CONFUSED, WITH A VAGUE FEELING OF ALARM: Most of SAM, as I write this, has been run off; it is sitting on my bed, row after row of pleaming white paper, terrifying me with the concept that, even though SAM #5 is in a state of finality, something might go wrong. Things have gone wrong, as a matter of fact. Page 25, for example, came out so faint as to necessitate a rerun job, not only that, but in a whirlpool of confusion I crumpled up that carbon and booted it into the nearest wastebasket. Hence, there will be two versions of page 25. Isn't that fascinating! Then too, I have had (although not personally) some roller trouble. As of this typing the rollers of my ditto have called ~~me~~ sit-down strike. Fortunately there are about five friends of mine, fan and nonfan, who have experiences with similar beasts, so I'm not really too worried about all this repair jazz. I don't sweat about these things; play it cool, and all that.

In a summer issue of SAM there will be a full-poetry issue, running to about 10 pages, and dominated by one Ron Markman, fabulous East Villager. Andy Main isn't the only one who can ring in all these swincing nonfan friends.

Somewhere around here I mentioned attending Nazi George Lincoln Rockwell's Mayday Rally. It is now May 4---I have forgotten about schedules---and the rally never materialized. It seems that Rockwell is afraid to enter N.Y. because of the possibility of arrest...somebody has signed a complaint, or issued a warrent, to the affect that Rockwell is inciting to riot.

Shame. I'm sure things would've been quite amusing.

Markman complained, on recieving a Shadow Papa zine of mine, that he didn't know all the people I mentioned. The word "ingroup" was dropped. Well, of course, I am writing mainly for an ingroup---a hidden worldwide universal group of strange people known as Fans (or Fans)---of 135 copies of SAM, only about eight will be going to nonfans, so you know in whose direction I'm going to do the slanting.

Of the people in this issue: Gerber is a fantastic energetic guy capable of anything, Deindorfer is a real swinger with tremendous writing potential, and who is a jazz buff. Demmon has a very strange unusual and often funny way of writing---a few months ago he wrote fairy tales without absolutely

any morale at all! (the trick was kind of to leave you hanging up in the air). Lupoff publishes a tremendous farzines called Xero with professional material and Bob Stewart as the Art Editor (Stewart does the strip "J.C." in the Realist). Lewis is a Coastguardsman. He is also my coeditor & a fine fellow.

"Isn't it sunny out here?" inquired Debby Howell, as we perched precariously on a three foot ledge some mere sixty feet above a rather forbidding looking concrete sidewalk. I didn't answer; on the two times I had ventured out onto Debby's Domain I had become remarkably thoughtful and pensive---it was that concrete sidewalk that did it. Debby, however, remained unperturbed---it seems that she was a parachutist. (Honest!)

The scene was (and I emphasize was) the sixth floor of the Visual Arts building....and the ledge seemed to be fairly wide and safe; one could stretch out without touching the ledge. There one could discuss matters of mutual interest, mainly Pogo and becoming World Dictator--we both want the position, and I guess things could get kind of complicated. (Have you, dear reader, ever wanted to become World Dictator?) We have thought up a variety of parties; the Hedonist Party, the Capitalist Party, and among others, the Youth Party (you become thirty and you're automatically ineligible for party membership or office holding).

Anyway, ledge perching was automatically ruled out by the dean of SVA, after getting a phone call about an alleged suicide attempt. Oh well.

"Wouldn't it be a funny thing, Mr. Stiles," said Michell Kuwahara, "if you fell off, falling sixty feet to that hard concrete sidewalk?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "I'd laugh all the way down."

"Well, it certainly would be a wonderful thing!" Mr. Kuwahara said.

Which leads us, after all sorts of devious beatings around bushes about leaves and suicides, to the point. It is strangely horrible what power Berkeley holds over the minds of us helpless New Yorkers---even non-fans; Terry Carr, you are evil--I cough at you. (see Gerber's article)

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After some seven pages of a rather loose editorial, I now find myself with enough material to present a Table of Contents.
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Table of Contents:

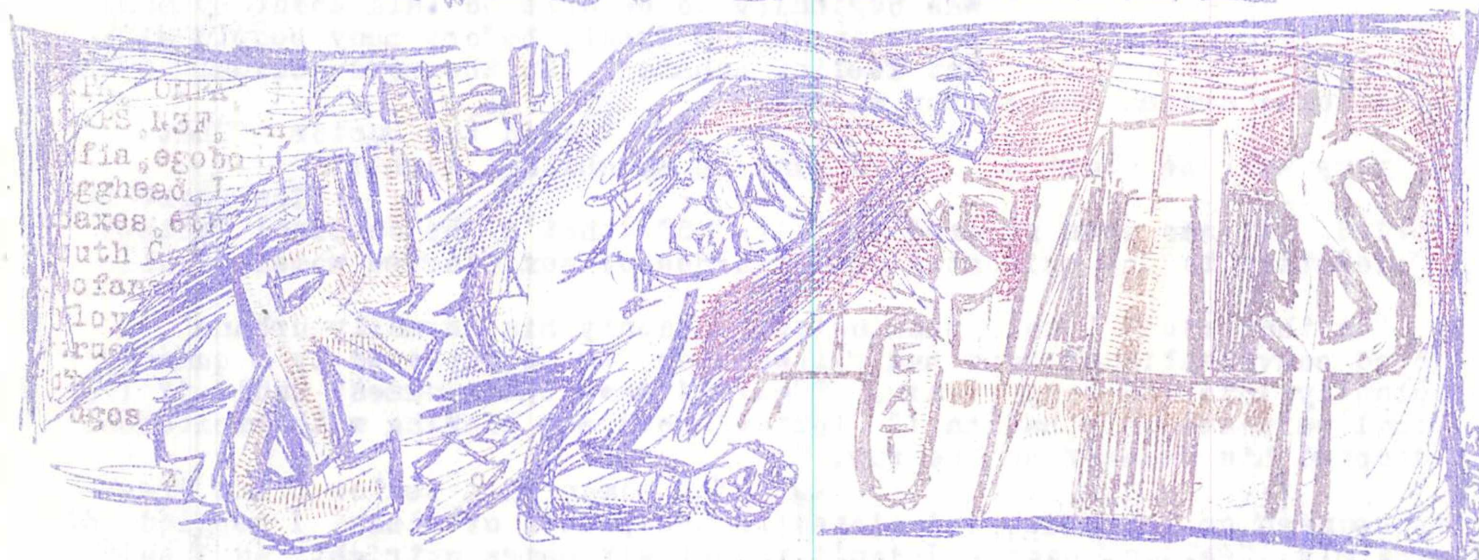
Cover.....Young Steve Stiles
Editorial..... Steve Stiles
Adventures in Mundanity.....Gary Deindorfer
A Wonderful Thing.....Cal Demmon
Jerry Green, Where Are You?.....Dick Lupoff
Gerberings.....Les Gerber
Al Lewis' Coeditorial.....Al Lewis
Maybe some more editorial--who knows?.....you know

.....
Also: All art herein is by the young daredevil self-made editor. The custom is entirely selfish, and is instituted on the grounds that the editor needs practice. However, I could use a Bjo cover, particularly one with a squirrel on it. Wm. Roteler illos and the work of one Mr. Thomson might be nice too, but remember, launching gang, the keywords are decoration and design. Humor is nice too, I suppose, if you like to laugh.
.....

GARY DEINDORFER'S

---Being the first installment in a new, painfully poignant series relating some meaningful and beautiful episodes in the life of Gary Deindorfer when, one day long ago, he decided to gaffiate from the paper world of fandom and live bravely in the outside world.

ADVENTURES IN MUNDANITY



"What happened to your pen pals?" asked the mailman of me one day after he had for two weeks delivered nothing but postcards from aunts on vacation, piles of advertisements, and dunning letters. "My load of letters is much lighter now, you know," he said. An observant person might have noticed a small smile dash across his weathered mailman-type face.

"I decided to gaffiate," was all that I said in return.

He started, but then smiled warmly and said, "Frankly I didn't know you were hooked, but I'm very glad you decided to shake it."

He extended his hand as a gesture of congratulations. "Shake," he said in a magnanimous voice.

"I am sorry, but you are standing on that side of the screen door, and I am standing on this side. It would be very difficult---perhaps even dangerous---to shake hands," said I.

"That's right," he said. He walked away, muttering under his breath.

"IT WAS ONLY a means of escape for you," said Doctor Phineas Enema, practicing psychologist and neighbor, who was standing talking to me at the Welcome Back To The Real World party the neighbors were throwing for me.



He inserted his long, flexible lips deep into his martini and came up with a shiny small olive

People clapped.

Then he went on, "This fandom thing, it obviously has as its raison d'être--he was forced to stop at this point to explain to his wife that this a French phrase and didn't really have anything to do with raisons with dirty habits--"as I was saying, its reason for existing is obviously that it is a crutch for the lives of certain people who have difficulty in facing up to the world in which we live day in and day out--the real world."

He inserted his long, flexible lips deep into his martini and came up with a shiny small olive

"It has even been suggested that fandom serves as sort of a sexual sublimation, a channel of frustrated sexual desires," I said. I was beginning to be able to talk about my many years in fandom freely before many people without feeling ashamed. At the word "sexual" every-

body gathered around the doctor and me.

"Yes," said the Doctor. "That could very well be. Sort of 'my fanzine is my child,' right?"

"Yes, sort of," I replied. "It was even rumored that the NSF--that's the National Fantasy Fan Federation to the uninitiated--had hoardes of sex-starved women of all ages."

"Is that right?" said the Doctor. Suddenly his normally urbane, detached conversational tone had fallen away, to be replaced by a quavery insistently interrogatory strain. "Could I have their names? Could I? (For clinical purposes only, hahaha.)" Doctor Phema was shaking with excitement. He dropped his glasses on the rag.

As a fat woman in a yellow print dress madly sponged up the drink and picked up the pieces of glass, I replied, all very calmly, "Well of course I don't know their names outright. As I said, it was only a rumor."

He then asked me how one got into the NFFF. "I'd like to contact a few of these women," he said, laughing nervously. "Only for study, of course, haha."

"Credged

from all memories I up the address of the NSF Welcomittee Chairman and gave it to the Good Doctor, who scribbled it out nervously on one of his shirt cuffs. "Of course," I said, "if you want to study these poor women you'll have to take out a membership. I might warn you, however, that you'll have to go in as a non-commissioned officer."

This conversation occurred three years ago. Of course you all know Doctor Phineas Phema under another name now as the good fellow who became a major dignitary in the NFFF and opened a hotel for all its sex-starved women.

"OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL great big bright wonderful light it makes," said a thin small neighbor woman standing near me. This comment made me feel good as I tossed packets of fanzines into a giant bonfire in my backyard, and as all my wonderful neighbors watched.

"This is a moving occasion here," said a man who had walked up to pat me on the back. "Here you are making a great

public gesture of your complete renunciation and disavowal of the phony, cheap world of fandom. And frankly"--he lowered his head--"it damn near moves me to tears."

He burst into a loud sob and had to be carried over to a lawn chair and gently placed in it. All the neighbors began to cry "Speech! Speech!"

"Okay, fine people," I said. They all gathered around, insensitive mundane faces lit by the glow of the bonfire. I began to talk, occasionally tossing packets of fanzines on the fire. "You know, I couldn't have gotten this thing without the help of all of you. I would have stayed off fandom for maybe a couple of weeks after gaffiating, but without all of you people, it would've been right back, sooner or later. 'You, Mister Schroeder, for instance," I pointed at him; he beamed widely.



.....
He beamed widely.

.....
what a man has done or been in his past, as long as he is willing to work to work hard and long." You hired me, you gave me my big chance to become a useful member of society....of....of mundanity. The fact that you did not pay me is unimportant. It shrinks to utter insignificance when you consider the very human, generous gesture you made towards me. And, Mr. Schroeder, I shall never forget it."

.....
Everyone stomped and whistled and cheered raggedly.

"And you, Reverend Snoledny. If it hadn't been for the spiritual support you gave me in my first critical days as a member of mundanity, I could have very well have done something--and I hesitate to say this--drastic."

.....
There was a general gasping intake of breath.

"You, yes, fine people," I said, holding my arms high in the light of the front fire. "I very well might have...have....taken my own life in some foul (but original!) way if it hadn't been for the Good Reverend."

The Good Reverend smiled gently, and bobbed his distinguished old head in acknowledgment of the admiring, even adoring, looks of the other neighbors.

"And of course I could mention any more of you here. You, Chief Wotch, from keeping me from...from ctooling to get money to publish my fanzine in my worst days of addiction. You, Missus Mail, for keeping my morale during those trying first days of rehabilitation by lining up batches of your wonderful fish-sticks....

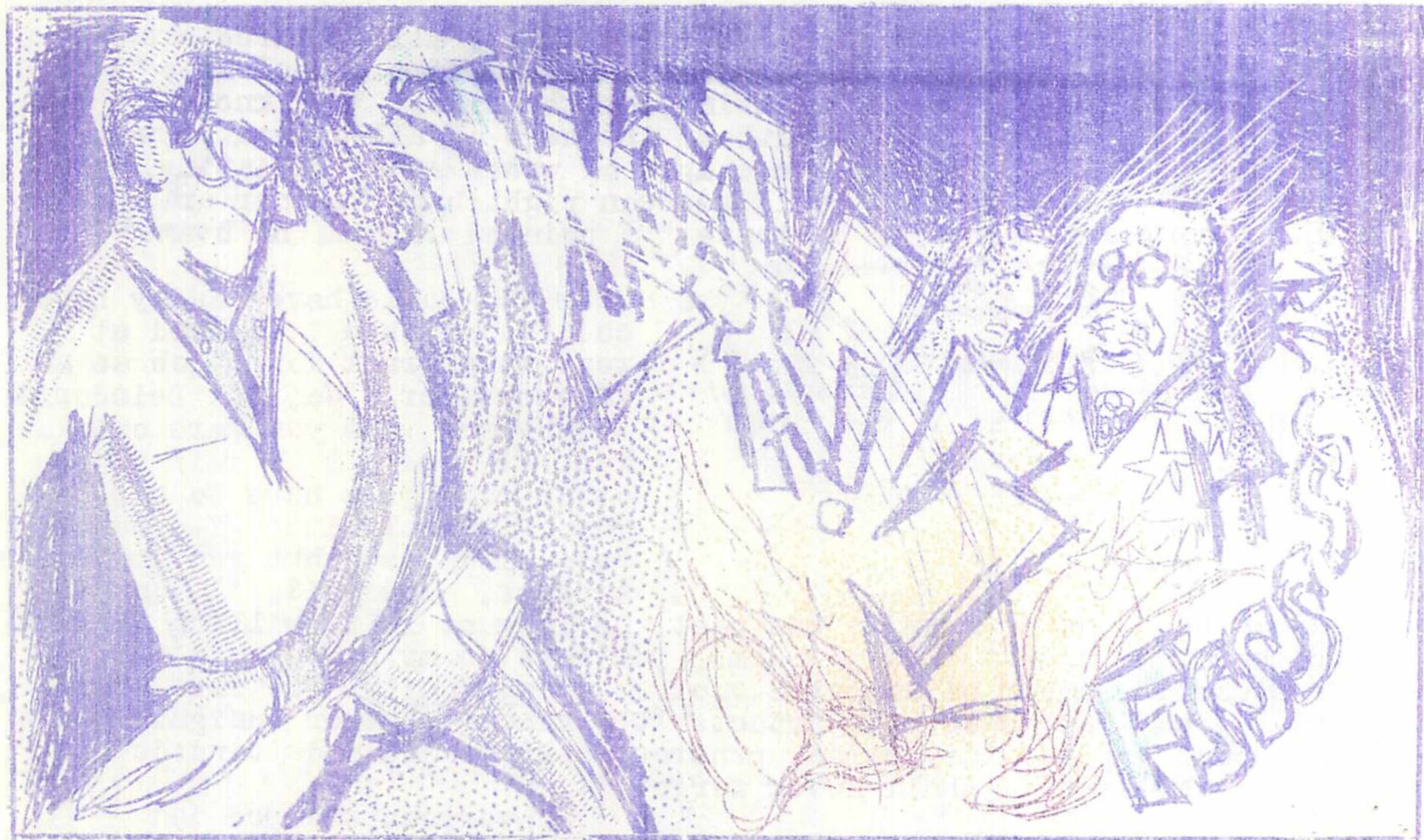
"I could go on and on and thank each of you separately, but I know that you're all waiting for the climactic moment of this gathering here tonight."

I held up the last packet of fanzines before them. "Yes," I said, my voice quivering slightly. "I shall now make the supreme sacrifice. I will throw my copies--my only copies--of my very own fanzines on this bonfire."

.....
I hush fell over the crowd as I faced the bonfire and drew my

throwing arm back. After a long, awful pause I tossed the packet into the roaring fire.

As soon as the fanzines hit the flames, the fire fizzled. It went out like a light.



Where there had been a huge reaging conflagration, there was now a small pile of smoking ash making little sputtering sounds.

We all filed inside the house for lemonade and cookies. No one said anything. They just stood and sipped and munched mechanically, and occasionally shuddered.

—Gary Deindorfer

((And of course Gary is now unsavably, impossibly hooked again. These junkies, they keep comin' and comin' back. Not even Lexington can help them.

On such a cryptic note, it would indeed be intolerable to leave us all floating in the air, so it is believed that there will be more of 'Adventures In Wandering', probably ending when Deindorfer is back in fandom, back on the rocks again. awa.))

JERRY GUNN, NERDS AND YOU —An actual and
literal true experience by Dick Ingoff

"Don't even take your hat off, Dick. Get over to headquarters and report to Captain Cooley pronto!" ordered Frank Smith, Lieutenant Colonel, U.S. Army, and my boss, one boiling Indiana day in August, 1956. Colonel Smith was a nice fellow with a sympathetic, perhaps one might suggest slightly hypertolerant, attitude toward young lieutenants such as I was, fresh out of the Basic Officers Course at the Adjutant General's School and back from a short leave, assigned, of all places, to the faculty of that same school.

But nice fellow or not, that kind of order is one that a soldier obeys, and when Colonel Smith ordered me to get over to the adjutant's office, I didn't hang around for a social chat, I got.

I reported to Captain Richard Cooley with proper military formality despite our being bowling partners in the Officers League and despite our being on first-name terms in informal contacts. I expected him to break the ice of military formality, but he kept things on what you might call a semi-formal basis. He told me to sit down, for instance, but he didn't say "Sit down, Dick." He said "Have a seat, Lieutenant."

I "Yessir"-ed him and sat down. He held up a pack of cigarettes, just like in the movies about court martials, so help me. "Cigarette?" he asked, even though he knew I didn't smoke. I said no, thanks, and then he got down to business.

"My first impulse when I read this letter was to call in the S-2," Captain Cooley told me, pulling a small off-white envelope from his desk drawer. He held it so that I couldn't see the writing on it, but the envelope itself



isn't ordinary enough. Just the kind anyone would use for a Christmas letter, or a personal note.

to Jewish correspondents.

"My first impulse was to call in the F.B.I," he revealed. "But on second thought I don't think this letter could possibly be what it seems to be, and if it I have me all a lot of difficulty and unpleasantness. I would have to turn it over to Intelligence."

"No matter, I was fed, perhapined, shivered a little because she said, 'We called you a Lieutenant, to discuss this with you. And what if I tell you anyone named Jerry Green, in Miami, Florida?'"

I was Jerry Green was a high school student. He was also a member of the same too. When I was a senior at the University of Miami, Fla., he had not heard of my name and written me a typical misanthropic letter. I had never met him. Yes, I was the real Dick Lofsky. I had written back to him. I was very one who had letters published in imagination and that's all right. I had been convinced to believe that I was a writer and whose magazine had been covered by the New York Times. I had been told that I would meet me. Jerry said it was true, and I had been told that I would have pleasure on the house that I was very good, and I was preparing for the day and night.

He had worked, but Jerry had wound up with my military, political, and economic and literary and cryptic abbreviations. Even all these short-hand and now desultory correspondences had continued. When my status changed from student to faculty, there had been a whole new stream of letters. Different numbers and letters, and I had incidentally sent L. H. Gray and expected any day or other to receive a letter from him and several other names. But his small solutions and the slightly peculiar, but very, slightly, ...

"I cannot actually open personal mail, you understand, because I am in Cooley was saying as I came back to that meeting after and the rest of the army from my reminiscence about Parker and Jerry Green. I cannot mail in personal mail and not guarding mail anyway, but I do get acquainted with a full military address and to come in to the post office headquarters along with the official mail. So're not even sure if I know, but you are the only Lupoff in the post, so I assumed it was you, and you confirm that you know Jerry Green. But let me read you the letter." "Why couldn't he let me read the letter, I wondered. Where is it? Let me to get my hands on it."

"Dear Comrade Joseph," it begins. "I am sorry that I have not as active as my activities for some time now, but personal affairs have interfered with my party work. I guess I am not a reliable comrade, and I hope that the party will not see fit to replace me. I will try to do better in the future. Ha ha!"

As he'll I choked, I turned colors, my summer worsted uniform was suddenly made of steel wool as I squirmed and sweated in that chair. Captain Finley looked at me, I looked cross-eyed, I am certain, back at him, and he continued the letter. "Pro-wise, things are pretty dull," he quoted Larry "The new Sterling isn't bad, and Finley is still drawing his babes covered up with bubbles," and the the letter continued its typical stannish prattle, naming, as I knew it went, to the topic of the Big Party Conference in N.Y.

over Labor Day. Would I be there?, did I attend these conferences most years?, and on and on to the close of the letter. The close was, of course, "Yours for the Revolution, Comrade Green." Several elongated silent seconds passed.

"Well, Lieutenant?"

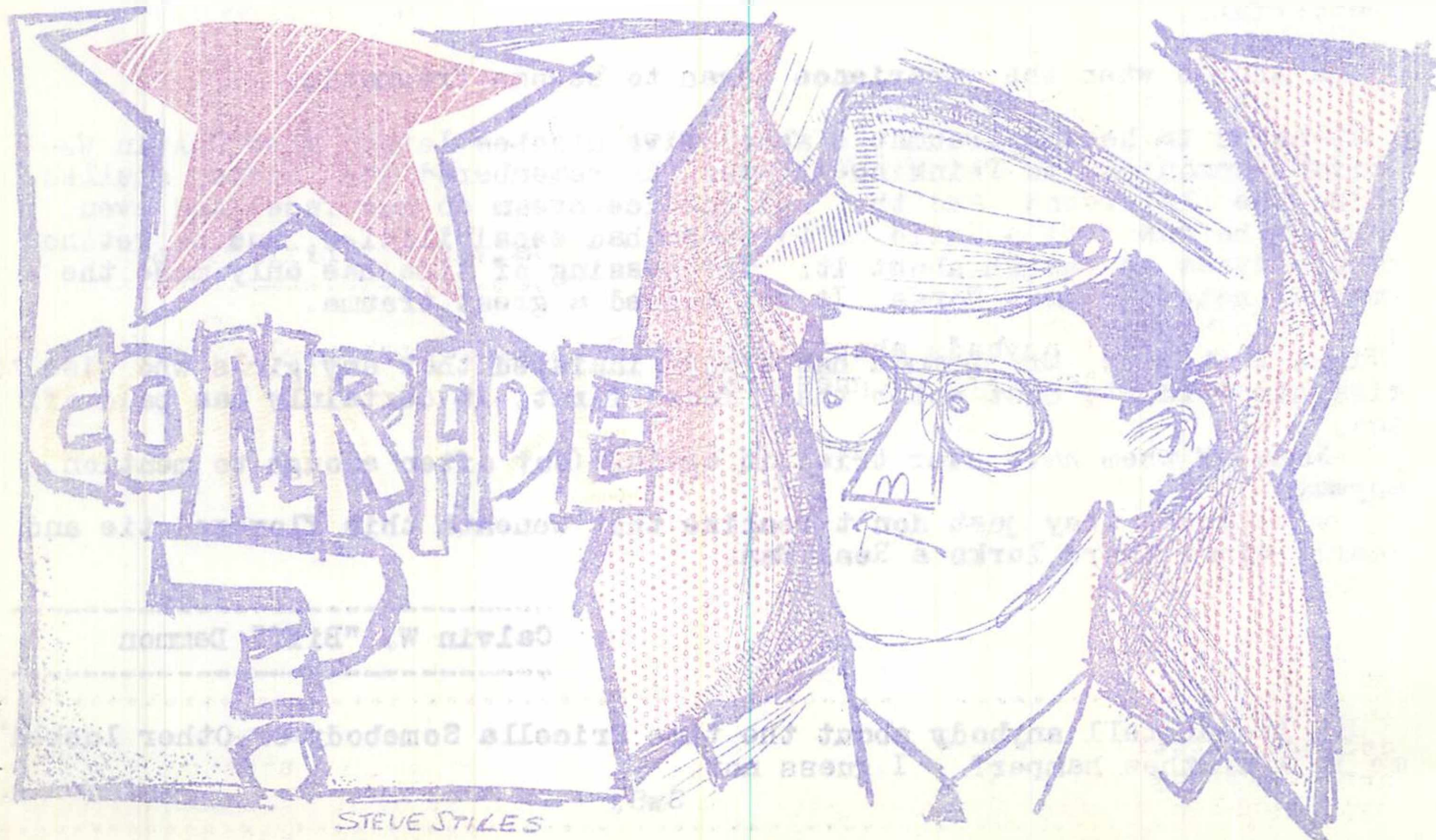
"Mr. Jerry Green tries hard but he doesn't have much sense of humor, does he?" I mumbled.

"No, he doesn't. Now when I first read this letter I thought it was a Communist plot," Captain Cooley said, "but I just couldn't believe the Communists would be that stupid. They couldn't be." He gave me another piercing look. He handed me the letter.

That night I wrote to Green. I told him what had happened. I told him what he must have done to bring it about. He had obviously copied my new faculty address with painstaking care. And neglected to put my name with it. I told him that I did not particularly care whether I heard from him again or not. That there was no need to apologize. But that if he did write to me again, please to be more careful. And if he was feeling in a funny mood, to direct his sense of humor in another direction than Communism.

A week passed and I got another letter from Jerry. My name was even on it. Inside the letter began: "Dear Dick, you say there is no need to apologize, but I apologize anyway"

Does anybody know what happened to Jerry Green?



...with... Friendly old East Coast Al Lewis and I, to get some-
... Cal Demmon. Actually Al knows nothing about this piece,
... this very instant he is at sea, doing his bit in the Coast
... our first line of defence against Russian invasion. (I can hear
... chattering) And Al gets seasick too.
... anyway, here we have this article. It has no title, which is a
... in the head, but... but... it certainly is a wonderful thing. (that for
... the benefit of a friend who is being driven insane...)

A WONDERFUL THING BY CAL DEMMON

Once, an exceptionally long time ago,
Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon had a very Traumatic experience with a Girl, and
he has decided to relate it here to try to exorcise it from his mind. They
say that putting your problems out of your chest helps to take the fog out
of your head and put your feet back on the ground. So here goes.

There once lived in Inglewood a very pretty little girl named Mickey. She
went to Sentinela School, and so did Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon. Even
though he was only seven or eight years old at the time, Mr. Demmon was no
slouch, and he loved to hold Mickey tenderly in his arms and gently caress
here Roy Rogers and Dale Evans Lunch Pail. But he was a Very Shy Fellow,
and so he could only let his feelings be known now and then by swooping
on her now and again as she left the schoolroom and planting a kiss on her
cheek. (The boys in my school used to get together in large groups and
swoop down on the girls during recess, kissing and telling. It kept us all
off the streets.) And so boy, was he (Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon)
ever suprized when Mickey arranged one day to have two or three Big Kids
hold him down while she kissed him. Was he ever suprized? You bet he was
suprized! And he felt like he'd been washed in the baptismal waters of the
---well, of wherever they have Baptismal Waters. He felt all Warm and
Wonderful.

And that's when the experience began to become Traumatic.

It began to become Traumatic about five minutes later, when Calvin W.
"Biff" Demmon got to Thinking It Over. He remembered that Mickey smelled
like the Playground, and that she had ice-cream on her face. And even
though he was just a Child In Love, he had sensibilities, and he retched
mentally as he thought about it. The passing of time has only made the
mental retching grow Worse. It was indeed a great trauma.

Since that time, Mr. Demmon has always insisted that any girls who wish to
kiss him forcibly must watch their faces first. It certainly has paid off
too.

None of them have ever tried it again. (Not often enough to mention,
anyway.

I guess they just don't realize that beneath this flowered tie and
smelly cigar there lurks a Real Man.

Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon

Did I ever tell anybody about the time Ericella Somebody-Or-Other looked
me in a clothes hamper? I guess not.

SWS.

GERBERINGS

by
Les Gerber



At the right, dear darls, we have a specially-constructed scene: Leslie Steven Gerber shouting down a Philadelphia eleven story telephone. The event took place during the Philadelphia "Philadelphia" event.

Steve Stiles called me up the other day. "Hi, Gerber," he said. "Remember when you promised to write something for SAM? Well, I'm getting about ready to publish. Write me something for SAM, Gerber, and try to make it as soon as possible."

I coughed at him. This is an example of a new conversational gambit I have invented in retaliation to the general run of New York fan gambits, which run like, "It certainly is a wonderful thing," or, "98 pages? That's not too many!" or, "That's true." Everytime something happens around a bunch of New York fans, one of these is bound to come out of somebody as a reflex action. I've done it myself; so as a new defensive maneuver I've developed a new 'all-purpose for everything. I cough, especially when someone says "It certainly is a wonderful thing," or one of the variations, like "It certainly is a true thing."

Anyway, most New York fans get SAM, which makes this column as good a place as any to issue a warning. The next person who says "It certainly is a wonderful thing" to me is going to wind up with the flu. (Would you believe it? I have a cold! And that's true!

The first two installments of this column appeared in Jim Moran's fanzine HAMMON. Not many people remember Jim these days, but he was an outstanding fan in his way, when he was active two or three years ago.

Like me, Jim came into fandom through CRY OF THE NAMELESS. He discovered me there, bringing in the back of the lettercol, and sent me as a subscription to my fanzine an imitation, shrunken head, accompanied by a letter telling how Jim had shrunk himself during World War II.

The thing, when I got it, looked so real I was afraid to pull it out of its cracked plastic container. I brought it over to Andy Reis's house, figuring that as an artist he would have experiences in dissecting corpses and the like (I was confusing him with Leonardo da Vinci, the only

time I've ever made that mistake.) but Reiss wouldn't touch it either.

Finally, his mother pulled the thing out of its container, and when she touched it she began to laugh. "It's rubber," she said, throwing us a strange look and laughing her way out of the room. That was the kind of stunt Jim Moran used to pull.

Moran came to New York one summer looking for me, but instead of getting confirmation that I would be there he just sent a postcard warning me he was coming. I was out of town that summer, and got the postcard after Jim had been in New York and gone back home (to, I swear, Dracut, Massachusetts.)

I finally got to meet him, though, the next time he came to New York. He was tall and slim, and had very red hair. He had a strong Massachusetts accent before Kennedy made it fashionable, and I found it hilariously funny to hear him curse in his elegant Massachusetts accent. (Do you like to type Massachusetts, Steve Stiles, you infamous mercenary? Massachusetts Massachusetts Massachusetts.)

Jim Moran published three issues of MALLION. The first one was mimeod. As Jim told me, he just got his hands on some stencils, stencilled the zine with two typewriters at school, and ran the thing off on a school mimeo he had never used before. Ted White never did a better job of mimeographing, and I'm not exaggerating. The second issue of MALLION had to be dittoed, since the principal of the school got a look at the flyer Jim ran off to announce the first issue: "MALLION is coming! (Roll of drums followed by a louding breaking of wind which echoes mockingly.) At this very moment, coursing through the vast network of the United States postal system, MALLION approaches, inexorable, irresistible, like reverse peristalsis...".

Jim got some ditto masters, typed them up, and ran them off on a ditto at Boston College, which he had never used before. MALLION #2 was duplicated as well as any issue of SATYR!

A few months later, Jim published MALLION #3. It had a large center portfolio of full-page crosser illos, pretty well reproduced, and in general a fine repro job, but he used still another machine (this one belonged to a friend) and the result wasn't as impressive-looking as MALLION #2. Some fanzine reviewer (Pelz, I think) wrote that Jim had finally managed to turn out a fanzine with decent reproduction. That was the kind of thing that used to happen with Jim Moran.

Jim dropped out of fandom soon afterwards, and I haven't heard from him in years. He was a funny guy!

I was asking the new Mrs. Avram Davidson the other day what it felt like to be called Mrs. Davidson. She said she didn't know. I'm sure she's glad she's Mrs. Davidson, though. I never could remember her maiden name.

Without the kind permission of Steve Stiles, that infamous mercenary, I am about to run a contest in SATYR. Stiles being such an infamous mercenary, we can hardly expect him to provide a prize, so I'm offering one myself. ((Good!--after all, I'm not running a charity organization!)) The best entry in this contest will be published by me in SATYR and the Shadow Papa, and the winning writer will receive an autographed picture of Huckleberry Hound. Actually, the prize will be a suprise, but I guarantee you it will not be worth the effort.

Anyway, here is the contest. I have been plagued through the past few years by a strange mental twist which leads me occasionally to write fragments of stories which I like tremendously, without being able to complete them. The latest such fragment has been haunting me for months, and the way I can get it off my back is to have someone else write the story for me. Here is the fragment. Incorporate it, in slightly altered form if necessary, in a story. I dare you!

Mitchell was eating a pear. He walked along the path leading from the library to the building in which he had his next class, taking large bites out of a juicy pear. Streams of people, most of them his fellow students, swarmed in both directions along the path.

There were always people swarming along the path in both directions, through the whole day and into the evening.

Half the pear was gone when Mitchell arrived at the stairway in front of the building. He stood in front of it for a minute, as if debating whether to enter it or not. Finally deciding, he entered; but instead of going to class he walked down the hall to the end of the building. When he came to another stairway, he shoved through the wrong door and walked downstairs to the basement. He left the building through a back door and found himself behind the building, confronted by a large patch of grass. He walked out to the center of the patch, put down his suitcase, sat down, and waited.

The bell rang, and classes began. Mitchell waited for about five minutes, until classes were well under way. Then he lifted his hand with the half-pear in it, and threw it at an open window on the second floor. The pear disappeared through the window. Mitchell opened his briefcase and pulled out another pear. After about a minute, a head appeared at the window. Mitchell threw the second pear; it mashed into the head's face. The head shot back into the room immediately.

Mitchell pulled out another pear. The instructor's head appeared. Mitchell drew his arm back lazily and mashed the pear against the instructor's forehead. The instructor disappeared. Mitchell opened his briefcase again and began to throw all his pears through the window. He had two dozen of them. The sound of screams began to float through the window. After all but one of the pears were thrown, Mitchell closed his briefcase, went back into the building, walked up the stairs and down the hall until he stood in front of a door marked "President." He knocked at the door, and opened it without waiting for an answer.

"Yes?" said the president of the college, without looking up from his desk, "what is it?"

Mitchell opened his briefcase, pulled out the last pear, took a bite out of it, and just as the president looked up threw it with tremendous force at his face.

Good luck! is all I have to say.

I got a letter from Bruce Henstell the other day. I thought he was dead! ((whatever happened to Jeff Wenshel ?))

Pete Graham said, in LIGHTHOUSE, that Walt Willis is not a genius. I say, in SAM, that Pete Graham is not a genius. Walt Willis is a genius though. If you don't believe me, you can reread Willis's column in

WAREHOUSING, in which Walt gives a running account of the way he writes his previous column.

Now, the supprizing thing is not that a Willis column, which sounds so spontaneous, is actually the product of a fantastic ammount of work, including much thinking and rewrting. And I am prepared to admit that people who are not genuises can write very well, and very entertainingly.

But I submit that nobody short of a genius is capable of so detailed and accurate an analysis of the creative process as Willis set forth in that column.

If you think it's easy, try it some time! If you can do it, you're a genius. Walt Willis is a genius.

People frequently ask me what Steve Stiles is like. My milkman asked me the other day. They want to know what kind of a person would publish a fanzine with a name like SAM, of course, but the reasons for their curiesity go deeper than that. You see, Steve Stiles is the mystery mystery man of New York fandom.

Now, Richard Bergeron is the known mystery man of New York fandom. There are only half a dozen fans or so who have met him since the beginning of his second fannish incarnation, and they met him only once. Out-of-town visitors to New York frequently try to contact Bergeron; I haven't heard of one success yet. Everybody knows Bergeron is a mystery man.

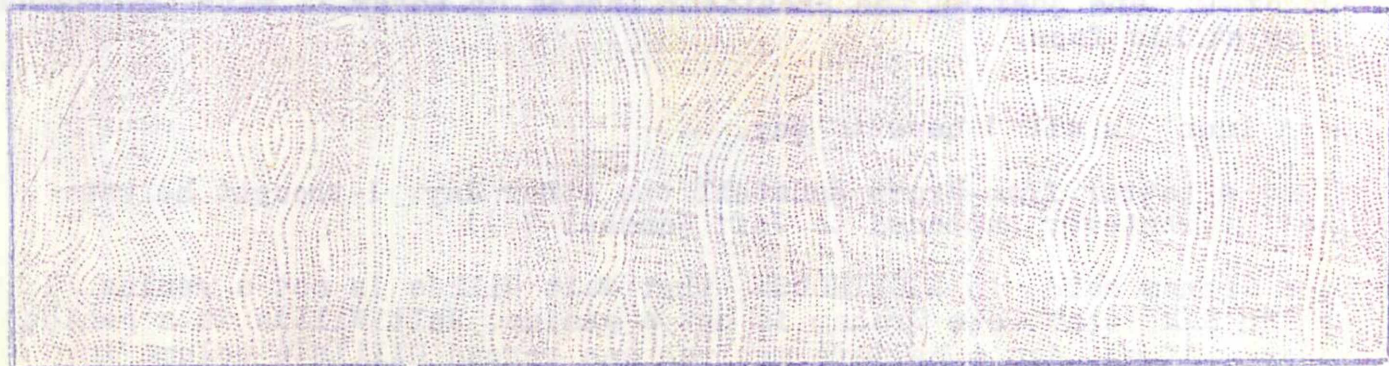
But Steve Stiles is a more subtle mystery man than Bergeron, so subtle that nobody but me seems to realize he is a mystery at all. Steve makes it a practice to show up at Fanoclast meetings. He's in the thin of New York fandom (we're not very thick these days.) He was even at the last Philcon. Dozens of fans have met Steve Stiles, and still none of them knows what he's like!!!!

Take Peggy Rae McKnight, for example (if you can get her away from Billik and Slavlat.) Peggy met Steve during the Philcon, and was told to guess who he was. She finally decided (on the basis of a clue that he was a fan artist) that he must be Andy Roiss, and I don't think anyone ever told her other wise. Stiles certainly didn't! He never tells anyone anything.



We'll be back next issue with another column full of goodies and baddies. Don't miss it, unless you can't.

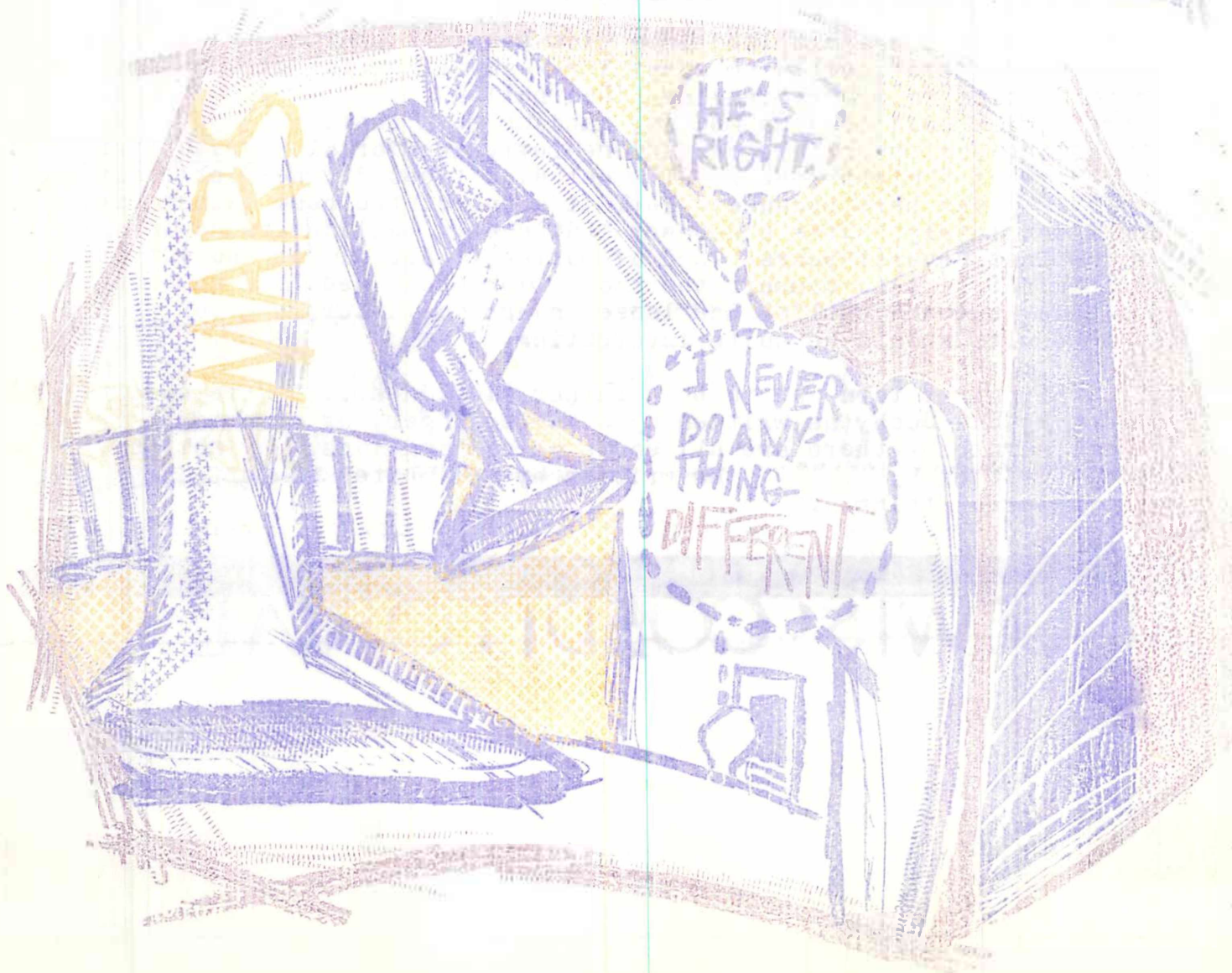
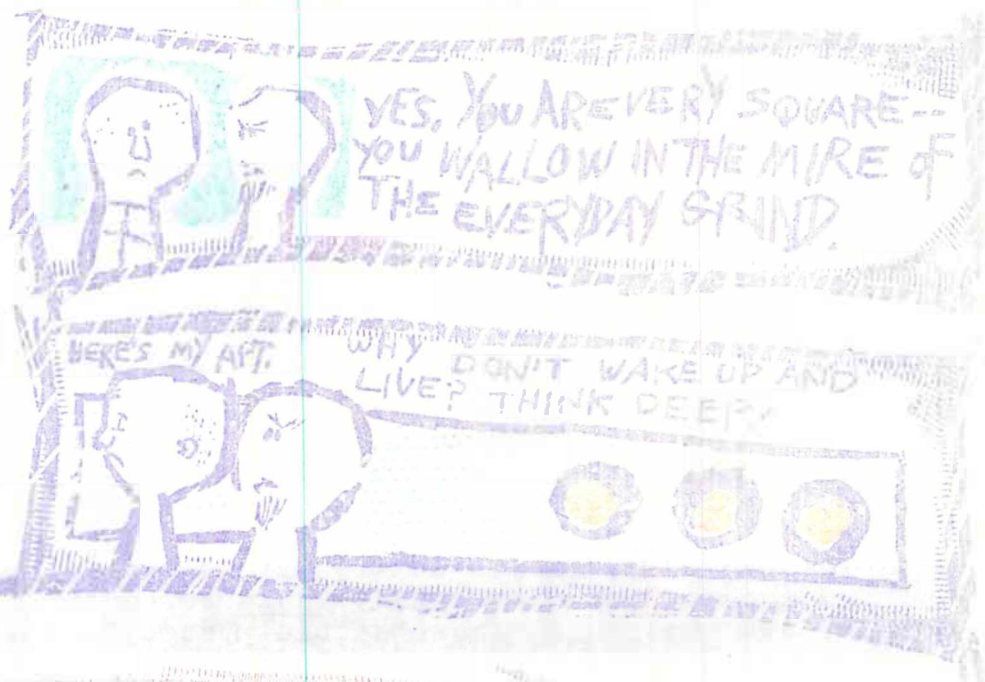
---Les Garber



This was intended for Bob Lichtman's PSI-PHI. I was talking to Andy Main about it. "PSI-PHI folded, Steve Stiles," said Andy. "PSI-PHI has been folded for a year now." Ha.

BY

STEVE
STILES



Just a few days ago I walked into Dick Lupoff's apartment---I had come because I had promised to do something---anything--for Dick in return for a contribution to my new fanzine. (No, not SAIL)

"Here," Dick said as I walked in, handing me a sheet of paper, "here's the outline for my article on fanzine reviewing for ALL. write it for me."

Well, try as I might, the result just didn't sound like Dick Lupoff. The result is given here because I feel it's one of the best pieces I've turned out lately. It's a subject that's been boiling around in my head for the last several years. And of course, those of you who get the ALL annish might like to compare the two. Dick and I used the same outline, as I said, but the outline was loose enough for interpretation that the final results should be quite interesting.

.....This might turn out to be a rather nice idea.... Have an article written by Buz Busby as written by Mike Deckinger. Or an article written by Jack Harness---there are all sorts of combinations. Why not an article written by BLANK! as written by Ted White? It certainly would be a wonderful thing.....

AL LEWIS' COEDITORIAL

I entered fandom over ten years ago. At that time Bjo, the Queen (not to be taken in that sense...) of the West hadn't even been heard of, but Lee Hoffman and Quandry reigned in the southland. I, of course, published a fanzine.....And Lee commented encouragingly on it! For a BNF to do this, naturally, is one of the most kindhearted things that can be done. At the same time, Rog Phillips was saying that my fanzine (carbon copied, no less!) showed that I was Dedicated. Aside from that, Rog was harsh indeed. Most of the other reviews were more-or-less wishy-washy; they panned, but not too hard. Or they ignored me entirely. For awhile it was hard for me to understand why they reacted as they did, but now from my lofty view as the Man with the Axe, I think I understand...

There are many ways in which fanzines are reviewed, but I become more and more convinced everyday that there is only one good way. It's not enough to say of a fanzine "I liked this; got it!" and then go on to the next 'zine and make another unqualified statement. Nor is it enough to merely list the contributors to a fanzine with the titles of their pieces. Bloch may always be superb, but he doesn't do that much fan writing these days; most writers in our microcosm may be slipshod one day and extremely good the next. No, the reviewer's job is not merely one of saying "this is good" or "this is incredibly horrible", but of continually analysing why it is good, or why it is bad.I can't think of anyone who does this. I know I don't for AXL; first of all, there's the matter of space. Secondly there's the time element---you have to sit and weigh and ponder and judge to do a good reviewing job on anything--fanzines, books, movies, music, etc. This leads into the third reason; I'm lazy ---writing really good reviews is hard work.

There are other types of "reviews" of course---Buck Coulson writes columns which might be called reviews, but which really acknowledge the contents and applies a rating number. If you've been around long enough, and have read past reviews and the fanzines in question, you'll know with how much salt to take them. Some people, such as Bob Lambeck and the NFFF haven't even tried to do reviews---they've just published what amounts to a shopping list. You send for the fanzine with the best sounding name. East Coast Al Lewis with his new Iconoclastic Quarterly should make out like a bandit with this kind of deal! ((Plug, plug!))

The oddest situation a reviewer runs into is reviewing reviews. I'm called on to do this, every fan who comments on a fanzine's letter column does this too; for what is a letter column but an expanded fanzine review column? There are many similarities, particularly in respect to their deficiencies. A reviewer can honestly state he hasn't the space to write a review in depth. But what's the excuse of the letterhack (a most appropriate term)? There is much the same form in letters of comment; "I liked this.", "I didn't like that.", etc. ---Why they're just like fanzine

1. "Trots? Vut's Trots? Don't youse know what Trots is?" ---From a nameless early Dick Lupoff fanzine. (we emphasize "early") To learn the answer to this penetrating question write immediately to Dick Lupoff, no boxtops please....

review columns, showing the same lack of original thought, only they take up more space! Ted Pauls recognized this fact in a recent issue of KIPPL, explaining why he does not always trade issues for letters of comment, and demonstrating the type of letters he likes to receive. Stiles complained about this problem with regard to the last issue of SAM: "I've started getting back letters on SAM #4. I've gotten around three so far, and they're all slightly depressing. People seem in favor of SAM, but when it comes to describing just what they like about it, they are suddenly struck tongueless, damn 'em."

Now you can tell me to put my letter where my typer is, but the fact still remains that for all but a handful of fans, doing creative reviews of fanzines is either beyond their capabilities or "would work too much of a hardship upon them." Is there a cure for this? There may be---perhaps if it's harped on by enough people often enough, a few people might be persuaded to try it, and just may feel rewarded by the effort. I'll admit this depends upon the fanzine in question too. I'd feel much better about putting in the necessary amount of work for an issue of WARHOON than, say, an issue of Z.Z. ZUGG'S GESUNDHEIT. In the latter case, there's nothing in the zine worth the effort and thought, while in the former there's very little that isn't.

In view of this, it is apparent the reviewer must make judgements on fanzines which are, in many ways, snap decisions. He does he go about this? What influences the reviewer, for better or for worse? What assumptions may he make, and be right 99.999 percent of the time?

The first influence on the reviewer's judgement is the name of the fanzine. They may be of many different types, designed to show the tone and type of material in the fanzine, such as FANAC, DISCORD, CATCH TRAP, MELANGE, PORTALS: Gateways into SF & Fantasy; chosen for their euphonous quality, ICONOCLASTIC QUARTERLY, THE RAMBLING FAP, POT POURRI. Or, they may have a special outside reference, such as YANDRO, WARHOON, AMRA, COLLECTOR, and IGNATE. Or even SPACEWARP, for that matter; we must not lose sight of the fact that many of our fanzines find their titles from some aspect of science fiction or fantasy.

Choice of a title, though, is not nearly as important as reproduction. There is good mimeoing, good dittoing, even good hectographing!--look at the early issues of HORIZONS for a fine example. But a bad job will set a reviewer solidly against a fanzine from the start---no one wants to pry through spots and blotches of a fanzine like Mike McInerney's ULLY MULLY GUE #4 on the offhand chance of finding something worth the eyestrain. And here's the reviewer's first assumption: a fairly safe rule-of-thumb states good material will generally be well reproduced, and rotten material is often illegible. You will find lots of bad material well produced, but the reverse, which is what we're interested in, is seldom true. There are a variety of reasons behind this; established fan writers, the ones who produce good material, are hesitant to place it in the hands of a poor publisher. Perhaps a publisher takes more care with fine material---at any rate, it's a fine rule of thumb. When used too flagrantly, though, it can lead to outraged squeaks, like "Why don't you read my fanzine before reviewing it?" The truthful reply is crushing, and unfortunately, is seldom given.

Complete honesty in fanzine reviews is often lacking. Those fans who have tried to be completely honest have only aroused flurries of animosity with themselves at the center. Most fans take the easy way out--they tell "little white lies" (it's called being tactful, you know) or utterly

ignores the fanzine in question. Apparently these fans feel no responsibility toward their readers--at least their actions reveal the notion that the only people to read their columns are the editors of the fanzines reviewed. At any rate, the "fandom is fun, so let's not tromp on toes" faction wins out almost everytime. Some times it wins out when it shouldn't have. You wouldn't review ITWAS, for example, in the same light in which you would review WARHOON. Of course not--but I know of one person who declined to review it entirely because "Perry Mae is too nice a kid"... he insisted on looking at both of them through the same pair of glasses.

In truth, a reviewer has to take into account the aims of the fanzine, and how well it achieves them before making a judgement; an inflexible scale cannot be adhered to. A well designed, intellectually orientated fanzine such as WARHOON surely rates an A-1 label because it reaches its goals. On the other hand, ITWAS also succeeds in achieving its aims; that of being delightfully unsophisticated, published just for fun, without illusions.

Incompetence is not the only reason for a lack of honesty in fanzine reviewing. There are very few fans with the stomach to pan the hell out of a bad fanzine, if it's been published by a very close friend, as was seen in the "Perry Mae is a good kid" attitude. This, too, is a strong argument for ignoring rather than punning. On the other hand, of course, we have favorable reviews on items which contain little merit, simply because the reviewer happens to like the author or publisher.

I previously spoke disparagingly of Buck Coulson's type of column--I haven't made the necessary calculations lately, but back around '68 anyone someone averaged out his numerical ratings; the average was darn close to 5. This would make his a very good review column.

To get back to the initial impression a fanzine makes upon a reviewer, the kind of paper used, illustrations, design, types in the text all affect the reviewer. The key word is layout ((yeah, man!)), but I'm not about to give a brief course in layout design. However, if you don't have ideas or artistic ability of your own, it's hardly a bad idea to study some of the leaders in the field, and adapt their ideas to meet your own standards. It's all a trial-and-error deal; the distinctive layout of Willis' THE GLASS STORY in XERO, for example, was just a trial. As it turned out, the result was not as effective as it was thought to be. You have to keep working until you strike the breeze that appeals to you.

I suppose most of you have suspected that fandom is a form of hedonism. This leads to our last problem; when you're reviewing fanzines, how do you discriminate between objective and subjective quality?--that is, actual worth of a fanzine, as opposed to the "I like" attitude, as evinced with many fannish items. Examples of objective worth, I think, would include Fantasy Commentator, Warhoon, and Inside; fanzines of subjective worth might be Itwas, Pagan, thousands of apazines. You get the point--it's sercon versus fannishness. One way to approach the problem is to ask yourself "Would I keep this fanzine in a permanent collection?" But even after you've determined the "quality" of the fanzine, and on what basis this quality stands, you can't judge it by this one method--remember the other criteria I've tried to mention. They're all important.

I've left other things untouched. I could write an entire article just on comparing the personality and atmosphere of various fanzines, or on how the size vs. frequency of publication can affect a review's outcome. We all like to see large fanzines, and this has an unsettling effect on our judgement; perhaps this is right, a fanzine should rate more than a

small one. And it's an old bromide in fandom, that the "great" fanzines of the past, almost without exception, owe part of their greatness to their frequency of publication.

.....

I've made a great number of broad sweeping statements in this article, in regards to reviewing, which have included much more than just fanzine review columns, such as mine in AXE. I've but one reason for this--essentially, all fandom is one great big review column. Letters of comment--they're review columns in many ways, and as I've pointed out, lots have a better chance of doing good reviews than actual columns, for they have the space to review in depth. Mailing comments--what else can you call them?

So I think this small article applies not only to acknowledged reviewers but to most fans. If it encourages just one of you, my great audience, to adopt some of the ideas herein, well... that was its purpose.

I suspect there are a few of you who can realistically scoff it off, saying "Well, it's nice, but it doesn't apply to me." Well, just think, chum, if it doesn't apply to you, who does it apply to?

Certainly it doesn't apply to me.....

---Dick Lupoff

(as written by the friendly, East Coast Al Lewis)

Overboard: "There are two kinds of people I can't stand: big s and wops."

Steve Stiles Again: MMM...rereading that quote up above, I can't help wincing and wondering if it was in bad taste--I put it there in the spur of the moment....

Speaking of spurs of the moments, I have decided to get up a little (big) group, possibly consisting, among others, Gerber and Main, to go down to Union Square on Mayday and listen to George Lincoln Rockwell, head of the American Nazi Party, speak. I think it would be a positive shame to miss out on the rantings of one of the most pathetic little freaks of this century. It would also be a shame to miss viewing the dying embers of one of the most distasteful groups this world has ever seen. I want to see what kind of man it is who can advocate the most unpopular and unsuccessful philosophy in this country. Les has determined to chant cuss words in Yiddish so we'll need a big group in case Rockwell's goons decide to get nasty--just let them try! Developments will probably be duly noted next issue.

Bhob Stewart, boy fanartist, recently made good; as you may have heard, Bhob has been working with a film entitled "The Year The Universe Lost The Penrunt", a film which, as it progressed, was aired at the Modern Film Society (a little group generally consisting of about eight people, including, I like to think, myself)--however Bhob finally got the film aired at a large theater specializing in experimental films. The Charles Theater, as it was called, is located in lower downtown Manhattan--the trip south unfortunately depressed me, as did the neighborhood between the theater and the subway station; I kept on expecting to get held up.

Anyway, I arrived, and sat through three films; only one noticeably impressed me. It was film of closeups of modern glass & metal buildings, taken at strange angles, probably rendered even stranger by mirrors. I think the artist was trying to produce a tense monotony; if so, he

succeeded admirably, judging from the gasps and groans of the audience. His method was to produce a flowing motion in his camera work, possibly by a splicing of duplicate film, which quite resembled the head on view of a moving harbor pole. (I sincerely hope enough of you have seen that worthy sight to understand what I'm talking about.) The angular conceptions were so difficult to figure out, the organ music was so drawn out, that the effect of the entire piece was almost hypnotic... ..there was a also kind joke that the producer pulled; after the height of boredom the film suddenly stopped...about a half a minute went by, and judging from the shifting of seats, everyone thought the film was over...then-pow!- the film was on again. Funny.

Well, finally good old Bhub's film was on. I felt proud, proud of good old Bhub Stewart, and proud that I had known him.

...enough of that....

Stewart's film consisted of film clippings--the main idea was to get unrelated objects, or faintly related, and get them to relate by switching back and forth. Unfortunately, should Bhub ever get the chance to unload "The Year The Universe Lost The Pennant" commercially, he'll either have to do a lot of new work or be out of luck---a lot of his footage consisted of material used in commercials--a big phony Budweiser Beer wagon, for instance--and, like, he didn't get any permission. That kind of puts a crimp on things.

There was also a lot of interesting flashes of pure color, which I think could be developed separately. (You get the idea from "Blinkedy Blank", Bhub?)

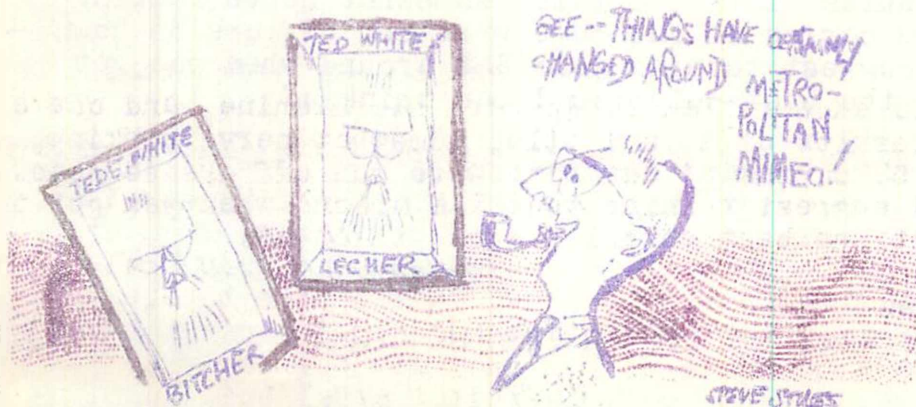
Towards the end of the film Bhub took a chance which was extremely radical, extremely exciting, and also extremely unsuccessful; he tried to relate an actual real-live human being to a scene in the film. What happened was this: the film was accompanied by taped sound effects, music, etc, and suddenly, over a loud speaker, a question boomed out. Almost simultaneously, Bhub rushed up onto the stage--actually, I don't know which came first, but suddenly there was Stewart, yelling frenzied questions and answers: "Who am I?", "Why am I?", etc. The audience thought this particularly was a gas--the rest of the film was warmly recieved--but, I don't think it came off; it was like certain substances that just won't dissolve or mix in water. But I respect the idea.

And, in the film, he put his foot behind his head.

I've been seeing Dan Adkins lately. I recall, that after a session at Modern Theater, a whole gang of us moved across the street to get cokes; as we sat there, the question of the whole existence of fandom came up, and the microism was pretty much raked across the coals. I didn't say much--I am the Mystery Man of N.Y. Fandom--but I think that a brief

justification would be in order here.

Fandom is a darned good hobby for an artist to have. As far as I can see, fandom covers almost every creative artistic aspect in life---at least more than any other hobby. Fandom, like anything else, can be taken in excess; the day that it interferes with



with art, I cut out. I think fandom has personally helped me develop. By nature I am basically lazy, but there's something about fandom that keeps me from curling up in front of a mediocre television program after I put in a day at Visual Arts. By working with and around people like Ted White, I like to think that my work has gained a little sophistication--- at any rate, I have confidence in what I am doing. I am also trying, although I'm sure it doesn't show in this issue, to apply what I've learned at school; in doing so, I have to solve my problems directly, in a practical way, and not under classroom conditions. This helps, I'm sure of it. And of course I've always wanted to be a writer, or at least engage in the rudiments of that skill.

This has been a pretty specific, personal justification (I really don't have time to go into generalities), but there you have it. That's why I'm a Fan, Earl Kemp.

By the way, about a week later, Dan, who had been one of the leading critics of fandom that night, asked me if I wanted to help him on his new bimonthly fanzine this summer. (And, going back to the above, I'm sure most of you know that Dan already holds down two art jobs, one as an agency man, and one as a pretty steady illustrator for Ziff-Davis)

FUTURE PLANS:

Insomuch as I have three regular contributors and one article on hand, and insomuch as I hope to have both time and money this summer, there is a good possibility that another issue in the immediate future will be "large"--i.e., 25 pages or so. So will a lot of other issues. This does not mean that I'm going to abandon SAM's usual small size; I get a kick of working alone on a completely personal level.

Perhaps I'll be able to work with greater frequency, at any rate I hope to buy Andy Main's ditto and thus save a lot of time and trouble running back and forth to various publishers.

Other future plans include working on a film, or films, helping Dan Adkins (I'm some kind of an art editor), and getting a summer job, or rather working at it, since all my plans are supposedly supposed to take place this summer. I'm also going to try to make to the Chicago convention this September. Most of these plans will fall through, of course.

AND APOLOGIES

Actually, I don't know if apologies are really in order, however they've sort of become a tradition around here. Most of the repro is pretty good, none is unreadable. In getting this run off, though, Andy Main endeavored to show me how to operate his machine, and one of the most outstanding results of this little, somewhat nerve racking, session is that about 50 copies of one page were run off upside down. --- --sorry, folks. May I suggest turning your SAM around when you get to that page? That's about the best solution I can think of.

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