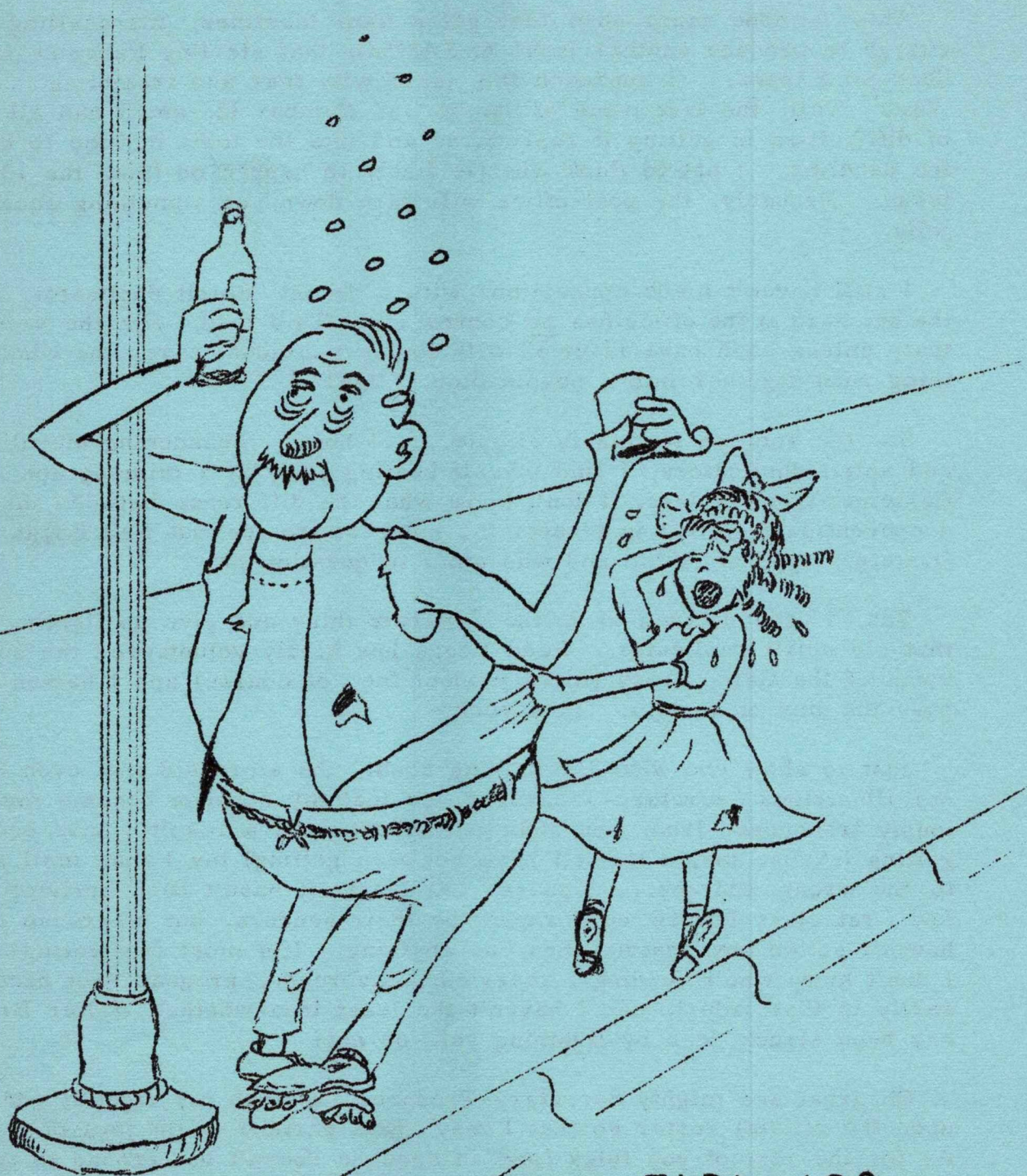


THE GAFIA PRESS



FAPA 108

SAMBO ◊ No.13

August , 1964

Greetings, fine people!

This is none other than that gagan Sam Martinez, marshalling his energy to produce another issue of SAMEO, that sterling Fapazine for decrepit Fapans. I approach this issue with fear and trembling..... Why? Well, the last issue of Sambo was Number 12, and I had all kinds of difficulties in getting it reproduced and into the mail in time to beat the deadline. I hate to think what is liable to happen on this, the 13th issue. Probably, the post-office will burn down, or something equally jolly.

I still haven't made connections with a decent Spirit duplicator, and the one here at the office has no control over fluid feed, with the result that, unless each page is dried with loving individual care, the whole thing runs together into a purple blob. Ugh!

So, the solution to this is simple....I hope! Abandoning Multilith and spirit duplicators, I find myself beating away at a mimeograph stencil, Gestetner type, no less. I don't know what the difference between this and a conventional stencil is (except the holes at the top) but Red Boggs says Gestetner type stencils, and who am I to question him?

Yes, I have decided to do the cowardly thing and give up fighting that old spirit duplicator. Redd Boggs has kindly volunteered the services of the Gafia Press (for a modest fee, of course) and I hasten to pass the jinx on to him. Rotsaruck!

Just to show you what I'm talking about, the aforesaid jinx even hit our illustrious Secretary-Treasurer, so that my address became mysteriously transposed from Box 3581 to Box 5381. As a result I have been getting (excuse me, I mean I have not been getting) my Fapan mail sent to the wrong address....I guess. At least, it hasn't been arriving. a few first class letters were resent by their senders, but otherwise I haven't gotten any postmailings, or anything. It's most frustrating! I don't know who's feuding...married...divorced...pregnant (not necessarily in that order), and I haven't the least idea whether Walter Breen has been struck dead by lightning yet, or not!

Oh great and mighty Secretary-Treaurer, restore my rightful address upon the official roster so that I may again partake of the joys of Fapadom! As for the rest of you folks (just in case he doesn't get around to it), be ye hereby advised that my correct address is.....

Sam Martinez
P. O. Box 3581
Tulsa, Okla. 74114

SO

WHAT'S

NEW ???

Not a great deal, really. I'm a year older, not much wiser, and perhaps a few pounds heavier. Who's to say? I haven't changed jobs or anything! I still edit Petroleum Abstracts (a new issue every week) and teach such esoteric subjects as Technical Report Writing to young engineers who couldn't care less! (Hey, Redd! Am I getting too close to the edge of the stencil?)

The youngsters keep growing up, eating more, wearing out clothes faster... Bob is back from the Peace Corps and going to school at Tulsa University. In fact, he is supposed to be pecking out a few pages for SAMBO, in the other room. Hmm...It's awfully quiet in there.....

Luzetta, our one and only female progeny, is now big enough to notice boys (well, Beatles, anyway) and will enroll as a Freshman at T. U. this Fall. She has never acquired any fannish proclivities (thank Ghod) and prefers to waste her time on music, mathematics, and other lost arts.

Sammy, David, and Charlie (ages 11, 9, and 7, respectively) are scattered throughout grade school. Of the three, only David seems destined for fandom. By that I means he is always drawing cartoons, writes atrocious poetry, and in general is inclined to be a bit lazy. I expect him to put out a one-shot any day now. I understand he thoroughly disrupted the second grade by drawing and distributing cartoon booklets in class (no, not that kind!) depicting the adventures of an off-beat character named "Tunkle," of the type that would never get on the back of a ~~delicious~~ cereal box. Maybe I ought to enter his name on the FAPA waiting list now and by the time he gets in college, he will have graduated to full member status.

Charles seems to be dramatically inclined. In fact, this summer he is appearing in the musical "The King And I" which is running for a month at the Tulsa Little Theatre. He is a born "ham" and has gotten columns written about himself in both the Tulsa and Oklahoma City newspapers. He just accepted an invitation to make some TV commercials for one of the banks in town, having already made two other TV appearances in connection with the show. By Fall, I predict he will be spoiled rotten! Not to mention the fact that he seldom gets to bed before 1:00 A.M. and then sleeps till noon! What a shock it will be to return to normal hours, after school starts!

With due modesty, I might mention that he is not the only ham in the family. I have been playing the part of Harvey Green the gambler, in a little epic known as "Ten Nights in a Barroom" for over a year now. This charming little drama is presented, under the title of "The Drunkard" at a spot known as The Spotlight Club, every Saturday night...for the past twelve years. And plays to a packed house, to boot. There are several casts that alternate, and mixaround, also, so that one is never quite certain what the performance will be like. In addition to Harvey Green, gambler, villain, murderer, and general nuisance, I also fill in the parts of Joe Morgan (the drunkard), Sample Swichell (the rube),

and on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, I even played the part of Little Mary, the drunkard's daughter, who gets hit on the head by a flying beer mug, and dies a long, lingering death. I might add, this was a special performance, not open to the public, put on for the membership of the club only. But it's lots of fun. To be specific, last night was my 42nd performance.

Incidentally, there is one other actor in the Martinez clan, in the person of Bob Martinez (better known as Robert Lee to SAPS members) who also appears in the "Drunkard" on Saturday nights, in the part of Frank Slade, son of the mean old tavern keeper, who sells that vile stuff and lures innocent young men into evil ways. Frank, I might add, ends up the biggest sot of all, and kills his father (Simon Slade) by hitting him over the head with a rubber brick. The audience, I might add, sits at tables, drinks beer and eats pretzels, boos the villain and cheers for the hero, and raises hell in general.

This Spring, I also appeared in a whodunit at the Tulsa Little Theatre, by the name of "Calculated Risk." I was a sweet, lovable old eccentric who wouldn't hurt a fly so.....you know what happened. In the final scene, I turned out to be the villain. Talk about type casting!

Didn't get to repeat my pleasurable trip to the West coast, this year. Maybe in 1965? In fact, the farthest I've been from Tulsa this year was St. Louis, Mo. Are there any fans in St. Louis? I have a tentative trip scheduled for Philadelphia in October, however there are several big "ifs" attached, and it may not materialize. Was hoping to get over to see the World's Fair, but with all the rioting going on in New York and vicinity, I have lost some of my girlish enthusiasm for the project. Robert was up there for a week in June, and reported that he was not particularly impressed. How about it, you Easterners! Is the Fair all that it's cracked up to be, or is it just a waste of time?

My fannish activities have been practically nil, other than reading fanzines and prozines. And my correspondence has been nil! If there is anyone that I don't owe a letter to, I'd like to know who it is! Not bragging, you understand....just facing the hard facts of life. I guess that's what happens when you get to be the "Only Fan In Town" (family excepted, of course).

Under the heading of "Uncompleted Projects" I might mention a little deal I got involved with. A local promoter decided he would start putting out a small humor magazine, to be distributed through beauty shops, and read under the hair dryer. A staff was assembled (I was helping with the editing) a name was chosen and registered in the copyright office, contributions came pouring in, and the whole thing looked like a winner. What happened? The guy got so enthusiastic over the project, he kept increasing the projected size of the magazine, the number of copies to be printed, the territory over which it would be distributed, etc. etc. etc. until he suddenly realized he could no longer afford to finance it. He tried to round up some more financing, but couldn't bear to cut back on the size of the magazine so..... (Progress Report to Bill Rotsler and Dale Hart: That's it!)

WHAT PRICE HUMOR?

In the last issue of SAMBO, I included a collection of snorks known as Elephant jokes. While I didn't expect any earth-quaking results, I was quite pleased that at least one Fapan appreciated them. Far beyond their worth, I dare say. At any rate, now that Helen Wessen has encouraged me in my folly, I will once more venture forth on thin ice (not being an elephant myself).

First of all, I want to comment on Helen's observation that there were no "dirty" elephant jokes. In Tulsa, these seem to be as prevalent as the more innocuous kind. I merely failed to include any in my previous tabulation. Some are completely unmailable, others are merely a bit off-color. A few in the latter category are as follows:

How do you know when you've passed an elephant?
You can't flush the toilet.

How can you tell when you've been raped by an elephant?
You're pregnant for 2 1/2 years/

Do you know why an elephant has four feet?
Six inches wouldn't do him very much good.

Actually, the elephant jokes have just about disappeared from the Tulsa scene. Now, everything is vegetables and fruits (the edible kind). I suppose you have seen Roger Price's book "The Elephant Book" which was recently succeeded by "Elephants, Grapes and Pickles." Roger thinks the fruit jokes originated with

How can you tell an elephant from a grape?
A grape is purple.

What is purple and stamps out fires?
Smokey the grape.

This new breed of jokes seems to thrive on its very pointlessness, the more far-fetched it is, the greater howls it seems to evoke from the small fry. I should know, having a goodly number hiding around the house and under the furniture. Following are a few of their current favorites.

What is yellow and lies on its back?
A tired school bus.

What is black and white and has fuzz inside?
A police car.

What is white, has one horn, and gives milk?
A dairy truck.

What has snap, crackle, but no pop?
A bastard Rice Crispie.

What is yellow and comes at you from all directions?
Stereophonic custard.

What's white outside, green inside, and hops?
A frog sandwich.

What is green and brown and crawls through the grass?
A Girl Scout who has lost her cookies.

What's soft and yellow, and very, very dangerous?
Shark-infested custard.

What is blue and goes ding-dong?
An Avon lady at the North Pole.

What is black and white and lives in a cave?
A zebra who owes money.

What is yellow and soft and goes round and round and round?
A long-playing omelette.

What is it that is long and green and dances?
Fred Asparagus.

What is purple and can go through a whole police force?
A plum with a press card.

What is green and flies through the air faster than a bullet?
Super-Pickle.

What is gray and has a trunk?
A mouse on a vacation.

What is black, sits in a tree, and is very dangerous?
A crow with a machine gun.

What is hairy and purple, and swings through the trees?
Tarzan of the Grapes.

What did the grape say when the elephant stepped on it?
It just gave a little wine.

What is big and green and lives in brine ?
Moby Pickle.

What is 38-24-36 and is thirty inches high?
Midget Bardot.

In conclusion, I would like to quote an extremely provocative statement, made by Mr. Price. "I don't think women like abstract jokes, but if you find one who does, she's probably very sexy."

ON THE FEASIBILITY OF COAL-DRIVEN POWER STATIONS

(Private Communication From England to R. Brittan)

Introduction

The recent discovery of coal (black, fossilized plant remains) in a number of places offers an interesting alternative to the production of power from fission. Some of the places where coal has been found indeed show signs of previous exploitation by prehistoric men who, however, probably used it for jewels, and to blacken their faces in religious ceremonies.

The power potentialities depend on the fact that coal can be readily oxidized with the production of a high temperature and an energy of about 0.0000001 Megawatt day per gram. That is, of course, very little, but large amounts of coal (perhaps millions of tons) appear to be available.

The chief advantage is that the critical amount is very much smaller for coal than for any fissile material. Fission plants become, as is well known, uneconomical below 50 Megawatts, and a coal-driven plant may be competitive for small communities (such as small islands) with low power requirements.

Design of a Coal Reactor

The main problem is to achieve free, yet controlled, access of oxygen to the fuel elements. The kinetics of the coal-oxygen reaction are much more complicated than fission kinetics, and not yet completely understood. A differential equation which approximates the behavior of the reaction has been set up, but its solution is possible only in the simplest cases.

It is therefore proposed to make the reaction vessel in the form of a cylinder, with perforated walls to allow the combustion gases to escape. A concentric inner cylinder, also perforated, serves to introduce the oxygen, while the fuel elements are placed between the two cylinders. The necessary presence of end plates poses a difficult but not insoluble mathematical problem.

Fuel Elements

It is likely that these will be easier to manufacture than in the case of fission reactors. Canning is unnecessary, and indeed, undesirable since it would make it impossible for the oxygen to gain access to the fuel. Various lattices have been calculated and it appears that the simplest of all -- close packing of equal spheres -- is likely to be satisfactory. Computations are in progress to determine the optimum size of the spheres and the required tolerances. Coal is soft and easy to machine; so the manufacture of the spheres should present no major problem.

Oxidant

Pure oxygen is of course ideal but costly; it is therefore proposed to use air in the first place. However, it must be remembered that air contains 78% nitrogen. If even a fraction of that combined with the carbon of the coal to form the highly toxic gas cyanogene, this would constitute a grave health hazard. (See below.)

Operation and Control

To start the reaction, one requires the fairly high temperature of about 988° F. This is most conveniently achieved by passing an electric current between the inner and outer cylinders. (The end plates must be made of insulating ceramic). A current of several thousand amperes is needed, at some 30 volts, and the required large storage battery will add substantially to the cost of the installation.

There is the possibility of starting the reaction by some auxiliary self-starting reaction, such as that between phosphine and hydrogen peroxide; this is being looked into. Even such valuable hydrocarbons as lubricating oil might be utilized to start the reactor. Once the reaction is started, its rate can be controlled by adjusting the rate at which oxygen is admitted; this is almost as simple as the use of control rods in a conventional fission reactor.

Corrosion

The walls of the reactor must withstand a temperature of well over 1000° F. in the presence of oxygen, nitrogen, carbon monoxide and dioxide, as well as small amounts of sulfur dioxide and other impurities, some still unknown. Few metals or ceramics can resist such gruelling conditions. Niobium with a thin lining of nickel might be an attractive possibility, but probably solid nickel will have to be used. For the ceramic, fused thoria appears to be the best bet.

Health Hazards

The main health hazard is attached to the gaseous waste products. They contain not only carbon monoxide and sulfur dioxide (both highly toxic) but also a number of carcinogenic compounds, such as phenanthrene, and others. To discharge these into the air is impossible; it would cause the tolerance level to be exceeded for several miles around the reactor.

It is therefore necessary to collect the gaseous waste in suitable containers, pending chemical detoxification. Alternatively, the waste might be mixed with hydrogen and filled into large balloons which are subsequently released.

The solid waste products will have to be removed at frequent intervals (perhaps as often as daily), but the health hazards involved in that operation can easily be minimized by the use of conventional remote-handling equipment. The waste could then be taken out to sea and dumped.

There is a possibility -- though it may seem remote -- that the oxygen supply may get out of control. This would lead to melting of the entire reactor, and the liberation of vast amounts of toxic gases. Here is a grave argument against the use of coal, and in favor of fission reactors, which have proved their complete safety over a period of several thousand years. It will probably take decades before a control system of sufficient reliability can be evolved to lay the fears of those to whom the safety of our people is entrusted.

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ENTERTAINMENT AND EXPERIENCE

by Robert Martinez

Much has been said lately of the use and misuse of leisure in the United States and other prosperous nations in the Space Age. Little has been offered, however, in the way of practical large-scale measures to deal with the problem or witty comments to bring it to wider attention. We are all aware of the benefits that could accrue from leisure time well spent, as well as the destructive effects of hours misspent. Few people, it is true, still cling to the belief that "the devil makes work for idle hands", but if we relax our power of self-control in those idle moments it is an understatement to say that the worst is bound to happen.

First, let me make clear what I take to be the meaning of "entertainment" and "experience" and the choice open to us. We know from physics that any machine in the process of its operation creates friction, that is, heat. If the machine is to operate efficiently, this friction must be reduced as much as possible; therefore, we employ lubricants such as oil or graphite. The function of entertainment is approximately the same. The strain of modern business and professional life on the human organism must be relieved if we wish to continue effectively in our work. Now, when we are engaged in practical matters, our whole consciousness is concentrated on one effort, the matter at hand. Unfortunately, it is impossible to keep this up for any great length of time. Perhaps the scientists of the future... but that is not the present question. There is an archaic term for entertainment: diversion. This implies, and quite rightly, that one diverts his energy into the pursuit of relaxing and refreshing activities. It is as if the waters of the Niagara could temporarily be made to flow off through pipes instead of over the falls. When we participate in passive or habitual diversions, the bulk of our cortical brain cells become inactive and "loose". As a result, we can go back to the job full of alacrity and vigor. No one would think of leaving a car running 24 hours a day if he intended to use it even as much as one-third of that time, but that is exactly what many of us attempt to do when we indulge in what I have chosen to call "experience".

Experience, like so many of our problems today, is a remnant of a barbaric age. In this context it is useful to think of entertainment as civilization's answer to and eventual replacement for experience. Although that replacement is still far away, it is even now necessary to speak of experience in archaic metaphysical terms, so out of place in our way of life has it become. A simple definition might be that experience is the confrontation of man with things over which he has no control, or "Man vs. Nature" to use a 19th Century phrase. The first image that comes to mind is that of the pioneers in their covered wagons pushing back the frontier of civilization. Admittedly, there may soon open up a whole new frontier of worlds other than our own, but at the present time this struggle with nature in the raw is not for us a significant problem. The "modern" struggle out of which our "modern" experience arises is the subtle internal struggle of man vs. himself. One aspect of this struggle might be called "intellect vs. emotion", another "civilization vs. barbarity", or even "entertainment vs. experience". Experience is the attempt to resolve these conflicts; but such an attempt might occupy a person's

entire life and produce no visible result. How much more reasonable, therefore, to leave the job to those whose vocation is the systematic study of these problems. I refer of course to the psychiatrists and psychologists, who, through the logical process of division of labor, take care of everyone else's mental conflicts as well as their own. To draw an analogy: it might be technically feasible to design self-repairing machines for a factory, but why adopt such a measure when one man can do the job of servicing the works much more quickly, cheaply, and efficiently. It seems apparent that in the near future a man will go to a psychiatrist for perhaps an hour a week, a marriage counselor for another hour, and the rest of his leisure time he will have free for constructive entertainment. Someday, when education has learned to produce a perfectly civilized individual, even this will not be necessary!

"Where then is the difficulty? Why all the fuss?" you ask. The difficulty is partly this: in our society there exists a small but vocal group of people who actually advocate the widespread, reckless use of experience. As one might expect, they are mostly poets and people of that ilk. They would have us pry into each other's most intimate secrets, indulge in morbid and fruitless introspection, and live in closer "contact" with "nature" or "reality". For some reason they fail to see that the fundamental purpose of our way of life is to secure freedom from our rather bloody "nature". This is the whole meaning of progress. Therefore, a practical step which must now be taken is the discouragement of this morbid line of thought.

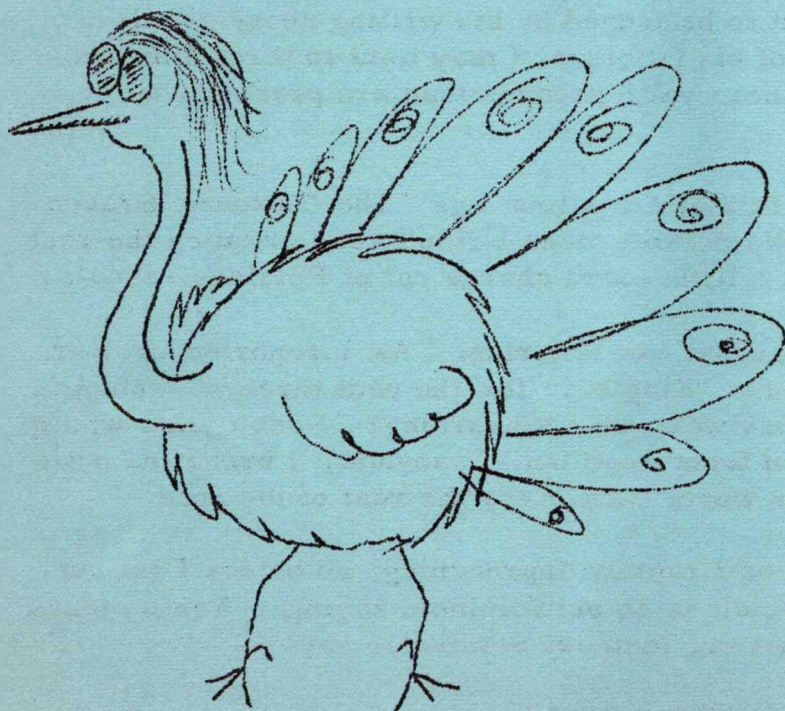
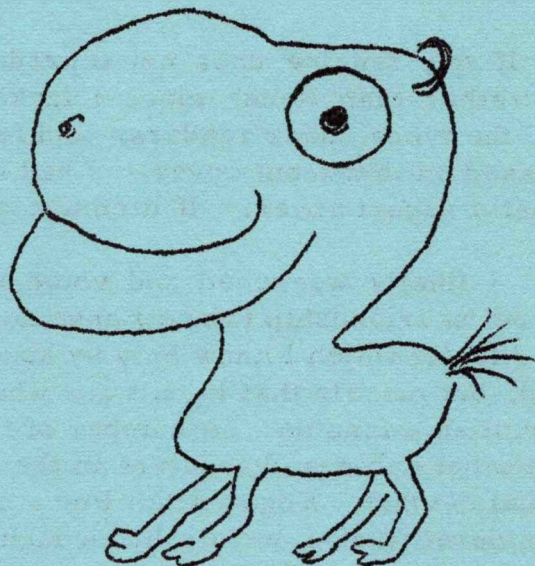
Next, we must enlarge our own capacity for entertainment. Some progress in this area has already been made. Teenagers now have the freedom to enjoy an unprecedented amount of entertainment. Why do women live longer than men? Simply because they are taught in childhood to appreciate entertainment and to abhor experience. In some areas of life where experience was once thought to be deeply entrenched, we now have succeeded in substituting entertainment activities disguised as the old form of experience. Instead of literature, we now have television and motion pictures. Instead of the often intimate and uncomfortable custom of friendship, we now have hearty fellowship. And even our baser instincts have been refined to the point of being admissible, even encouraged, in polite society. But we must not stop at this. It is especially important that certain steps be taken in the field of the mass media, i. e. television, movies, books, magazines, newspapers. We would do well to emulate the popular song-writers of our time in the creation of advanced forms of entertainment. By "advanced" I mean that entertainment which most diverts the attention from conflict and problems. The news media are sorely behind in this effort, often disseminating material that is frankly prurient. Clearly, more space in our newspapers should be devoted to editorials and articles on moral themes, and less to the reportage of vulgar events. TV and motion pictures have made great strides, but there is still room for improvement. I might say that at present their treatment of such themes as sexuality and death is marvelous. I view with alarm, however, the current rash of interest in mental illness and social problems. TV has perhaps the greatest potential to shape the attitudes of Americans than any other form of entertainment. Moreover, it has the greatest potential for becoming "pure" entertainment. It is vital, therefore, that television rid itself of elements

of vulgarity and cease to portray "real" (meaning real in the present-day sense, that is, far from perfect) people. This will be done, and soon, I feel. Indeed, we may look forward with confidence to the day when television will consist of only two themes: Judeo-Christian theology and science fiction. Because, as is well known, there is no field of thought so far removed from "reality" as theology, and science fiction is unequalled in modern letters in its ability to create characters that bear absolutely no resemblance to "real" people.

* * * * *

CAT, SPIDER, FROG-ERAL, BIRD, FISH, OR DOGGEREL

A glorious beast is the Shtunk
A mixture of squirrel, dog, & monk.
If you look in his eye
As he passes you by
You can tell if he's sober or drunk.



A puzzling bird is the Gnink
It sucks its own blood for
a drink.
It causes a fuss
Making love on the bus,
And deposits its eggs in
the sink.



R.M.

AFTERTHOUGHTS

And so we approach the end of another issue of SAMBO. It's been fun, but if I don't call a halt sometime soon, this won't be ready until the 109th mailing, and that will be too little, too late! So, as soon as I finish this page, I will stuff these stencils into Ye Olda Mailing Tube, make a mad dash down to the post office, and pray that Redd Boggs is not up in Alaska or down in Old Mexico, on vacation.

Since I started on this fanzine, my plans have developed a bit further, and it looks as though the trip to Philadelphia in October is off. I guess I didn't want to see the World's Fair after all! Instead, I will be attending the 148th Meeting of the American Chemical Society in Chicago, Ill. the first week in September. Back to my old stamping grounds! I lived in Chicago for three years, after I graduated from college. I was a chemist in the Corn Products Refining Co. laboratories at Argo, Ill. Quite a place! The town of Bedford Park, right outside the plant gates was reputed to have more taverns per block than any other community in the Chicago area. I wonder if it has changed?

If this fanzine does not reproduce flawlessly, you had probably better blame me rather than Redd, since I tackled the job of cutting the stencils myself. Forgive the typos, dear readers, and feel lucky you can read it. I am keeping my fingers crossed on that front cover. I had no celluloid backing plate, so had to make do with a matte report cover. If it comes out lousy, I'll know not to try that again!

I finally weakened and voted to over-ride the blackball on Walter Breen... not out of friendship (since I ahve never met the man in my life), nor approval of his sex life (of which I know only by hearsay... and a pretty controversial hearsay, at that), but merely that I don't see what all this has to do with his ability (or lack of it) to publish a fanzine! A number of the great literary figures of history have been somewhat dubious characters in the light of public morality... Oscar Wilde was a sexual deviate, Edgar Allen Poe a dope addict, etc. But certainly, I have always considered that a writer had a right to be judged by his writing above all else. Who knows, after I have seen a few of his fanzines, I may want to throw him out again, but to me, this would be far more valid grounds than are presently being debated!

To me, the high point of the 107th FAPA mailing was "The Tattooed Dragon And His Electric Whingading." This doesn't mean I didn't read or enjoy the rest of the mailing... it just means I get a little extra charge out of Rotsler's rascals!

I must have a talk with my youngest son Charles. As I reported earlier, he has been wowing the audiences in the "King & I" for the past three weeks. And I just found out tonight, he thought they were still rehearsing! I don't know who in Hell he thought all those people out in front were but... anyhow, I broke the news to him, and now he probably won't be worth a damn for the rest of the run!

Well, Well, I see the end of this stencil rapidly approaching, so before I get cut off short, I will say "Yahte y'all" which is an old Seminole saying. Yahte means "good-bye" and "Yahte y'all" is what the Southern Seminoles say!

YAHTE Y'ALL