

SAM #8

YOUR FILTHY MIND IS RENDERING YOU
IMPOTENT

SAM

This is SAM #8. The second SAMUEL, and a very late issue. OUR POLICY: "Irregularity". This is also the very special July 1963 Issue that you've all been hearing so much about....

The Editor is Steve Stiles! How about that, gang?!

Current Permanent Address: 1809 Second Avenue, New York 28, N.Y.

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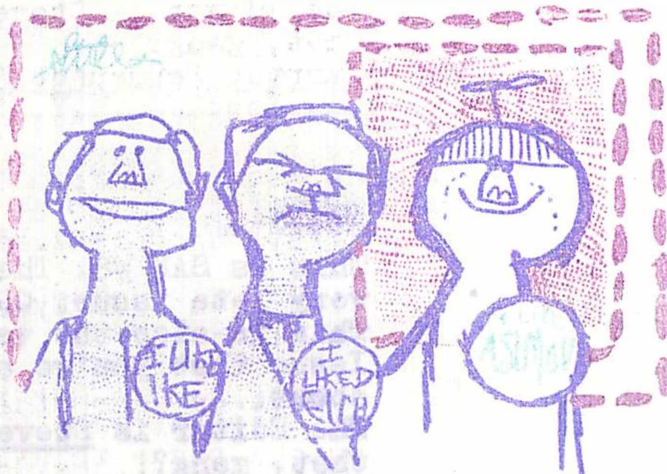
All interior art by Stiles and Dan Adkins.
Front and backcover by Adkins. Mimecing
by QWERTYUIOPress, or "Ted White".

FIRST THOUGHTS

It just might be a good idea to elaborate on the lateness of this issue; you know, sort of defend myself.

SAM is, as always, late for a number of reasons. You have all heard these reasons before, and I really don't care to go into them.

I did say I was going to elaborate, didn't I?



Yes.

What a liar.

What bugs me about bringing an issue out after a long period of time is the fact that I'm sure the contributors don't like. Every so often this year I've had to send Dorf a letter saying "The next SAM will be out very shortly!"...then I wait three months and repeat myself. Sometimes I even get to believing myself, and that's how one of my fanzines is actually produced. I should keep my mouth shut.

Something that disturbs me about the lateness of this particular issue is the datedness of my own writings. I honestly started this issue in June; the majority of the editorial pages which follow were written in Dec.-February. Since then I suspect my style of writing, of expressing myself, has changed --perhaps for the better. So, when I read the pages written by Steve Stiles of the Past I quite definitely got the impression that I was reading someone else's fanzine. It's a funny sensation.

As I say, I'm sure that the contributors for this issue probably felt some discomfort at the realization that their material would see print only after a few months time. I've given some thought to improving the situation and have come across this solution: first, buy all the necessary equipment, paper, ditto masters, etc., before actually starting an issue. Secondly, write the editorial and take care of most of the artwork before contacting potential contributors. With these two things taken care of I think I'd be able to get out an issue in a month's time after receiving outside material.

As to when the next issue will be appearing I must say that I can't venture any guesses. In other words, I don't want to stick my neck out.

"Just over a year ago, on July 5, 1961, Israel announced the firing of a multistaged rocket, which soared 50 miles into space to collect weather data."

"CAIRO, July 21--The armed forces test fired four rockets in a blaze of orange flames today and President Nasser said, in effect, that they could hit any target in Israel."

.....
It's easy to tell the good guys from the bad guys.
.....

It's hard to write editorials these days. For one thing your beloved editor (Steve Stiles, as he is known by Well Fishers) is not a writer, but an Art Student (or trying to be one). The real reason for all my writing, and contributions from Dear Friends, and pages of material from various sundry sources, is to provide a whole buncha pages to stick art on.

Sometimes, of course, I lose sight of this true & noble purpose and actually try to express myself via the printed word (Example: "You are getting this fanzine for a reason: Please Contribute Material"). However, as an advertising student I've become aware of economic trends, and if material for fanzine articles can be submitted to the laws of supply and demand, I'd say that the market was flooded. I considered various topics that I'd be happy to discuss, of those I find most compatible to my peculiar psychological makeup, more than 50% have already been ... well, not done to death but, rather, ^{made} easily accessible. It's hard for a small time outfit like myself to make my, for instance, political views heard with such Giants as Ted Pauls, John Boardman, Rich Bergeron, Bill Donaho, and etc around.

It's hard to write whimsical bits when crazier things happen to people like Terry Carr, Gary Deindorffer, and Les Gerber.

It's hard to write about myself when all I do these days is go to art school, and work on art after school, and put out an occasional fanzine like this.

It's hard to write about jazz, etc, when I don't have records.

It's hard to write about art for people who have (with, admittedly, quite a few exceptions of people in the field) little contact with it.

As a matter of fact it's hard to write about a lot of things.

I guess I'll just have to cover what's left.

I got a questionnaire from Bruce "Brucier" Pelz, as he is affectionately known among associates (The ARBL?) and I dutifully filled it out, as I always fill out these things before throwing the wastebasket. It's not that I'm hostile or anything, it's just that I never seem to be able to get forms, or other official fannish nonsense into a return envelope, and as they invariably roll behind my desk and get lost until too late, I just

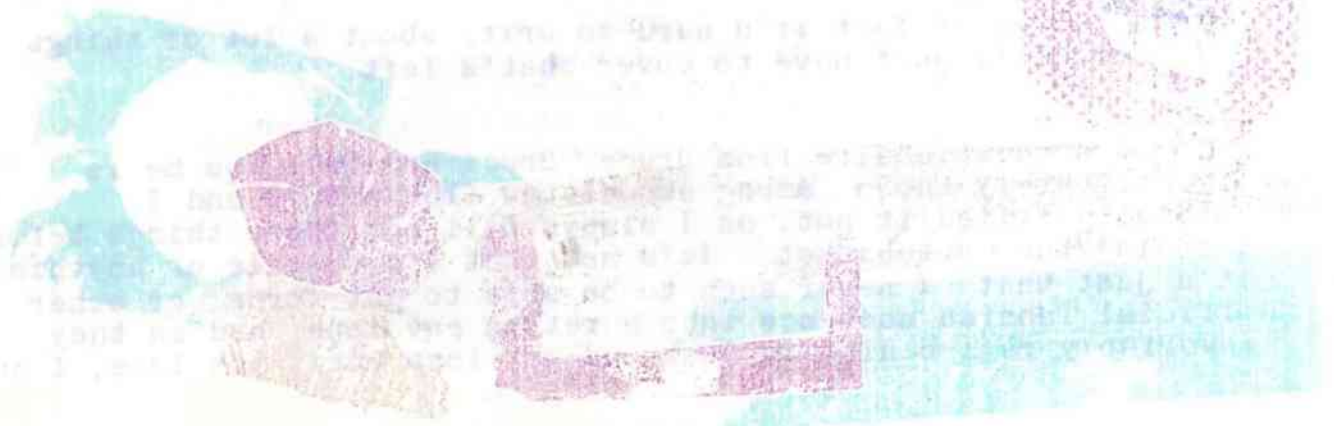
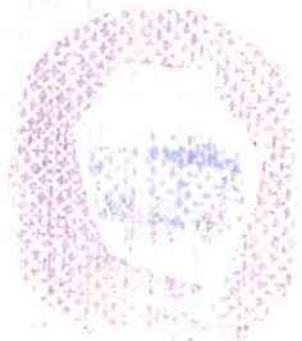
waive the preliminaries. This unfortunately seems to happen with TAFF ballots too (I swear I'll vote someday).

However, I just may send this back to the sender with all kinds of checkmarks on it. But first a few questions: (1) How come? Didn't Broyles do something like this not so very long ago?

(2) How come you didn't even mention the fanoclats in your list of fan clubs?—man, this is a big insult because everyone knows that the Fanoclats are the greatest most wonderfullest fan club in the whole world (HAM---The Trade Magazine of New York Fanoclastdom!).

New York, New York: Shot of nearsighted young man who looks remarkably like S. Stiles. "Gosh all hemlock," stutters this young man, "here it is 1957 in New York City, and people sneer at new York fandom which is like a Puny Wrakling, and Les Gerber is obviously the only true fan around." Stupid kid.

But suddenly, near Sighted Young Man, chin sprouting one long hair, is surrounded and confronted with vibrant new fanzine fan personalities; Carr, White, Lupoffs, Breen, Davidsons, etc. Les Gerber is still around. It is 1960. By 1961 everybody knows everybody else pretty well, except for Carr who really didn't arrive in new York in 1960. I was lying about that. The Young (turn the page, like.)



Man who looks like Steve Stiles, now remarkably sophisticated, in the know, and completely hep, looks around him "Gosh all hemlock! All the BNFs are in NY now. Boy. Now we are sure going to become a focal point. I think I will quit fandom."

But things aren't as circusy as they used to be. For one thing Metropolitan Mimeo, one of the main focal points for spontaneous and massive fan gatherings, has moved to Brooklyn, which is not in, and is too far away for casual visits. And the Fanoclasts, while still a good group, seems to have shrunk somewhat--for one thing, our current meeting place is at Lin Carter's place, which is a smaller pad (and is guarded by a big fat rabbit) and is located in the foreign Bronx.

So fangatherings aren't as spontaneous as they used to be. Which is a kick in the head.

It just occurred to me, sitting here with my big black cat regarding me from my round modernistic fall down chair (sit in it and you fall down, as did Ted White when he tried it), that the reason that Pelz demonstrated his appalling ignorance in not listing the Fanoclasts is that the Fanoclasts really don't advertise themselves the way the Nameless or LASFS do, namely through publishing their minutes. Now, I'm basically an unselfish chap--- I'd be happy to make the Fanoclasts famous by printing--just this once--the events during a typical meeting...why, I'll even publish events leading up to a meeting...providing I get to write them, of course.

A meeting is usually born every two weeks. Members (the Fanoclasts are an ingroup club inasmuch as you have to have something to do with fanzines to belong) are informed by postcards. Mine usually say "Big Communist Rally" or "Sex orgy planned", because Lin Carter is trying to frame me. It is unfortunate that the only Fanoclast meeting that did turn out to be a sex orgy was one I was unable to attend.

Meeting of December Seventh: "Going to the Fanoclast meeting, Steve?" asked Dick Lupoff Thursday night as I stencilled some Shaggy headings (brag) at his place. We made plans to share taxi expenses the following night (and on the following night I forgot to pay Dick, which I will do soon).

Came Friday. It was snowing slightly as I made the one mile trek to 73rd street. As I reached the corner of 74th and 2nd avenue I noticed a black cocker spaniel leading a fellow in a red sweater across the street. It was Dick. I joined him and we headed for a candy store where Dick (1) looked over all the comic books, and lectured me on the super heroes that DC is reviving as super villains. "Remember the Cat Man, Steve?" asked Dick. (2) explored the girly mag section looking for a copy of Escapade which had an article on Captain Marvel. (3) brought four fudgesicles. All this having been accomplished we collected Pat Lupoff, said goodbye to the babysitter--who is Al Lewis' girl friend, and grabbed a taxi. Reaching Lin's we trudged up four flights to his apartment which has a devil face on the door.

Once inside we aspired some of the regulars; Dave Van Arnan, Don & Elsie Wollheim, Frank Wilimczyk, Lin Carter and his latest (and final&ultimate) Poopsie. It was a thin gathering. I had recently learned that Frank was an advertising artist, so I cornered him and spent a fascinating (at least for me) time plying him with questions, and discussing just about every art topic under the sun--starting with temperamental art directoreez and ending with Max Ernst. Larry Ivie showed up, and, being an illustrator, added his two cents (cumulating in a swapping of Andrew Silverberg stories).

At ten we broke up and headed for a pizza place. This was somewhat unusual as we usually go out for eats at 12, and late arrivals--Les Gerber, Miriam & Jerry Knight, and Ted White--had to search us out. Gerber and I threw pennies at Dick Lupoff, made paper airplanes out of the checks, and did all kinds of crazy stunts to make each other laugh. Ivie tried to steal my cigarettes, being an abstainer and very anti-tobacco.

After becoming thoroughly stuffed the group again broke up leaving only White, Gerber, Van Arnan, the Knights, Ivie, and myself. We decided that the night was still young enough to seek out another eatery to fangab, but at 12 the diner staff began turning out the lights and making desperate appeals to us so the group decided to go to Larry Ivie's to make some tape recordings for Calvin Demmon, and I, after making my peace with Miriam (the first time I met her I pretended to be a mean old grouch /"I hate you, Steve Stiles", "Ah, SHADDUP, Miriam!"/), decided to go home, being very sleepy and cold. So that was the end of the December seventh Fanoclast meeting, and Now You Know

DON PITCH Markman's poems, as poetry, aren't too much to my liking with the exception of "The Jungle", because they are too direct---they lack the multiplicity of meaning which I am accustomed to look for in poetry! ((I edited out a line in "The Jungle", and poor old Markman complained. It improved it, I think.))

GARY DRINGDGER I think "The Jungle is a good poem, but the others range from almost good to stupid and trite. "Beat Cry" is the most nothing poem. But, then, I've already told you this the last time I was in New York.

LARRY MCCOY I dig some of these very much, particularly: "The Jungle" and "Hide and Seek".

TERRY CARR Ron Markman's poems are lousy, everyone of them, but especially "Conformity Confirmed". ((I influenced in publishing an all poetry issue of SAM by your "A Bird Turned An Eye" in FAPA. Ah well..))

WHITHER POGO?: One of the earliest influences towards making me what I am today--an unashamed faan-- was Walt Kelly's POGO. My young mini-I was ten when I contacted The Habit-- was enthralled at the matchless detail, the mysterious allusions, the psuedo-southern dialogue. I liked POGO then. I still do, and I suspect that much of fandom, which was so enthused with the Possum in '52-'54, is, although much less vocal, still "I Go Pogo". But it's rather hard to dwell on a comic strip, which, for ten years, has had such a steady rate of quality; what can you say, except that Kelly is a darned good cartoonist-humorist?

Okay, that's established.

Last week I picked up one of Kelly's most recent epics, "The Jack Acid Society Black Book". It is a rather different Kelly effort, and deserves some mention, i.e., a review, like. Some of the leading men in the cartoon field have always been quite interested in politics; it is a rich source of humor; as Mark Twain once said, "Readers, suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a Congressman. But I repeat myself." (had to sneak that one in somewhere.)

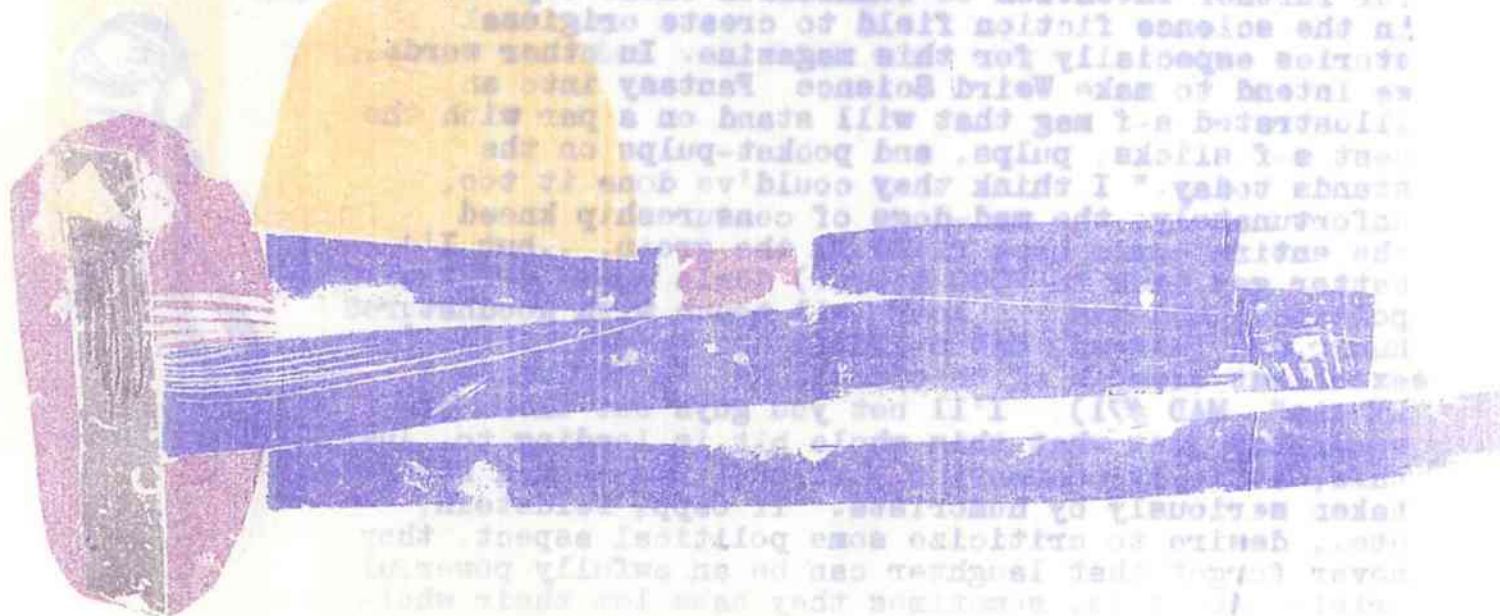
We have had Al Capp, with his Senator Phogbound, General Bullmoose, and Fearless Fosdick holding up an entire Presidential Nonination convention at machine-gun point. But there have been times when Capp has stooped almost to the point of becoming a mere political cartoonist. Harvey Kurtzman, when editor of the once excellant MAD, steered fairly clear of political criticism. Today's MAD, under the helm of (under the helm of...?..that doesn't sound right) Albert Feldstein, ex-editor of some truly fine science fiction comics (Which printed stories by Bradbury, Ellison, and Binder, and which had an art stable of illustrators as competent as Emsh and Fress. Feldstein, in an editorial in Weird Science-Fantasy# 25, revealed that "we intend to approach the other well known science fiction authors and obtain rights to adapt their better works into the comic format. It is our further intention to commission these top writers in the science fiction field to create original stories especially for this magazine. In other words, we intend to make Weird Science Fantasy into an illustrated s-f mag that will stand on a par with the best s-f slicks, pulps, and pocket-pulps on the stands today." I think they could've done it too, unfortunately, the mad-dogs of censurehip kneed the entire comic book field in the groin. . .but I'd better get back to POGO & etc.) deals quite a bit with politics, and has lost all touch with goodnatured humor, and instead, MAD's flavor has become bitter (an excellent example of this would be "A MAD Guide To Russia", MAD #71). I'll bet you guys out there are wondering just what this whole bit is leading to. Just this; it is my contention that politics should never be taken seriously by humorists. If Capp, Feldstein, etc., desire to criticize some political aspect, they never forget that laughter can be an awfully powerful critic. As it is, sometimes they have let their whole point overwhelm them. Kelly has been dealing with politics for a large part of POGO's career. His treatment



of political figures, notably McCarthy has been superb. But, in "The Jack Acid Society Black Book" there is an indication that Kelly is slipping, forgetting himself. The main part of the book is in the regular POGO format, dealing with an Okefenokee version of the JBS; it is a little heavy handed, but is not what I was mainly disappointed with. What I was disappointed with was three attempts of Walt Kelly to be Jules Feiffer. I refer to three bits entitled "Advice From The Flounder", "A Minute Man's Code", and "Hayfoot-Strawfoot-A Fireside Chat"; here ~~Walt~~ Kelly was so serious that I'm afraid I forgot to laugh. And I do wish that Pogo would stop associating with animals that look suspiciously like world famous figures. I can't believe that the Swamp is that kind of focal point.

WHOOOPS: I notice that good old clever Steve Stiles twice mentioned Dan Adkin's art on the pages before this. I guess it all goes to prove that I shouldn't write first drafts directly on master. And seeing how many drafts my co-editor usually does makes me feel doubly guilty. But, coming back to Dan, I'd like to mention that if all goes well, I'll be a Vile Pro because of him; Dan has recieved a commission to do a series of covers for the ZD s-f magazines. Right now he is a little short of time, so I will be helping him on a cover probably slated for two months from now; Dan will be doing the pencilling, and I'll probably do the painting.

Steve Stiles--science fiction professional.



I SAW MARLAND FRENZEL a few days ago. I had been wanting to visit Larry Ivie to collect material on an article on Will Eisner's The Spirit, and mainly to thumb through his comic book collection, which is a continual delight to me.

Larry, however, had left town to visit relatives in California, leaving Marland to hold down the fort, and I could not resist bopping over to dig this fannish legend, as it were. I must report that if Marland had a squeaky voice and drawl, as mentioned in Void and other fanzines, it has since departed.

As I thumbed through Larry's files, and realized that my article would mean a lot of work, and hence was impossible for me to do, Marland and I carried on a conversation--mainly, talking about other fans behind their backs, as is the fannish custom.

When we had run out of mutual acquaintances to slander our conversation turned to me. "Say," said Marland (or something like that) "are you the Steve Stiles who?" My little heart did a flipflop. For years people had been saying ~~xxx~~ things like "The Jim Harmon Who", "The Peter Vorzimer Who", and "The George Wetzel Who". At last my turn had arrived. "Yes?" I queried.

"Are you the Steve Stiles who Larry Ivie did a comic strip about in "Castle of Frankenstein", Calvin Beck's prozine?" asked Marland. He took out a copy and thumbed to the spot. I looked. It was a horror story, and in the first panel a wild eyed character stared out of a dimly lit padded cell. "You wouldn't believe I was once the intellectual young student known as Steven Stiles," he said.

And now my name is Legend.



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...had left town to visit relatives in
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...I must report that if Finland had a squeaky voice
...as mentioned in Vold and other Finnish, it has
...since departed.

As I clumped through Larry's files and realized that my
It is a pitifully insignificant gesture, but this
issue of SAM is dedicated to the memory of Chuck Devine.

As many of you may not know, Chuck met a fate similar
to Kent Moomaw's. Young Chuck died on September 30, 1962.

I can hardly properly express my feelings on this
tragedy which I only recently learned about (January 5). I've
never been so personally confronted with death. I can only
say that I feel a loss, see a tragedy, and in the back
of my mind is a hope that this is a hoax of some kind.
I had assumed, when Chuck did not answer my last letter,
mailed early October, that he had decided to cut his ties
with fandom; it is not my policy to question decisions of
that nature, so I remained silent, hoping to hear from
him again. Now I never will.

We were friends of a kind. Chuck was one of my oldest,
most reliable, and favorite correspondants. We never met,
but I believe that we got as close to friendship as
circumstances would dictate. I always wanted to met him.

It is unfortunate that very little of Chuck's fan
writings exist; if they did I would gladly reprint them. But
Chuck was primarily a fan editor, content to produce
Pilikia, and editorialize in his enthusiastic and good
natured manner. His last editorial was full of his
hopes for living a fuller, richer life. He was let
down.

I hope nothing like this will ever happen again.

Bradbury, the commercial Kerouac of science fiction land, has written an article for Life. Yes he has. It is called "Cry The Cosmos", and a great big dramatic title like that I'd have to hunt many a day, and search through myself, to discover. As with many of Bradbury's works "Cry The Cosmos" is full of sugar sweet imagery which I believe a nineteen year boy like myself would not have great trouble in achieving.

But I do not hate Ray Bradbury--as many schlumps do--; he seems to see great beauty in man, and many times seems to capture the soul of man in a way the great artists through the ages have. So viva Bradbury.

His article is difficult for me to sink my fingers into; it's slippery smooth, but some basic ideas familiar to me and many fans have a certain clarity. That the machine is a savior/Frankenstien. The power that can destroy us can take us to the stars; the answer is up to us. Perhaps the answer has been written up years ago and is now beyond us, maybe the wheels have been set in motion and are now unstoppable.

Bradbury says that when and if we reach the stars salvation is in our grasp, salvation in the form of racial immortality---that can be very true if a race has a galaxy for breeding grounds. Bradbury says we'll have new experiences, new visions, and I agree. Thinking on a lower level the possibilities for new cultures and social structures and ideas created and influenced by the unique needs and demands of each planetary environment are infinitesimal. Think alone of the philosophies that would be created; who knows, maybe one would actually work on a universal level.

Of this possibility Bradbury says little, or less than I would like him to say.

But, after saying all this, Bradbury says "get out and push"; I distrust people who say this. "Let's make space a community project". Things like that never work, ideals get crushed in the mad trample forward. People get crushed. Goals are forgotten. A few years ago I would've asked does man need space to find himself, to dig reality? Maybe reality can be found in painting a painting, or in love for a human being, or mankind. Once upon a time space was not a radical but feasible solution; that was before man found himself beneath the atom bomb. Now we should grasp at every solution available.

Of course the bomb is not the sole reason for the exploitation of new worlds. Man can never stand still with out rotting, and every where I look new ideals are dying premature deaths. Even the great ideals of the American Dream of world democracy is been stopped dead; in a struggle against totalitarian states we find ourselves supporting Franos and Chiang Ki Sheks, and falling for the false values of the consumer rat race. So we should spread out.

Bradbury also says that the arts should herald this new

"renaissance". "Artists must, of course, move in two directions: up, to image the future, and also out through our society to help our architects and engineers redesign our homes and marketplaces so our surging overpopulation can move in fresh air, with uncrowded walks and noiseless streets, with quiet minds. Such bad design as frays the nerves, misfocuses judgement, fragments the attention, or induces the fleeting but murderous impulse, these must be weighed and redesigned."

The artist must nothing. Tie the artist down to a prescribed idealism beyond him and you have the sterile results of WPA murals, the phoniness of the glorification of the worker in Kremlin approved art, the barren early years of church art, and the rigidly formulized art of ancient Egypt. Many artists today are trying to produce the quiet mind (or sane mind?) by addressing themselves to an audience of outsiders... I find this hard to explain myself, it approaches the mystical, but Lawrence Lipton describes this as a transformation. In any case, we cannot remake a man by mouthing slogans at him (but we can confuse him enough to take him "down the garden path" as Goebbels amply proved),

As for artists participating in architectural utopias, certainly many of them are trying to make the scene. Architecture is not my field, nor does it pass within any of my conscious interests, but I am aware of one Frank Lloyd Wright, who by the sheer power of his genius was able to transcend many considerations. But every artist/architect cannot do this. The considerations are many; public and city father approval must be gained, money must be secured, conventions must be bypassed. But for city building the most practical consideration of all presents itself: space. It is now possible for man to build skyscrapers one mile or more in height. But to build one in Manhattan, where such a structure would be most needed, is impossible; years ago a pattern, a block system was set down which is too rigid to provide the elbow room needed for such a project.

Elsewhere Bradbury deplores a trend in the arts that hints that man is less than the angels... he mistakenly draws the conclusion that, therefore, we cannot hope for wings. Man is not an angel. Picasso knew this when he created "Guernica", a rebellion of anguish for the plight of the Spanish war raped town of the same name. But Picasso was not putting us down but voicing a protest. In the past few days I have come to realize that in recognizing a situation that is less than good is a concrete step towards correcting that situation; that, I think, is a valid reason for some artists to see that man is "less than the angels".

But in all this digression I must say that Bradbury has a point in that it may be a good thing for the present day artist to take a more than passive look at the role space may play in man's develop. They just shouldn't be advertisers, that's all.

On the lighter side of life strange things are happening during New York's newspaper strike (it is now three days to Christmas as opposed to June when I started this "editorial"). I have come across a parody of the Daily News, an imitation done as painstakingly as any good Kurtzman satire. Published by the Monocle Press this eight page publication is, through exaggeration, an excellent representative of the ways of the News---it is more explanatory of the News image than any many paged analysis I could ever hope to make.

Insomuch as in the past, primarily in the pages of the letter column of Kipple, I have unsuccessfully tried to paint a picture of fuggheadness of the News I think the reprinting of a few choice bits from M.P.'s "Daily News" would be interesting, not out of line, and hopefully amusing. So, here goes.....

Typical news item: "PRIEST PLUGS PUNK, 'GOOD BOY' SAYS MOM.

A midtown priest blasted a would-be robber with his bren gun late last night but heard the thief's confession before he died. "The Lord welcomes all," said Father Edward O'Briane.

The blasted thug was Irving Culchek, 28, of the Bronx. At about ten last night, he crawled through the window of Father O'Briane's church on 34th & Tenth Avenue and raced across the nave toward the poor box. Father O'Briane happened to be walking down the aisle at the time, with his bren gun as was his habit.

PRIEST CHOPS CULCHEK

The Priest cut down Culchek with three quick bursts, helped the wounded man over to the nearest confessional, and heard his confession.

The dead punk's mother, Mrs. Evelyn Culchek of 1147 139th, the Bronx, collapsed when she heard the news. She was the president of the Lady's Auxiliary Bingo Society. "He was a good boy," Mrs. Culchek said when she recovered. "He always made a lot of B's when he was at P.S. 66. The Lord has strange ways." Mrs. Culchek began to cry again."

Two bits from the letter column: "Manhattan: The other day, I saw a shocking thing on the streets of New York. An old lady was knocked down, kicked, robbed, beaten, and completely mistreated right in front of a crowd of Christmas shoppers on 47th and Fifth Avenue. Nobody tried to help the old lady, or to stop the Salvation Army Santa Claus from kicking her any more than was necessary to make her give up her purse. What kind of Christmas spirit was that? ONLOOKER WHO HAD A SPRAINED ANKLE AND AN ARMPFUL OF PACKAGES."

"Brooklyn: When are those soft hearted bleeding hearts going to

quit coddling the thugs and punks who terrorize our town. Everytime our hard-working cops catch one of these punks our thugs some soft headed bleeding heart tells us the punk is "maladjusted". I say give em all a taste of the electric chair. Then we'll see who's maladjusted. IRISH EDDIE.

From the editorial: "HUGGING KHRUSHCHEV----which reminds us that the commies always seem to be hugging and kissing each other. When their two cosmonauts came back from what they claimed---with no proof to Free World Scientists---was a double orbit of the earth, they were met by Khrushchev and Mikoyan in Red Square for a smooching session that disgusted the whole world.

In Cuba this month Mikoyan seemed to spend half his time tangling his moustache in that scruffy Castro shrubbery. Speaking of the Cuban stooge, if two ordinary American citizens had put on the petting party he and Khrushchev staged on the streets of Harlem two years ago, they would have been arrested on the spot. Maybe that's why all those British queers are always flitting off to Moscow. The Red fairy-snatcher must know how to attract the boys. Which reminds us that---

THE UNITED NATIONS is getting more and more insufferable. Why our government continues to put up with that screaming nest of devious spies and arrogant traffic violators is beyond us. All we get is talk, talk, and more talk---half of it not even in English.

THE PEACE CORPS

----being a good example of a lot of maladjusted eggheads and other misfits who go over to have tea with a bunch of Africans and claim they re doing some good in the Cold War (although their bosses in Washington don't seem to care much about the Cold War when it comes to telling the Rotund Red where to get off), etc, etc, etc, etc." You get the picture.

The lettercolumn again: "SAVE EMBASSIES---Flushing. I think something should be done about the rioting in front of the American embassies in England, France, Sweden, Russia, and other socialistic countries. The American taxpayers have paid for these embassies, and then a bunch of thugs and punks throw ink on them and break the windows and burn the libraries (some which could use burning, by the way). I think that the government ought to construct cardboard embassies in each of these countries, and then announce that all demonstrations should be done there. E.O.B. PATRIOT."



WAKE UP, AMERICA DEPARTMENT:

The Carriage Antique Shop
131 East 70th Street
NYC 21

The Communists' UNPUBLICIZED MASSACRE:

The Communists' massacre of human beings with various tasteless poisons. These poisons induce different symptoms of diseases, heart attacks, cancer, hepatitis, brain tumors, paralysis, migraine headaches, etc. Engaging in this battle are kin against kin, spouse against spouse, friend against friend. Thus the Communists protracted conspiracy for World Conquest.

The Communists' practice of insidious mass exterminations began soon after the Russian Revolution in 1917 but soon realized their process lacked speed--so they masterminded (with the help of German Communist Adolf Eichmann and tipster Eva Brown) to use Adolf Hitler as their dupe and tool to experiment World reaction and the acceptance of wholesale massacre. Having accomplished this diabolical scheme, their merciless bloodshed throughout the free-World... upholding Adolf Eichmann and Eva Brown as the example of the potentiality of each and every member. (Communists Adolf Eichman, Eva Brown, and Dr. Robert A. Soblen are alive and are now in hibernation. Eichmann and Soblen's trials and newspaper deaths were but another Communist World deception.

Upon appointing German Adolf Eichmann to Germany, simultaneously other agents were assigned for this top operation throughout the World. In England they appointed Communist Sir Joseph Simpson, who is the commissioner of Scotland Yard. In America, Communist J. Edgar Hoover, Communist Cardinal Spellman and Communist JxxEdgar Justice Earl Warren were placed in charge of elimination and indoctrination--to debilitate America's interior. Communist J. Edgar Hoover for civilians, Cardinal Spellman for Military and Religious areas..(Cardinal Spellman is the Director of USO Clubs), Justice Warren to take care of the Judicial Departments. If American Communists (including Frances G. Powers) can so thoroughly deceive us--what are our chances for survival?

The Communists' success in their secret operations are due to Communists' infiltrations in the Press, Television and Radio--by omitting any publicity on these insidious murders--which enable the Communists to ambush their victims, without forewarning the victims to follow.

While the Communists are sabotaging, terrorizing and insidiously murdering loyal Americans, Washington is being diverted with Cuba, Germany, Disarmament proposals, Atomic tests. Elections--The Communists are on course to seize America.

Wake up America! ...Wake up!!!

((The above was typed as accurately as possible; all typos are courtesy The Carriage Antique Shop.))

From the Life lettercol: "Well, really it's not that bad! And there are compensations. For example, just this week I found this gem concluding a 10th grader's paper on Robert Heinlein's short story, "Logic of Empire." ---"In this story many cuss words are used where they aren't needed. This makes it a more adult story."

Ethel D. Imel
San Diego, California."

It is quite gratifying so see one's views backed up by others, particularly those who are in the field you have based your views on. This week one class in advertising was preceded over by a professional in the Madison Avenue game, to be specific an art director for one of New York's biggest agencies. It is also interesting to observe a participant in a field which is often most talked about (mostly in derogatory terms). Aside from coming to the conclusion that here was a most intelligent and talented individual, I was also suprized to come to the conclusion that here was an individual who was both a socialist (he told us) and quite possibly a pacifist---this dispelled some of my notions that all men in the advertising business rigidly confirm to a Company Image (I wonder what Ted Pauls, etc, would say about this?). But I digress, or something (Gary Deindorfer, I admit "or something" isn't a Stilesism!). I was gratified to learn that our art director agreed with me when it came to choosing the most unscrupulous and offensive adverising in television today: children's toy ads.

Have you ever noticed these obscenties? I've noted quite a few things about them: (1) kids are appealed to on two opposite levels: "Kids! Be the first one on your block to own our product." and "Kids! Everyone on the block has this! Don't be a square!" (2)"Kids! Tell your mom and dad to get you this"(can you just imagine some brat throwing a tantrum until their poor hardworking parents are bullied into buying the lousy toy?)!" (3) "...It only costs 9.98!" (only?? These kids are going to be big spenders when they grow up) (4) #4 is my favorite. Boys are generally told to buy toys of mass destruction. I've seen commercials where gleeful little tykes mow down gangsters, shoot down "enemy planes", and direct robots (which look like something out of horror movies) shown in the act of demolishing cities. It is also interesting to note that the only educational toys advertised are aimed for girls.

If this trend continues I may someday find myself doing an ad like this: "Kids! Be the only kid on your block to own a toy atomic bomb!! Your choice of cities to demolish (Moscow, New York, Paris, Berlin...). Complete with colorful minature plastic fallout shelters (that can be destroyed by minature brush fires!), dead civil defence men, and anti missile missiles that blow up before intercepting the target!". I don't know about you, but if I was a kid I'd love it. Wowiee gang! as Kurtzman used to say,

by F. M. Busby /Mike Deckinger/

In the last issue of SAM, ((#5)) Friendly East Coast Al Lewis (who is Coast Guardsman and a Good Man, protecting our shores from invading Russians, defecting Cubans, and suicide bound lemmings) suggests that I write something from an F.M. Busby viewpoint. Since this idea does hold some promise, I have undertaken to do precisely that, and as a result, all the following is my conception of a typical Busby CRY-editorial.

Elinor and I have been having trouble with Nobby and Lisa lately: she suspects it's because they aren't as accustomed to human flesh as they should be. I say it's merely that they prefer it cooked, but, good wife that she is, Elinor showed me a book in which it definitely states that animals prefer human beings uncooked. When I read this I rushed right over to Nobby and Lisa, and before Elinor and Toskey, vowed that never again would I serve them cooked human beings. Or Wally Weber.

Toskey, comedian that he is, convulsed Elinor by asking her where I proposed to get the humans, cooked or uncooked, but I one-upped him by reminding him that the Nameless Ones had a large crowd at the last meeting.

When Toskey finally left, he was visably paled. I silently congratulated myself.

I recently visited dirty pro Joe Green, to browse through his vast pornography collection in an effort to determine how it was distinguished between filth and good literature. After fortifying ourselves with jugs of homebrew, lanterns, and ropes, we set about scaling the mountain side that housed his collection. We reached the crest without incident (though I spilled several drops of home brew) and then entered through an opening in the top. We periously lowered ourselves to the floor of the cave, going past stacks of NIGHTSTAND novels and old issues of SPICY LOVE STORIES.

I swear that Joe beamed proudly at me throughout the complete descent, pointing with justifiable pride to his awesome collection. When we finally reached the bottom, we finished the jugs of homebrew with one swallow, and tossed them onto Joe's ornate, fur lined, Victorian bed, disturbing three revelers from a previous affair. Joe shoed them out quickly and winked at me knowingly.

First Joe showed me his collection of PLAYBOY, a very impressive sight indeed. Then we moved on to ESQUIRE, ADAM, and SUNBATHING, which were very impressive collections too. Then he pointed out his collection of french postcards---which he offered to sell me for 10 for a dollar. Joe should never try to bargain with a member of the Busby clan---I got him to lower his price to 15 for a dollar, and wound up with a thoroughly engrossing set. Joe also showed me his fine collection of whips, chains, iron ladies, and steel tipped jack boots circa 1939, which came in quite handy as research material for the editors of SHOCK Magazine. Lastly, we went into the rear of the cavern where we saw pile upon pile of sexy pocketbooks, with their titillating covers, their embarrassing blurbs, and their watery contents. This, Joe told me, was his inspiration for a long and fruitful career in the literary field. I wished him luck in the continuation of his efforts. Someday, Joe will be a mighty force in literature, and his name will be next to those of men like Joyce, Steinbeck, and Faulkner.

And you'd better goddam believe it, too.

I've been thinking over my first analysis of the Dean Drive, and have found several locations where I erred in my reasoning, and as a result may

have given the casual, uninformed reader (and aren't you all) the wrong arguments in developing my case against against Mr. Campbell and Mr. Dean's ridiculous invention (which just couldn't work in a hundred million years).

For one thing, the displacement of force emanating from the device is delivered at eccentric angles to the vanes of ejection, thus producing a force that is, of course, plainly invisible, and may not even be there, for all we know.

This force is supposedly the main factor of motivation in Dean's wacky device (which, we all know, could never work in two hundred million years, yet).

When this force reaches some solid area it is immediately dispelled like melting snowflakes on a winter day (you aren't the only one who can be poetic in these pages, Phil Harrell). Therefore, we immediately discount this force as having any real value.

Then, there is the fantastic levitation claim of Mr. Dean's which is probably the most baseless charge attributed to his invention. I need not mention the principles discovered by Newton which completely invalidates Dean's claims, so rather than destroying these claims with the elementary arguments at my disposal, I shall totally ignore them. I'm sure that Dean is well aware of the unworkability of his... thing..., as you are, and I would only be inferring that CRY-readers have an extremely low intelligence if I actually disproved the claims of Dean.

And that is why the Dean Drive is no damn good.

--"Buz"--

/Mike Deckinger/

CHICON WITE YOU IN '62, AND FU POOR DEE DO!

REPORT ON A



Roomful of Bums

BY
DEAN
FORD

"You smell," said I to the old man standing blinking on my doorstep--- to the old man in the stained, ragged, vaguely militaristic outfit which this particular old man wore. "You are fetid."

"Hell," said the old man. "This is a summer job with me. I'm a vagrant for the remaining nine months of the year."

"What is your affiliation, old man?" I inquired.

"Salvation Army," said he.

"Old bath-mats, newspapers, mechanical turtles?" I asked.

"The usual," he replied.

"How are all these fantastically poor people for whom you collect all this stuff benefitted by it, it being all second-hand and very dirty an such?"

"It is reclaimed," he said, "by loyal workers for the Cause of the Salvation Army in our spotlessly clean Salvation Army workshops." But," he continued, "I don't have the time to talk Salvation Army with you all day! Instead: "Do you have around your house any artifacts for which you no longer have any use? Any things which might conceivably be able to bring a moment of joy into the essentially wretched life of a destitute person?"

I was about to reply "no" and slam the door. But then I recalled a letter recieved a few days before from Drusila Phlegm. On lavender scented pink stationery in passionate red ink she had mentioned (in her quaintly illiterate way) the need for more diligent recruiting on the part of fandom in bringing more people into fandom.

Drusila is, of course, some sort of shut in case, and has to spend 19 out of the 24 hours of her day in a large plastic vat, or something, but she does come up with an occasional useful comment, and this, I realized, was one of them. Was it not indeed true that fans should make more of an effort to recruit people into fandom? It was, obviously.

It then occurred to me, as the old man stood there patiently reeking in his uniform, that I, Dean Ford, could do a very great service to fandom by opening new channels of access for prospective fannish types from the mundane world to use. What better way for me for me to do this than to give to the Salvation Army my fanzine collection? A gigantic sacrifice on my part, to be sure, but ultimately, my noble deed would assure me a place in the memory of fans.

"I do have something for you people," I said. "Come with me."

Within three hours my fanzine collection was loaded on three Salvation Army trucks. I gave every fanzine in my massive collection to the poor and unfortunate that day (except, of course, for certain classic publications with which I could not part under any circumstances ---the first four fabulous issues of The Sick Elephant, for example).

The Salvation Army trucks pulled away from my house in the warm afternoon sunlight. I looked after them, a suggestion of tears in my fannish eyes. I knew that I had done a Good and a Very Great Thing. My pancreas throbbed warmly.

The weeks wore on, and I continued



working and fanning, sustained by the knowledge of the very great thing I had done.

Then one day, about three months after I had given away my collection, I got a phone-call. It was from a Captain Wrist of the Salvation Army. A Captain Elaine Wrist.

Captain Wrist sounded concerned. After she had determined that I was indeed the very same Dean Ford who had donated "all those magazines" (as she so quaintly phrased it) to the Salvation Army, she said, in a tight concerned little voice, "Come down to the Mission as soon as you can. There is something here that you must see."

I respect authority intensely, so I said crisply into the receiver, "Yessir, Captain Wrist, ma'am. I'll be down right away."

Half an hour later I pulled up in front of the Salvation Army Mission with its red brick facade. I was barely out of the car when Captain Wrist burst out between the massive front double doors of the Mission and clacked down the concrete steps in her high-button shoes.

It was when she stood directly before me that I could see that something was deeply distressing her. She had frazzled brillo pad hair that stood out from underneath her cap at strange angles, and her rimless glasses were steamed.

"Mister Ford?" asked the Captain.

"Yes," I said.

"Mister Dean Ford?" she inquired.

"Right again," I said.

"I am Captain Wrist," she pronounced. "Captain Elaine Wrist."

She led me into the murky interior of the Mission building. We walked down a long corridor and came to a pair of grey doors. Gathered before them was a small group of Army people of both sexes (or, if you will, "mixed sexes"). They were all standing at stiff attention, and as Captain Wrist approached they saluted her smartly. All of their faces were set in strained expressions of military responsibility; they were obviously under some sort of fantastic internal stress and doing their best to conceal it.

"Brace yourself, Mr. Ford," Captain Wrist said. She ordered the doors opened, and we found ourselves in a very large room. The doors were abruptly slammed shut behind us.

Need I say that I was not at all prepared for the scene that presented itself to me? The room was a crawling anthill of furious activity. Hundreds of vagrant-type people were wildly running around the room with magazines under their arms. Others were standing on cots reading in loud voices from magazines to small clustered audiences of people holding other magazines. In one corner of the room was a large, definitely homemade sign which said, "The Clevenshun", misspelling and all. Thick clots of people were gathered under the sign, laughing wildly and gesticulating furiously and tossing magazines into the air. In another corner of the room was a similar sign which said, "Westercon X," another group of pushing, shoving, laughing people gathered under it.

The noise in the room approached pain-level; everyone was

STEVE STILES



talking at the full strength of his lungs simultaneously. To make the scene thoroughly bizarre, everybody looked almost exactly alike. All of them were vagrants of middle-to-old age with bloodshot eyes and rough stubbled faces and old stained shirts and baggy pants and rope belts and shoes with holes cut in the toes. I stood completely dumbfounded, Captain Wrist frowning mightily beside me.

"This is your doing, Mister Ford," she said.

"Wha--what?" I glurbled, astonished of being accused of something by somebody I didn't even know.

"You gave us those 'fan magazines' of yours. You are responsible for all this," she said. "Three months ago," she continued, "before all those abominable magazines were brought to the Mission all was well. The men would sit calmly on their cots here in the Mission Hall staring at the grain in the floorboards, occasionally squeezing candle wax to make Sneaky Pete. It was all very peaceful around here until their besotted minds.... But look at things now." She glared at me from behind her steamed glasses.

"I am going to find out just what the galloping hell you are talking about, Captain Wrist," I said, asserting myself indignantly. I strode into the middle of the large room, directly into the fray. My chin was set hard, my eyes steely, my stride purposeful.

I was surrounded by yelling, stomping vagrants. I clamped a hand on the shoulder of the nearest one and screamed into his ear, "You, fellow...just what are you doing here?"

He had been reading in a loud voice to a small and appreciative audience from a copy of what I recognized to be A Bas. He turned to me in a hoarse, whisky voice, "I am Boyd Raeburn, and I am reading my editorial in A Bas."

He finished reciting while I stood there, my ears nervously quivering. Then a strange thing happened; one of the members of the little audience opened a copy of Yandro to the letters section and read a letter of comment, looking directly at "Boyd."

"What are you doing?" I asked, hysteria edging.

"I am the Reverend C.M. Moorehead," said the letter reader, "and I am replying to Boyd's editorial with my letter of comment. Who are you?"

"I'm Dean Ford," I said weakly.

"What do you mean?" yelled another vagrant. "I am Dean Ford." He proceeded to read aloud one of my old letters of comment in a copy of Twig.

"Say," said "Ford", "maybe you should try joining the N3F"---he indicated a long table across the room with a group of deriliots sitting around and atop it ---"you look like a neofan to me."

I walked shakily over to the "N3F". En route I was accosted by a wild eyed man with bright red whiskers who said, "You wanna join the Cosmic Circle, buddy?"

I didn't ask him his name.

I walked on blindly and crashed into the N3F table. A short, thin man leapt out of his chair and grabbed onto my arm. "Hello," he said heartily. "I am Ray C. Higgs. Welcome welcome welcome to the National Fantasy Fan Federation. Would you like to take charge of the round robins and internal activities, or maybe Club publicity, or..."

I stumbled off, bumping into a male "Gem Carr" who was arguing loudly with "Sam Moskowitz" and two other fans whose names I didn't catch.

"Nott" walked up and asked me if I wanted any cute illustrations for my fanzine of tiny nude girls sitting on bread boards and refrigerator handles and things.

"Charles Burbee" stumbled into me and began telling me his revised Watermelon Joke.

"Carl Brandon" sat reading a parody of the writings of Terry Carr, a smirk on his face.

"George Willick" asked me if I wanted to read his profile of Murray McEachern.

I fought my way out of the fray and stumbled up to Captain Wrist.

She stood there with arms folded and said in grim tones, "Do you understand now what you have done, Mister Ford?"

I panted, "Let me...get out of here...go home...recover..."

"It won't be that easy," she said. She drew a metal whistle out of her pocket and blew it hard. After a dozen shrill blasts the vagrants finally were all looking her way, their fanzines clutched in their sweaty hands, vacuous looks on their faces.

"Boys," she said shrilly, "this is the man who donated all of those 'amateur magazines' you are enjoying so much. I'm sure you will all want to thank him."

The vagrants all beamed broadly and began cheering, "Our Benefactor, praise be to him, for he is indeed a Good Man!"

I did the only logical thing. I yanked open one of the large double doors leading out of the hall and ran like hell for my car.

One of the vagrants yelled behind me, "Let's follow him, boys! He must have all sorts of fanstuff at his house!"

And so here I now sit in my bedroom closet where I have locked myself, hastily and furtively scribbling this article with burnt matchsticks on a wad of toilet paper I have managed to secret here. There are about three hundred vagrants milling around in my house, eating my food, drinking my beer, using my paper to type their letters, using my mimeograph to run off their fanzines, using my stencils, my ink, my stamps, my staples, my paper clips....

My only hope is to smuggle this article out of the house and slip it to the editor of some fanzine or other, so I can warn fandom of what it can soon expect. About the time this sees print (if it does), fandom will be inundated by the letters and fanzines of all these derelicts using the names of real fans. None of these vagrants have any talent whatsoever; the stuff appearing under the names of Bob Tucker and Calvin Demmon will be so lousy that it may cause the real Tuckers and Demmons to gaffiate. Fandom will collapse.

And it's all my fault. Forgive me, people. I thought that when I gave my fanzines to the unfortunate I was doing a fine and pure and clean thing. But this bunch of hairy derelicts had to go and pervert the whole thing, and create a horrible travesty of the fandom we all know and love.

I'm sorry as hell, gang.

-----Dean Ford.





GERBERINGS-

I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE

About two years ago, Gloria and I met for the first time, on a blind date. I'd heard about her from a friend, written to her, and arranged the date by mail. I arrived at her house early, while she was still dressing. While I waited for her, I talked with her father, then spotted his old collection of 78 rpm record albums and sat down on the floor to look through them. As I was sitting at the foot of the stairs, a record album on my lap, I heard footsteps.

I looked up in time to see Gloria walking down the stairs

from her room. Her long blond hair and her sweet, broad face did something to me inside. "This," I said to myself, "is the girl I am going to marry."

She didn't think so. We broke up a few months later.

THE LATEST INSANITY AROUND MY HOUSE

The latest insanity around my house consists of locking the door, almost all the time. The other day I came home from school in the middle of the afternoon and almost dislocated my shoulder yanking on the door. It wouldn't open, which was distinctly unusual since it is nearly always left open in the middle of the afternoon. I unlocked the door and walked in, expecting to find nobody home, but my mother was there, as usual.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said. "Why?"

"The door's locked."

"I know. I always lock it."

"You do not always lock it. It's usually open when I come home."

"Well, then, that's because I forget. I always mean to lock it."

After about ten minutes of this sparring, I finally got the truth.

"There's a sex fiend running loose in this building," she confessed. "Mrs.----- downstairs heard someone ringing on her doorbell late last night. When she looked outside she didn't see anyone, so she wouldn't open the door. A few minutes later the doorbell rang again. There was nobody outside again, so she didn't open the door. When it rang a third time, she grabbed a butcher knife and opened the door. There was nobody outside, but hanging from the doorknob was a pair of panties with a man's discharge on them." (The euphemism is quoted from Mrs.-----.)

I told my mother my opinion of Mrs.-----'s story. Mrs.----- is a notorious yenta. (If you do not know what a yenta is, ask Avram Davidson. I regret that I have not Avram's skill with words, and I cannot convey the rich aura of meaning surrounding that marvelous and indispensable word. Its closest English equivalent is probably "busybody.") My mother offered me her idea of a perfect refutation. "Well, it might be true, and even if it isn't what harm is there in keeping the door locked?"

I tried to convey to my mother the sense of joy I receive in coming home to an open door house, knowing that even if I have been stupid enough to leave my key at home I will not be reduced to begging admittance like a salesman by ringing the doorbell. Alas, as I say, I have not Avram's way with words, and I failed utterly to convince her. When I tried to explain to her that the type of pervert described by Mrs.-----'s story is extremely unlikely to turn rapist, fabricating several stories from my limited and inaccurate understanding of criminology, she merely used a slight variation on the old Women's Gambit No. 1, the You Don't Love Me Any More Debate Cutoff. "You don't care what happens to me, do you?" she said.

That ended that. A few days later, there was a report of another such incident in the building, and that settled it. The door hasn't been left unlocked since, except when I leave it unlocked myself. I can't even get away with that very often. My mother has very sharp ears, and she usually catches me. "You didn't lock the door," she

says. "Go lock the door."

I just hope we find a pair of panties on our doorknob some night.

SIGNS FICTION

AJAY CAB CO...Italian-American Cuisine (on a restaurant staffed by Puerto Ricans)...a dog just ate the law of gravitation (on a math blackboard)...Pope Prays; Dispels Clouds (headline in the Brooklyn Eagle)....Act To Sell Brooklyn Bridge (same paper, describing an amateur musical comedy production called "Brooklyn Bridge")...\$25 Loans \$800 (finance company ad).

AN EXPLANATION

In the first draft of this column, I had a long item here about the great sense of security I got from a new Scheaffer ballpoint pen. In the interim, however, the pen broke, and so did another of the same, and I got a new typewriter. So I eliminated the item. I'm very sorry.

THE FANZINE BOOKS

Every once in a while I come across a book which reminds me very much of a fanzine. I don't mean things like The Incomplete Burbee or The Harp Stateside, which are hybrid book-fanzines, or even things like the The Immortal Storm or The Eighth Stage of Fandom, which are real books of material from fanzines. There is a class of book with much wider appeal, books which do not come from our own microcosm, which nevertheless remind me of fanzines because of the way they are written. Only in America is a perfect example of the type. About half the items in that book could have come right out of fanzines and undoubtedly would have if Harry Golden were a fan. Lynn Hickman reprinted one of Golden's most famous pieces in his fanzine, and it seemed perfectly in place. Alexander King is another fanzine type author who made the big time by sending his material to book publishers instead of fan editors. Of course, few fans, if any, have had the type of experiences King writes of. But if I were told that Mine Enemy Grows Older had been ghost written by Rotsler, I could believe it. Robert Paul Smith even wrote a one-shot type book, called Crank, which was largely devoted to the mechanics of writing the book, how much time it was taking to write, what else was going on at the same time in the author's life, and the



many similar things which make up most one-shots. Unfortunately, like most one-shots, the book is pretty poor.

These fanzine books all seem to have one thing in common. Not one of them was written by a really major writer. Golden, King, and Smith are perfectly fine, worthwhile authors, but none of them is what I would call a really important writer. It seemed to me for some time that the art of writing a truly informal book (unlike the "informal" essays of people like Edward Weeks, which are not formal essays only because of their tone and not because of looser construction) simply is not practiced by important writers, who are just too serious to be as casual about writing as most people who write for fanzines. Just contrast the perfectly postured humor of a Thurber essay with the apparent disorganization of a Bloch "letter" and you'll see what I mean. In fandom, I believe only John Berry was able to get away with writing material in the professional humorist's style for any length of time. Berry got away with it only because he was so prolific that fans just figured that way of writing came naturally to him, as it did. Redd Boggs overdoes the professionally organized style blatantly enough so that he is forgiven, too.

Otherwise, a fan just cannot write for fanzines as though he was writing for THE NEW YORKER. If he did, most fans would react the same way people at a party react when someone is talking and they realize he is deliberately being an entertainer, instead of conversing naturally. They resent it. People at parties don't want to be performed at, and people reading fanzines usually don't want to be written at formally. The classic example of the literary "informal essay" is probably THE SPECTATOR, but few fanzines would use material as deliberate as the essays of Addison and Steele. I don't mean that fanzine style writing is inferior, just that it is different.

The point of all this is probably lost by now, but what I wanted to say when I started out was that I have finally found a truly informal book by an acknowledged major writer, and it is a joy and a delight. The book is Ernest Hemingway's Death in the Afternoon, a non-fiction book devoted largely to bullfighting. However, Hemingway feels free to switch to any other topic at any time he feels like doing so, and he does, sometimes using the device of having an old lady ask for some variety in the book and sometimes just following his own flights of fancy. If you want a perfect example of the way the latter occurs, read 50-54 of the book. Hemingway is describing the reasons for seeing one's first bullfight in Madrid, which include the way the city looks. From that he goes on to describing the art museum in Madrid, and eventually he winds up talking about travel books on Spain. With your indulgence I will quote just one sample of Hemingway humor from this section.

"The longest books on Spain are usually written by Germans who make one intensive visit and then never return. I should say it is probably a good system, if one has to write books on Spain, to write them as rapidly as possible after a first visit as several visits could only confuse the first impressions and make conclusions much less easy to draw. Also, the one-visit books are much surer of everything and are bound to be more popular. Books like Richard Ford's have never had the popularity of the bedside

mysticism of such a book as Virgin Spring. The author of this book once published a piece in a now dead little magazine called S4N explaining how he did his writing. Any historian of letters wanting to explain certain phenomena of our writing can look it up in the files of that magazine. My copy is in Paris or I could quote it in full, but the gist of it was how this writer lay naked in his bed in the night and God sent him things to write, how he was in 'touch ecstatically with the plunging and immobile all all.' How he was, through the courtesy of God, 'everywhere and everywhen.' The italics are his or maybe they are God's. It didn't say in the article. After God sent it he wrote it. The result was that inavoidable mysticism of a man who writes a language so badly that he cannot make a clear statement, complicated by whatever psuedo-scientific jargon is in style at the moment."

I quoted on past the punchline to show that Hemingway was not writing strictly for laughs, but he got quite a laugh out of me at that point; and it was exactly the same kind of laugh I get from reading a good piece by Tucker. If you do not believe me I direct your attention to Tucker's book review in XERO #9. My copy is in Manhattan or I could quote it in full.

Most of the book is about bullfighting. I would say it makes out the same kind of case for bullfighting, to one who has no experience with bullfights, that Harry Warner's opera articles make to people like me who could be less interested in opera but not very much less. It is the writing of an expert amateur, one who knows his subject and loves it but is not intimately attached to it and can write with the detachment that a newcomer to the subject wants. I must confess it made me interested in bullfighting, and told me enough about bullfighting so that I was able to judge that a film I saw recently was of a very bad fight.

I'm sorry if I misled you for a while, but I'm not writing an essay of literary criticism on non-fiction and informality. I'm trying to suggest that you read Ernest Hemingway's Death in the Afternoon, which is a very funny book and a very good one, and which could've been written by a fan but wasn't.

DIALOGUE IN A PAWN SHOP

"Pardon me, sir, I would like to rent a revolver."

"Sorry, bud, we just sell them. Nobody rents a gun."

"But I just want it for a minute. And I'll pay for it."

"What do you want a gun for just a minute?"

"Well, if you must know, I want to shoot myself."

"Shoot yourself? But what will happen to your wife?"

"She's dead."

"But what about your children?"

"I don't have any."

"What will your friends think?"

"I have no friends."

"Relatives?"

"None."

"Well, why don't you just buy the goddamned gun?"

"I don't want to spend that much money."

IS BOB LICHTMAN THE SECRET MASTER OF FANDOM?

I know of at least two carbon copy letter groups started by Bob Lichtman. In fact, I'm in one of them myself. Now, Bob, as you know, is not one to do things in a small way. When he decided he liked apa activity, he joined every apa in existence, ran for OE of SAPS and became president of OMPA, and wrote a guidebook on the apas for the NFFF. When he joined LASFS, he became director.

When he decided he liked old fanzines, he bought up huge collections of them and started reprinting material. He even reprinted one fanzine in a facsimilie edition. I can hardly imagine Bob limiting himself to just one or two of something, especially in a field where he can make all the new ones he wants.

It's time for an investigation. If you are in a carbon letter group containing Bob Lichtman, please send me a postcard in care of this magazine telling me your name and the total number of members in your group. (You needn't name the others; I don't want to break up any beautiful friendships.)

Next issue I'll report on how many fans are being manipulated by Bob Lichtman, arch-fiend and former CRAP member.

AN EVENING WITH A SELF-STYLED "SELF-STYLED PHONEY"

Paul Krassner, known to most fans (if at all) as editor of the REALIST, was at one time earlier in his career a night club comedian. ("I operated under the name of Paul Maul, which ought to give you an idea.") This probably explains Paul's occasional fits of insanity during which he arranges and gives evenings. Last year there was one in New York at the Village Gate, and earlier this year it was at Town Hall, as well as in several other cities.

The thing was scheduled for 8 P.M. on a Friday night. At 8:05, Paul showed up with the money for the hall, and the doors were unlocked, letting in several hundred people from the heavy snow outside. The program started at 8:30.

Paul explained during the question and answer period that he calls his programs "An Evening with a Self-Styled Phoney" because he got tired of all the "self-styled" designations he saw applied to people in newspaper stories. Well, here's another one applied in a fanzine column.

Incidentally, Paul's telephone number at the REALIST office is WA5-3966. Call him up and he will answer, "Realist." You should have a field day thinking up smart retorts.

GARY DEINDORFER AND THE END OF THIS COLUMN

I'm sorry if this column seems too long to you, but it's all Gary Deindorfer's fault. You may remember, if you have a long memory for trivia, that in the last installment of this column I printed a fragment I had written and suggested a contest for completions of this fragment. Gary Deindorfer craftily won the contest by submitting the only entry. For this magnificent effort, Gary has recieved an appropriately magnificent prize, a 12" long playing record of the Grace Gospel Singers. The story completion follows.

--Les Gerber--

by Gary Deindorfer

A POIGNANT STORY

It was a bright and sunny day in Venusville. In general, the Universe was smiling. And 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 chomps out of the juicy pear.

Streams of people, most of them his fellow students, streamed in both directions along the path.

There were always people swarming along the path in both directions, through the entire 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 of the building. 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 back his arm 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. 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.

The president fell backwards out of the chair and landed on his back on the floor with a loud thump. He pushed himself up from the floor, and the large piece of pear slid from his face. As Mitchell stood with his briefcase on his back watching him quietly, the president drew a monogrammed handkerchief from his breast pocket and carefully dabbed at his face and his pincenez (the latter being miraculously unbroken after the onslaught of pear). Then he rearranged loudly and opened a drawer in his desk. He drew out of it a banana. He peeled it carefully, tossing the peels out of the open window behind him. When he had gotten it peeled, he proceeded to crush it and mold it in his hand until it approximated the shape of a ball. He stood watching Mitchell for a moment, the mass of

bananas resting in his right hand. Mitchell sneezed. Then the president drew back his right arm and threw the ball of bananas at Mitchell's face.

Mitchell let the banana slide from his face onto the floor, and then he turned and walked out of the office of the president, down the hall of the building, and out the front door. Occasionally he sneezed. He waited on the front steps of the building, watching the people who walked out the door past him. He stood on the front steps for ten minutes or so, until a short and fat girl with black stringy hair and a green dress adorned with two large sweat stains in the area of her armpits came out of the door past him.

Mitchell grabbed her arm. "Where?" he asked her. The girl looked up at him and said, "In my front yard; I'll show you."

Mitchell walked with the girl down the path, off the grounds of the college, up the street four blocks, and then left for half of another, until the girl said, "Here we are. Wait here. I'll get a shovel."

They were standing in the front yard of a modest sized green shingled house. The girl walked up to the house and went inside.

Mitchell stood in the yard and waited for her to come out again, whistling nondescriptly as he stood. Soon the girl came outside again, a rusty shovel in her hand. She handed it to Mitchell and said in low, mumbly tones, "Here you are." She pointed to a scraggly looking small red bush in the yard. "Dig over there beside that thing." Mitchell laid his briefcase down on the ground, took the shovel and walked over to the bush and began to dig a hole in the ground. He continued to whistle, though occasionally he sneezed. After a few minutes of mad digging his shovel hit something in the ground with a jarring "clonk." He began using the shovel to unearth what he had struck, working with great speed and application. Finally he had loosened the object in the ground enough to be able to bend over and wrench it up with his hands. It was a metal box, about three feet long, two feet wide, and two feet deep. The box had a latch which was held together by a large, fat rusty lock. Mitchell looked over at the girl inquisitively and sneezed.

The girl handed Mitchell a key and pointed at the lock. Mitchell inserted the key in the lock, twisted it around a bit, shoved it this way and that, until finally the lock came open. He opened the latch and neatly lifted up the lid of the box.

Mitchell looked inside the box and smiled. Packed inside were orderly stacks of sandwiches.

"They're peanut butter sandwiches," said the girl. "Or, actually, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches."

Mitchell nodded.

"Peanut butter and jelly sandwiches are good for one," said the girl. "They make one mighty and strong and wholesome of mind. They impart to one much in the way of fats and valuable carbohydrates and all such."

Mitchell looked at the girl and frowned. "Food is not to eat," he said coldly. "It is to throw."

Mitchell reached into the box and took out a sandwich. He drew back his arm and threw it into the girl's face. Then he closed the lid on the box, put it under his arm, picked up his briefcase

and began walking back to the college grounds. He walked up the path to the building housing the office of the president of the college. He entered it, strode down the hall, and stopped in front of the door leading to the president's office. He laid down his briefcase outside the door and then entered the office with his metal box.

The president of the college was sitting at his desk humming to himself and intently peeling bananas and then molding them into ball-like shapes. He had some fifty round masses of banana neatly piled on his desk.

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

Mitchell opened his metal box, pulled out a peanut and jelly sandwich, and just as the president looked up threw it with tremendous force at his face.

As the president fell backwards out of his chair he muttered, "Goddamn." Then he crouched down behind his desk and began throwing missiles of banana at Mitchell, fast and furiously.

Mitchell took cover behind a chair, dragging the box along with him. He began tossing his sandwiches at the president.

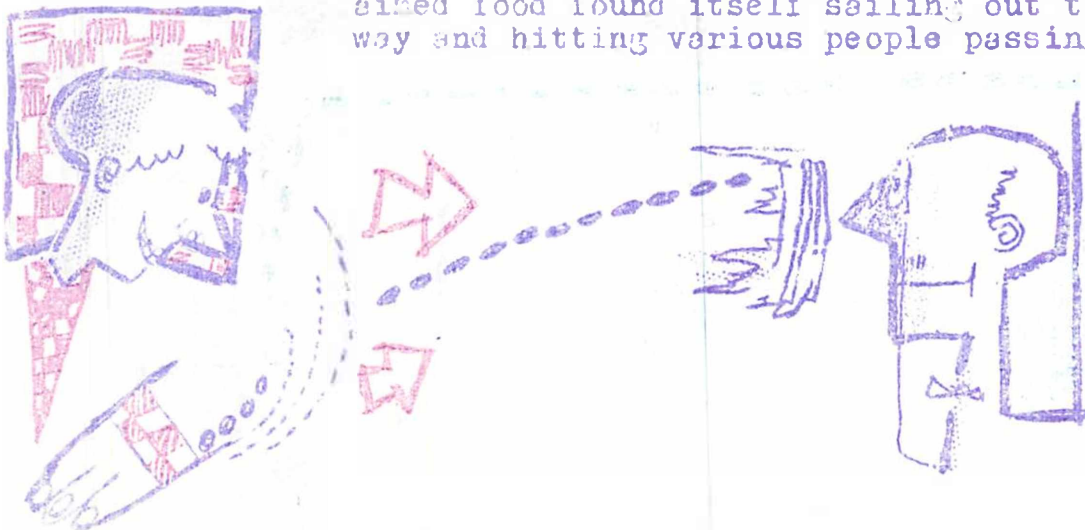
The room was filled with muttered curses, the sound of large splittings, and occasional cries of triumph. Into this scene walked the president's personal secretary, who was an elderly and sexually frustrated old crone. As she walked into the room she was hit full in the face with a mass of banana. As she opened her mouth to protest, one of Mitchell's sandwiches struck her in the left ear. Without further ado she reached down beneath the top of her dress and brought forth a huge, squishy tomato of great overripeness. She hauled back and flung the tomato at the portion of college president which showed itself above the desk. It caught him smartly and soggly on the forehead.

"Ho!" he exclaimed and flung a wad of banana at her. It hit her in the right knee, with force sufficient to send her leg out from under her, causing her to slip and fall on the floor.

"Poop!" yelled the old woman, as she drew from her dress another tomato which was almost as large as the previous one.

Now there were three participants in this deadly battle.

Due to the fact that the president's personal secretary had neglected to close the door behind her, much of this sized food found itself sailing out the doorway and hitting various people passing by in



the hallway. These unfortunates were knocked to the floor, while many people found themselves slipping and sliding on the food splatters. Soon the hall in the area of the door to the president of the college was filled with angry, confused people. As more food went sailing out into the hall, more people were hit, and those that weren't hit continued slipping.

From the briefcases and purses, from the tops of dresses and pockets, the students, faculty, janitors, and visitors drew forth plums, lemons, eggs, apricots, corn bread, radishes, cantaloupes, crumpets, hotdogs, eclairs, chicken legs, and so on and began madly tossing their ammunition into the president's office and, inevitably, at each other. Just as inevitably, more and more people found themselves themselves implicated in the entire affair and drew forth their own articles of food and began tossing.

The area of battle increased in a wave of splattings, and curses, and cries of pain that, in the space of a half hour from the time that Litchell had returned to the president's office, included everybody on the campus.

Frightened neighbors, with their houses facing the college grounds, observed the mad battle taking place and began phoning the police, the fire department, rescue squads, and the like. Soon the town of Lomusville was filled with the sound of sirens and whistles. Police cars and fire trucks and ambulances roared and screeched through the streets towards the college. And, people being what they are, everybody hopped into cars, on bikes, on wagons, donned roller skates and made off for the college.

"It's been a week now," said the President of the United States to the small group of top military figures, favored cabinet members, psychologists, sociologists, and the like. "Yes, it's been a week now and the town of Lomusville, Indiana is still engaged in a insane drive for self-destruction. Does anyone have a solution as to how we can stop this madness?"

"I do, Mr. President," said a small scholarly looking man. "As the most brilliant sociologist alive in the United States, I believe I have come up with a solution to the problem known as the Lomusville Incident." The president sighed. He began to imagine himself dealing with comfortable normal problems, like the cold war, or whether or not to add a new wing to the White House for his playful little daughter.

The sociologist smiled and unzipped his suitcase. He drew from it a large lemon meringue pie which he flung--splat--at the face of the President of the United States of America.

--splat.





The PA system isn't working.
Would Sam please repeat my remarks?

Terry Carr

WUJAEON BTIS



Virgil Finlay may be
a good artist, *but*,
can he strip jeeps in
the middle of the
desert?

Spirit of JWC JR.

FANZINE REVIEWS:

"Dick starts out with an article on Picasso, including comments on Rotsler's indebtedness to Picasso (which prejudices me against Pablo right there) and a short resume on how to appreciate Fine Art, which strikes me as considerably more trouble than it's worth. This is followed by a 44-page con report by Walter Breen, which may or may not be interesting; I'll tell you sometime, if I ever read it."

"Mike Deckinger exposes the reasons behind Wally Weber's irresistible attraction to women--- though he used ----- as a prime example, and from what I've seen of ----- all one needs to attract her is to be an adult male who looks interested."

"Editor Ambrose's article on the supernatural is remarkable mostly for the misuse of the word "it's"."

"A discussion of stf artwork by Campbell, Emshwiller, and Moskowitz from the '60 Pittcon loses much of it's effectiveness by the enforced omission of the slides which sparked the discussion in the first place. (I suppose I could look them up, since I have most of the covers, but it's hardly that important.)."

"Though he clai to be a non-Communist I note that his in his frequent comparisons to the early Nazis in Germany to the present American Nazi Party, he carefully avoids any mention of the anti-Nazi role played by the German Communist Party of that era in comparison with his and his friends Liberal activities."

"The end, thank God"



Ric West, 1326 Kenwood Road, Santa Barbara, California

, shalom steve,

In the usual squareshooting tradition of fandom, let me mention that I have in my nebulous possession a copy of SAM#5 wrung from my despairing (and curious) vaters hand. And now, to unveil the real reason for my writing to you on the subject (you must be psychic; I am going to write about SAM#5). I have all by myself; in the depths of provincial fandom nestled amid the softly scented indian hemp fields of my beloved town...I digress...at any rate I think I have uncovered a great fannish truth. I modestly call it, man and boy, West's First Fannish Supposition. It runs like this: A zine is like an opera; it must contain, to be fully effective, the proper balshew between sight and sound. More specifically, a zine must have a subtle blending (sounds like a wine ad, doesn't it?) of intellectual content and art/ and or/ light content. Every zine should have a basic philosophic question either discussed or commented on; supporting this should be a lightly constructed framework of casual comments, humorous art (ha!), and other mentally flyweight material (like this letter). Thus, the written material is balanced by both weighty and light matter. Humorous art, odds n ends (preferably ancient ((?)) illos), and rejected fantasy covers should serve well as the flyweight intellectual part of a zine's artwork. The cover of the zine could (actually, should) depend on the goal set forth pre-publication time as to the relative seriousness of the zine. The cover should not be a colored clobbered in-joke (the cover on SAM#5 is highly recommended). ((The cover on SAM #5 fell far below my standards of good art. It didn't originally, but I have matured-- I still want to do something similar sometime in the near future, though... but thanks anyway. In group covers are c.k. in ingroups...)) In other words, at least one or two illos should be contained that possess a basic artistic statement as well as a blending effect on the whole fanzine. Thus, I would push a configuration based on a prearranged construct which is used as a judging factor in all material included. Brilliant, isn't it? ((Huh?))

Gary Deindorfer, 121 Boudinot Street, Trenton 8, New Jersey

I remember promising you I'd write you a letter of comment on SAM. Unfortunately, I find myself with little more to say about the issue other than the fact that I dug it, especially Gerber's column; was gassed by your illos for my article, and your heading for Gerber's column; remember Jerry Greene (not Green) as being a hopeless clod; wish to hell you'd either get a new typer or get your old one repaired ((I took the former solution; most of the masters herein have been cut on Andy Main's Olympia portable)); found the cover an interesting experiment; thought your parody of Ted Pauls' "Fan's Library" came off well; and wish you would be more careful about typos, as nothing annoys me more than for my illustrious Prose to be liberally sprinkled. The most glaring one in my article was your printing "dropped his glasses on the floor" for "spilled his glass on the floor," since in the next paragraph the woman is mopping up the spilled drink. ((I stand corrected, and grovelling. Debby Howell; still want to proofread?))

Big John Hughes address withheld on request:

What's this fandom jazz, you old scapegoat, you? You're fans of what? Rocks? Politics? Girls? ((The latter, Big John, ole bhoy. Never thought I'd hear from yoo.))

The cover was interesting, but the drawing style was miserable. Get with it, man.

Davidson is so right about unionized labor forces on our missile bases. Unions just aren't with it these days, but moneywise the members are doing fine. Whatever happened to those crazy Irish strikebreakers with their big clubs and everything?-- those were the days; put the worker in his place, I say. Of course, being a scab, I'm prejudiced...

I think you're a little bit off your crock when you shot your mouth off against peace marchers. You may not know it but someday somebody may decide to drop an atom bomb on you; then where will you be? Dead, I guess. I see that the big boys are pulling a McCarthy and investigating the Mother's March for Peace; don't they know that the Mothers are going to save the world just as they've saved American manhood everywhere? ((I may have been just a wee bit too...agressive(?) in putting them down, but I still think they're as ineffectual as ever. When I see Nikita or JFK listening to Bertrand Russell maybe I'll change my opinion, but now peace marchers/strikers are the laughing stock of the liberal intelligensia world.))

Your soul must be deader than usual these days. Maybe a landing on the moon will be small potatoes for you, but for me it will be the biggest door opener man has ever attempted. We're grabbing for the stars, boy, and all you can do is sneer. Ever read any science fiction? ((No.))

Calvin W "Biff" Demmon: I don't know what kind of girls you kiss, but I kiss girls with lipstick on their faces.

I don't get that full page cartoon of yours. ((Well, you see, this guy was building a big giantw spaceship in his apartment, see...and, well, read the thing again.))

Lucky for you that George Lincoln Rockwell wasn't allowed to speak in New York. Ever been arrested for causing a riot? You take yourself too seriously.

I saw two abstract films this week. One was "Communications", and the other was "New York, New York". "NY, NY" was a positive masterpiece; the color, the movement, those camera-mirror tricks! ((I saw "Communications" too; hardly suprizing since we were in the same room. John W. Campbell Jr. was the technical advisor. Ever see any of Emshwiller's films?))

Goodbye, Steve Stiles. ((Goodbye, Big John Hughes.))

Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles Street, Vaux Hall,
New Jersey

Sam was good although you seem to be having more trouble than usual with reproduction. ((Yes, but I like to think that I've solved that problem.))

Only one thing, Steve; why the heck didn't you devote more of the editorial describing the books you read instead of merely remarking you had read them and seeking congratulations for being smart? ((Aw, I was just kidding around.))

The types that go out to protest are not of the far left. Most of them are neither left or right, but merely sincere citizens doing the little bit they can to try and avoid the coming atomic war. I suspect the extremists, although urging on such things and instigating them, are careful not to risk their own skins. And, in a way, all they are doing is to exercise their constitutional right of petition. ((In a rather insane way. Owing to the immense complexity of modern life such protests are often ineffectual and, let's face it, disregarded. You refer to atomic war as "coming": I'm not so sure about that----although this is a complete about face from my attitude a few months ago.))

Wonder if you recieved the recent issue of DISCORD in which Redd Boggs pointed out a real and present danger of our drifting into fascism.

Hitler got started just through such a coalition of extreme rightest groups. The fact that he was never elected to Chancellor but appointed by Hindenburg. ((I don't understand that sentence. Anyway, we don't have Hindenburg/that poor old senile man/.)) Once in, of course, he made darn sure there was no one else to run against him, which is just what some "Man on a White Horse" might do in the near future. ((Yes, but not in this country. Hitler came to power in a country which had little backgrounds in democracy, and little liking for it. Let us suppose, however, that some Adolf Hitler, miraculously swaying the people and overstepping the Constitution, gained power in the state of New York. If he was foolish enough to enter some other state he could be thrown in jail for spitting on the sidewalk. We can't overlook State's Rights in these matters. Which is why, I suppose, I can never become dictator of the world. Sigh.))

Wots SVA? ((The School of Visual Arts, which I am now attending on scholarship. A terrific school, bragging aside.))

Don't kid yourself that it would take two or three hundred years to reach the stage of 1984 or BRAVE NEW WORLD. We could reach it overnight. Any sort of crisis that really stirs up the public could result in some dictator getting the presidency and gradually taking over absolute power. ((Yeah, look at FDR. Har, har./I'm not



really antiRoosevelt/.))

Will be interesting to read the reaction of your readers to Dick Lupoff's article on reviews. ((Good grief, Seth, that article was by Al Lewis. The Dick Lupoff article on fanzine reviews was in the AXE Annish.)) But, are fanzines so important that you should spend so much time pondering on them? ((Well, if they're important enough to be created, they certainly deserve comprehensive reviewing. But are they important enough to be created?))

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland.

With mingled pleasure and regret I take my typewriter under hand to write you a letter of comment on SAM. The pleasure is that which resulted from its resumption of publication. The regret is only a minor one that shouldn't bother you as much as it does me---I had thought that in this day of giant fanzines, you were the one person who could be counted on to produce a little one. Well, there's still Ruth Berman and we can always resurrect Norman G. Wansborough if the situation gets desperate. ((There will still be small issues of SAM, produced mostly during the winter months. The large issue bit was kind of an experiment to see whether or not I could do it. Well, I couldn't. There will be another "large" issue this summer; I've got regular contributors, and the challenge is still there.))

I've mentioned elsewhere my strange inability to interest myself in reading about Glenn and other orbital flights. However, there is one thing to these pioneering trips around the world on the fringes of space which may have been overlooked. Glenn and his comrades are not only the first men to go out into space alone in their little rocket ships, but they are also close to being the last. It seems reasonable to believe that for safety reasons, one-man trips will be abandoned as soon as possible, and after the practice gained by these orbital flights has been perfected, there won't be much point in sending men on this type of trip.

It must be something like Lindberg's famous flight across the Atlantic, non-stop to Paris, alone in an airplane. He was the first, and I wonder if anyone has done the same thing for the past quarter-century? Probably not. Anyway, I've been looking over old newspapers, and if you think that the Glenn hysteria has been severe, you should see how people carried on about Charles Augustus.

Don't worry too much about a fake religion taking over the nation or world. Religions were used for political purposes when they were needed to explain the reasons for famine and epidemic and similar troubles. Even in the most backward parts of the world, civilization is making it possible for the politicians, good and bad, to achieve their purposes by logic and promises that such and such will come about if the populace obeys their orders, and sure enough, it works out that way. I think that a religious dictatorship could logically occur in case of an all-out war that partially collapsed society and left the world unable to conquer its problems by skill and logic. ((Yes, imagine what would happen if Billy Graham and his religious machine survived WW III under such circumstances.

Actually, I wouldn't overly mind the morality that Graham would foster, but those awful hymns....! Christianity isn't very cultured these days, I'm afraid. I just finished "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich", and was quite interested in the part religion would've played in Hitler's Germany. Himmler encouraged religious services within the non-Jewish slaves of the Reich to keep their minds off such nasty things as their plight and revolt. As a religion that preaches earthly obedience to rulers and heavenly rewards, Christianity can be quite useful to

dictators.))

Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo,
Covina, California



Thanks for the copy of SAM#5--is this the one which is supposed to have been compiled by tossing a stack of crudsheets in the air and collating them as they fell? ((Don't be crazy. That was ZWONKY SF FANZINE #1.)) It looked rather that way at first glance--but in reading it it turned out to be something entirely different. I find it difficult to be objective in judging fanzines; SAM is

the kind of fanzine I like, and therefore I might be biased in saying that it is a good one, but I don't know--the outside material and the editorial are all mildly distinguished in their own ways & your material brings to mind a question I've been asking myself for years--Why in blazes are so many fine artists also such capable writers? I suppose it has something to do with the Artist's Eye--his ability to see things as they are, and as they exist in relationship to other things and even to grasp a more than superficial significance in that he sees. Even people who aren't really outstanding in the graphic arts (I'm thinking of Rotaler and Simpson especially, having recently had experience in their ability to express an unusual degree of insight). And you, who may or may not be an outstanding artist in time, have it to a large degree, in addition to the greater than usual talent for informal nattering of the personal sort.

((Well, of course I blush at your compliments, true or not. I would say that an accomplished artist usually has an intense drive, whether to create, communicate, or merely to show off his/her skills. Such being the case, it seems only natural that an artist might be inclined to dabble in other areas of self-expression. The Dadaists, for example, were well known for their painting experiments, but also engaged in poetry writing and Dada plays.))

I hate to have a LAF, as each and every letter is important to me, but we also heard from Phil Harrell. The letter was a parody on fanzine reviewing, and I love parodies, but I'm afraid I've lost the letter. My apologies, Phil.

Unless I've slighted anyone else, this brings us to the end of the lettercolumn. Letters are as always appreciated and looked forward to.

I've neglected to have a title for the lettercolumn; I had planned on one, but my planning of page arrangements went awry, and I find myself without sufficient space. I'm also quite poor at thinking up snappy heading titles. Any suggestions?

SECOND THOUGHTS

With SAM #5, the first really "large" fanzine I had undertaken to produce I gained ownership of a spirit duplicator, the same one that has run most of this issue off ("Gerberings" has been mimeographed so that the Adkins illustrations can be included). As far as reproduction goes I must frankly admit that SAM #5 was a failure; I handled my newly purchased machine like an animal to be feared, an unpleasant chore to be finished as quickly as possible. With #8 I think that you'll see an improvement; reproduction is uneven and varies from page to page, nothing is up to Sata Illustrated, but at least, unless my eyes are keener than yours, even the worst copies sent out will be readable.

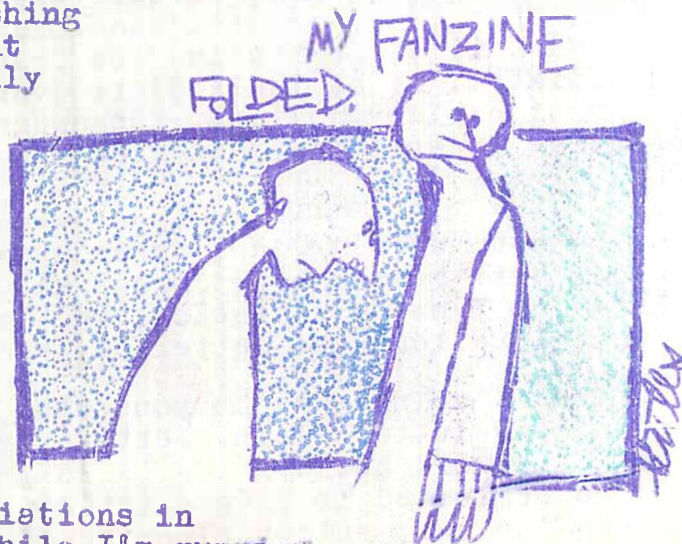
Nevertheless, I'm far from being satisfied. I'd like to do better than I have been doing. With SAMs #6&7, and with John Boardman's POINTING VECTORS #10-14 the quality of reproduction met my hopes. Thereafter, somehow, it became more difficult to meet my self imposed standards even though I had become more experienced in the finicky art of spirit duplication.

Tonight I took the trouble to examine my machine in great detail. This is something I should have done months ago. What I found was that the duplicating fluid--of first importance in producing good repro--was being distributed on the rollers unevenly and in darn small quantities. This by no means can prevent me from running off a fanzine as the fluid can be applied manually. However, at best, this process is time consuming, and often, the results are unpredictable.

Obviously, this fault will have to be corrected. I don't know whether by me, some fan, or a repairman, and I don't know how soon I have two publishing commitments coming up shortly (one done for myself), and I don't want my machine tied up in some shop, out of reach when at last I have money and time to work on publishing fanzine. If I am not mistaken about the fluid distribution, eventually I will have the machine fixed.

After that I can really start aiming at results worthy of the Old Ditto Masters; Adkins-Pearson-Terwilleger.

As an afterthought, I might add that when running off dittoed artwork--as I may be doing for Lin Carter--the manual fluid distribution method is easier to control, as any deviations in reproduction is easily spotted while I'm running the machine.





/ADKINS