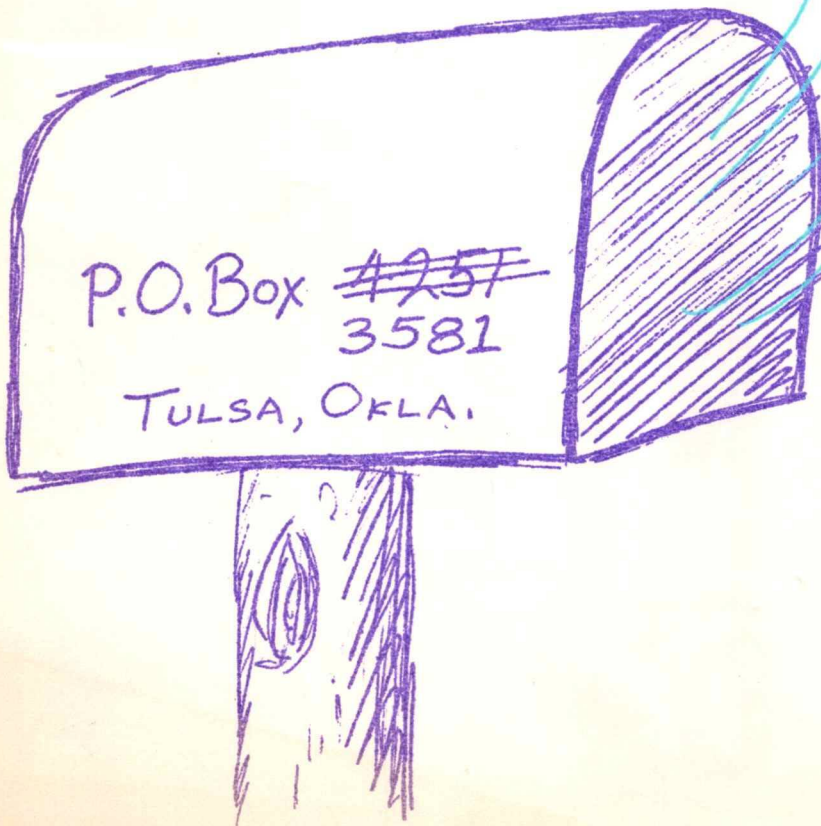


SAMBO!

12



"The
Sleeper
Wakes!"

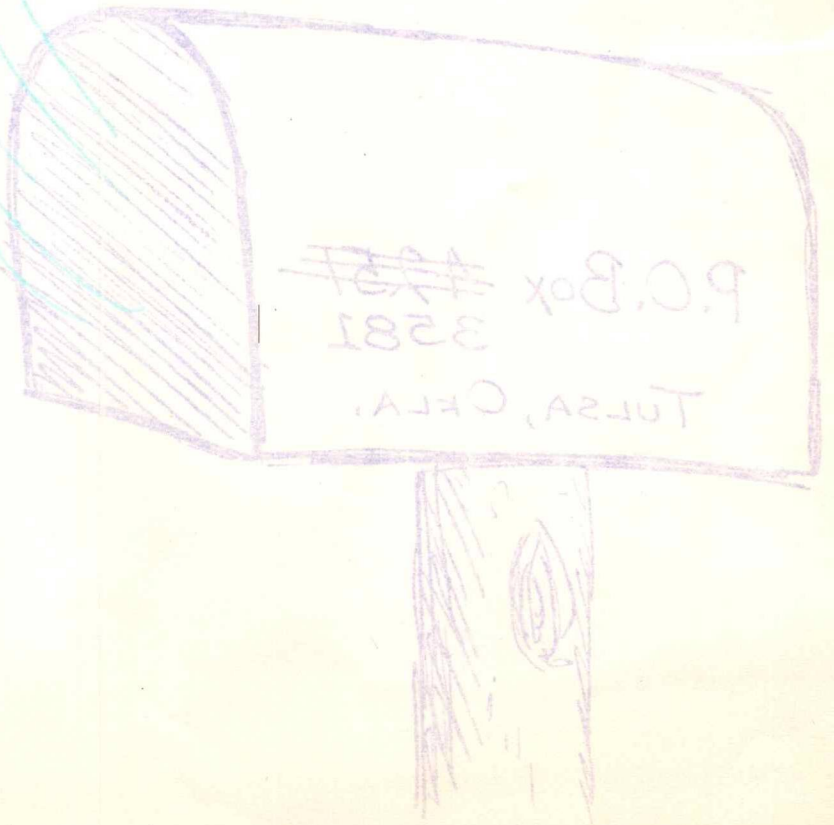
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RAMBO!



15

"The Sleeper Wakes!"



This is a FARA
post mailed 103
104

Well, bless my soul! Here it is, time for the annual issue of Sambo again. Not that we plan it that way...but that's the way it seems to end up everytime! Let's face it...I seem to be involved in too many damn activities to do a good job of Fapping! Every time I get a mailing, I am bursting with comments and ideas, but by the time I get around to putting them on paper, the deadline is past, and another bundle has arrived.

I do not intend to go all out and produce 60 or 70 pages as I did last time. This should be a normal, modest issue of 10 or 12 pages (we hope!) Also, this time I shall publish SAMBO ~~unobstructed~~ unassisted by Ron Parker (rest his soul) although I still don't know where I can find a Ditto machine to run these masters off on. However, you needn't worry about this, dear friends, for the fact that you are reading this proves that I found some solution to the problem, and if I did not solve it, then you are not reading it and...to Hell with it!

For any of you that might be interested in personal details...I am still at the old stamping grounds in Tulsa. The address is still P. O. Box 3581, although the zone number has changed again! This time it has been replaced with something formidable, called a Zipcode number -- 74152, to beexact! Ah me, such efficiency! Is this what our postal rate boosts go for? To support the people who keep thinking up such monstrosities? But I digress....I am still in Tulsa. Have had a few Fapans visit me during the last year, and have visited a few myself! More about that later!

Jobwise, I am still editing PETROLEUM ABSTRACTS for the University of Tulsa, and teaching a few classes in my spare time (lunch-hour). Each issue runs from 60 to 80 pages, and on a weekly schedule, that ain't hay! For relaxation, I still enter contests, do some barbershop quartet singing, and for the past 6 months, have been appearing in a dramatic production known as "The Drunkard" which has been playing, every Saturday night for 11 years here in Tulsa, at a place known as The Spotlight Club. It's corny, but it's fun!

The family seems to have stabilized somewhat. No more infant Martinez's sneaking in to free-load on the already groaning food budget. Looks like our five will be it! (We found out what was causing it!)

We have been having a particularly atrocious summer here in Tulsa. Temperatures hovering between 90 and 100, and no rain (except yesterday, when we had 9.1 inches in a morning shower that flooded out half of the town!) Fortunately we are located on high ground and were spared inundation, but we had a miniature Panama Canal running thru our back yard. We did decide this was a fitting farewell celebration for son Bob, although he was completely unmoved by the whole episode.



Well, please my soul, there it is, time for the annual issue of *Ecobio* again. Not that we plan it that way... but that's the way it seems to end up everytime! Let's face it... I seem to be involved in too many damn activities to do a good job of *Ecobio*! Every time I get a mailing, I am bursting with comments and ideas, but by the time I get around to putting them on paper, the deadline is past, and another bundle has arrived.

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Jobwise, I am still editing *PETROLEUM ABSTRACTS* for the University of Tulsa, and teaching a few classes in my spare time (week-days). Each issue runs from 60 to 80 pages, and on a weekly schedule, that's all right! For relaxation, I still enter contests, do some barbershop quartet singing, and for the past 6 months, have been appearing in a dramatic production known as "The Drunkard" which has been playing every Saturday night for 11 years here in Tulsa, at a place known as The Spotlight Club. It's a copy, but he had!

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THE SAGA OF ROBERT LEE - For those of you who are acquainted with my No. 1 son, Robert Lee Martinez, former SAPS member, and Stefan extraordinary, you might be interested in hearing a recent report on his activities. I know many of you have met him at Oklacon conventions, and many more at a Worldcon a few years ago, where he won a prize in the astronomical art division. (Incidentally, you should see the dilly he has whopped up for this year! This should indeed gladden Bjo!) Others of you have read some of his comments in SAMBO and in The Saturday Evening Ghost, his Sapzine. During the last two years, he has been attending Johns Hopkins University, which kept him fairly well occupied to the point where he had to drop out of SAPS. Now, he has made another change! Taking a leave of absence from Johns Hopkins, Bob has enlisted in the Peace Corps and leaves next week for strange lands. Specifically, he goes to New York for a week of red tape, after which he goes to a camp in Puerto Rico for some indoctrination, after which he returns to St. Louis University for special training, and finally goes to Panama for his permanent assignment. In case any of you might care to drop him a line, his address for the next 30 days will be: Peace Corps Trainee, Camp Crozier, Arecibo, Puerto Rico.

GONE WITH THE WIND - The 12th Shadow Mailing was really a shadow of its former self! In fact, my bundle consisted of a single-sheet copy of W'basket 6, decorated with a few hem-stichings where staples had once been attached! Note to Don Fitch, new Unofficial Editor, "Use envelopes, string, crates.....anything but staples! They don't hold worth a damn!

CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME! - As you California Fapans are already too painfully aware, I finally was able to make my long-planned, oft-postponed trek to the West coast, this Spring. The occasion was the annual Spring meeting of the American Chemical Society, of which I happen to be a member, and usually (pardon the typos...I know better, but corrections are so messy) manage to attend at least one convention each year. Anyhow, I did manage to look up as many fans as possible during my brief stay, and found them all delightfully hospitable. Dale Hart (that good man) invited me to stay at his pad while I was in town, an invitation that I promptly accepted. I arrived a day early, and had a relaxing day of fannish chatter and sunbathing on Dale's roof. On Sunday, I did a bit of fannish visiting, with Dale's assistance. First stop was Elmer Purdue. This worthy soul was quite astounded, having had no previous warning of my impending visit, however he bore the shock manfully. Unfortunately, he was planning to go to Burbee's for a jam session later on, so that our visit was somewhat curtailed. I tried to wangle an invitation to this highly esoteric assemblage, but found that it was strictly limited to the cognoscente (that's "cats" to you) and that unless I could jam on some kind of a musical instrument, it was impossible. So I modestly sat down at the piano and batted out a few choruses of Silent Night and The Old Rugged Cross, and after numerous conferences via phone, I was given the green light and allowed to attend!



MYSTERY IN ACK'S MUSEUM - There being a few hours before the big jam session, Dale was kind enough to chauffeur me around to visit a few of the California fen. First stop was at Red Boggs domicile. He was pleasantly amazed to meet me and we chit-chatted for a bit regarding fams, sex, jazz, art, and all those little nothings that fams chat about. Then Dale reminded me we had a long ways to go so we all shook hands, piled into the car, and headed ? ? ? well, some direction. Anyhow, our next stop was 4e's establishment. We had checked on the phone and gotten the green light, however we were also warned there would be some photography taking place during the afternoon. Sure enough, we arrived right in the big fat middle of it. We were ushered in to find 4e perched on a ladder, holding a greenish Frankenstein mask clutched to his chest and giving out with that old Pepsodent sparkle while two perspiring cameramen adjusted lights, focussed cameras, and sweated copiously.

Upon being invited to make ourselves at home, Dale took me for a quick tour around the fabulous fantasy museum, like which there is none other! I saw masks, models, artwork, photos, prozines, fanzines, nudezines (oops!), rare books, not to mention the "library alcove" lined with rare and exotic titles (on the wallpaper, yet), and certainly most exciting, the Famous Fantastic Monster Spawning Room, where 4e acts as perennial midwife for his little brain-? -children. Time was fleeting, so after a few more hasty looks about, we had to dash off, leaving still perched upon his ladder, his smile a little crooked, but still game!

THREE EX-PREX - Now came another dash across town, arriving just in time to coordinate with Lee Jacobs, at Elmer Perdue's domicile. After introductions (I had never met Leej before, except via tape recordings) we piled into Lee's sports car and headed for the Burbee establishment. On the way over we made a startling discovery. All three of us were past presidents of FAPA, a startling state of affairs which almost sobered us up... almost! Anyhow, we three has-beens (Lee, Elmer & myself) descended upon the Burbee establishment like a flight of locusts and were promptly led to the beer keg by the Living Legend himself!

JAM SESSION - Things were already going in full swing when we arrived. A heterogeneous assortment of musicians were giving out with that good old Basin Street beat (none of that progressive jazz!) and all the cats were really having a ball. If there was any music around, they kept it well hidden and, believe me, nobody needed music. There were enough people for several combos, and they would drop in and out so that the same combination rarely played twice. Egad, I even had to take my turn at the piano, every now and then! The biggest pleasure of the party was meeting Isabelle, another Califa who I had met before only via tape. She was a completely charming hostess, and later on when she brought out the roast beef... indescribable! The only thing I can't understand is how Burbee manages to stay so thin! With a cook like that around, he should look like Mr. Five-by-five himself! Isabelle showed me her secret -- a magic five-foot shelf of cookbooks of every size, shape and variety -- but I'm sure there's more to it than that! Isabelle also earned my undying gratitude by helping me run down Bill Roteler, who gets hard to find at times, I understand. On this particular occasion, he was up in the mountains shooting some pictures, but I did get together with him before I left.

Incidentally, I also had my first meeting with two other FAPAAs, Ed Cox and Greg Calkins, to be more specific. We even managed to crank up a little barbershop quartet singdog, but we didn't do too much of that. At a jam session, quartet harmony is about as popular as poison ivy on a picnic. Finally, like all good things, festivities came to a close. Leej pried me loose and provided

transportation back to Dale's establishment. At the same time, he told me his plans for getting away from it all, and taking an extended trip to Europe and other foreign shores. Sort of a glorified Halliburton trek, as it were. It all sounded dreadfully intriguing, exotic, and impractical to an old family man like myself, with five young mouths to feed, not counting Alice and myself. (See in THE NEW YORK TIMES that the projected trip is still on. Good luck, Ford, and take care of your wooden tubles!

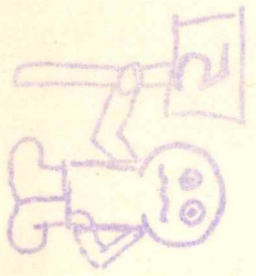
JUST LAST WEEK I was at a meeting of all of this feminist activity took place on evening at the... I was attending... and learning about... Dr. Carl G. Heller... about a new, synthetic... safe and cheap... the manufacture of sperm... pill per day. Sperm production... stopping the pills, which... as sugar pills. There is only... known as diamine, and that is... In fact, if he drinks even a half-a-... Naturally, this may discourage many... better living through chemistry!

DR. CARL G. HELLER, that good man, came over... one evening. I so... recalled him in the bare flesh, as it... I delivered... (Since I got tired of the... to be exact!) He managed to... I also discussed pin-up pictures in U. S. A... He was properly amused by some samples. He spent some interesting years regarding undraped females he had photographed, and... keep patrons from looking at their... A favorite trick is to position oneself in front of a customer,... straight in the eye and keep on gazing at him. The... to deliberately stare at the goodies who she is looking at him... and misses the best part of the show. Sorta sneaky, don't you agree?

ATTENTION MATHEMATICIANS -- Incidentally, I heard a rather interesting problem while I was at the meetings, which I thought I might pass on..... Once upon a time, there were three Indian squaws. One of them, an Apache, who was sitting on a deer-skin, had a son who weighed 150 lbs. The Seminole Indian, who was sitting on a buffalo hide, had a son who weighed 150 lbs. also. The third one, a Cherokee, was sitting on a hippopotamus skin, and she weighed 300 lbs. Now, the question is, what famous geometrical theorem is illustrated by these three women?



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The Seminoles
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 and for the first time
 were now a part of the nation's
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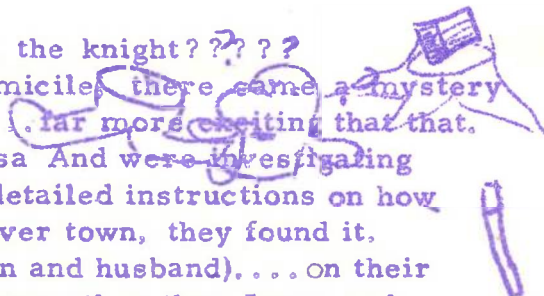
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WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PIE? Another delightful evening while on my Westward Ho jaunt, was that spent with Ed and Ann Cox. ~~####~~oops) Dale and Leej were along too, and a stimulating evening was had by all. Ann showed us her two most prized possessions... the infant Cox... and the owl collection. (Sorry, Ed, you got left out somewhere) A bit of nostalgia was provided by special brands of beer for the occasion, thanks to Leej... mine was Tuborg, bringing memories of beautiful Copenhagen..... I don't recall what the others were, but they were equally appropriate. Ann was fascinated with the graceful art of winning contests, and I gave her a brief run-down on typical techniques. We discussed California fans and their feuds, and Oklahoma fans and their foibles. We even spent some time discussing Ron Parker and his ~~peculiarities~~ idiotsyncrasies... anyhow, just after I got back to Tulsa, I received a card from the Coxes saying that Ron had moved to California, and that while we had been discussing him that evening, he was just a few blocks away. In fact, he dropped in on them unexpectedly, just a few nights later. Needless to say, I was surprised and delighted..... surprised to learn he was in California, and delighted to learn it after I got back! Ann, incidentally, fixed us a lovely meal, although she was quite modest about the whole thing. She had even baked a pie, however, something unmentionable had happened to it during the cooking, and it was banished to Siberia. I never did find out what was wrong with it! I was too much of a gentleman to ask, and Ann was too much of a lady to tell me!



SHIPS THAT PASS... AND ALL THAT STUFF... in the knight???? About a week after I got back in my own Tulsa domicile, there came a mystery phone call. No, I had not won a trip to Afghanistan. ~~far more exciting that that.~~ A pair of ~~lost~~ strayed fans were passing through Tulsa and were investigating to see if Martinez was merely a myth! I gave them detailed instructions on how to find my house and, hours later, after driving all over town, they found it. Two more FAPAns.... (Well, technically, one FAPAn and husband).... on their way to (you guessed it) California. In fact, it was none other than Jerry and Miriam Knight (Poor Bowitz was left locked up in the car!). While we didn't exactly kill a fatted calf, we did toss off a libation or two and indulged in fannish chit-chat until the wee hours. I guess I should have suggested a one-shot, but we were enjoying ourselves too much to be bothered. Finally, the travellers announced that they must be on their way and, despite protests, off they went. I don't know whether Tulsa is the crossroads of the world or not, but we do get a lot of fans passing through. I still remember one morning, when I went out to get the paper and found about a dozen sprawled out sleeping all over the porch. They were either going to or coming from a Worldcon, and were just passing through!



SUMMER SLUMP???? Theoretically, in the summer school lets out and there is nothing to do. Don't you believe it! Around the office it means we each have to take on a few extra jobs to fill in for the others who are off on a two-week vacation. Next week I take mine! I think I'll just go home and collapse quietly! But ~~####~~first, I had better finish this ~~#~~zine and get it in the mail. Verdad?





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 I think I'll just go home and collapse quietly!
 But... first, I had better finish this wine
 and get it in the mail, Verdad?

THE TROJAN HORSELESS CARRIAGE

by Oliver Jensen



Soviet progress had never reached greater heights, nor had the Marxist-Leninist peace offensive scored greater successes, than in the very year when, as we have now learned, the plotters of the imperialist camp managed to introduce their Trojan horse into the glorious motherland. It was in 1966 that the American government unexpectedly offered as a "gift" to the U.S.S.R. one entire year's output of its automobiles. The Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, after a hurried meeting called by Party Chairman Nikita Khrushchev, at once announced that the offer was a trick, and several comrades pointed out that since capitalism never "gives" away anything, the automobiles unquestionably were intended to exploit the toiling Soviet masses. It was likely, suggested one member of the Central Committee, that beneath the imperialist professions of goodwill and generosity, one or more dark motives could be found. He felt sure that they were weapons of colonialist propaganda, and perhaps instruments of germ warfare as well. Just before an indignant refusal was sent to the Americans, however, Party Chairman Khrushchev took the floor to point out the dialectical errors in these views. The offer of all these cars was, he said, only orthodox capitalist behavior. The Capitalist system was feeling the strain of the great Soviet industrial achievements, a condition widely noticed since the launching of Lunik, Marsnik, and Adromedanik. Forced to continue their mad pace of production, unable to stand another depression without a revolution, desperate for markets, the Americans actually preferred to make their automobiles and give them away than to face the possibility of closing down their plants. He called the Committee's attention to the sacred writings of Marx, Engels and Lenin on this very point. This was the crisis of Capitalism, at last. They must produce or perish, export or die.

"Comrades," he said, "this is a time for celebration! We might as well accept the automobiles!"

Thus the great mistake was committed.

The government accepted the offer with Soviet graciousness; our ambassador in Washington presented the American president with a gold model of the new "Extermination For Peace" rocket, and there was a great reception for American representatives at the Kremlin. As a mark of official favor, very few of the Americans engaged in delivering the automobiles were arrested or interrogated for more than a week. But the reception by our workers and peasants was ecstatic. As the wretched American machines poured across the borders and unloaded at every port, the crowds became uncontrollable. Flowers were thrown. The People's Police were unable to prevent the populace from leaping into the cars and driving away with them in all directions. Absenteeism at all farms and factories rose dramatically.

Aghast at this un-Soviet behavior, the party discovered, too late, the extent of the propaganda defeat. Because of a criminal lack of preparation by the press, the people failed to recognize the uncultured nature of the capitalist automobiles, or the need to turn them over at once to party authorities.

Activists were sent out to nationalize the keys and take the cars away to state garages, but it turned out that there were no garages, owing to defective planning, and that the crafty Americans had furnished duplicate keys. As soon as the activists were out of sight, the undisciplined citizens leaped into the cars again.

It must be realized that there were six million U. S. cars, and that, in order to maintain face, it was necessary to accept a second year's shipment also, this time of eight million cars.

Now, it must be admitted, the Party compounded its error. Under a new One-Year Plan, all other production was cut back (even including the plans for Milky-Waynik) in order to outstrip capitalist production of automobiles. Comrade Krushev announced that Soviet production would be double that of the U. S. A. and that all Communist cars would be twice as long. At the end of only eleven months, the glorious motherland had, alas, exceeded these norms, producing 16,000,718 ~~exceed~~ Soviet passenger automobiles! The following year, in which the Americans shipped ten million cars, the Soviet Union produced twenty-five million. The space and arms program was totally abandoned. Shock forces of people's volunteers from the other people's democracies in Eastern Europe, recruited to aid in production, had come in such large numbers that large parts of Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Bulgaria, and Rumania were left with few inhabitants. Still the race went on, until, by early 1972, there were 203,000,000 automobiles of all kinds in the U. S. S. R., or one for every comrade.

Two hundred and three million automobiles! It is scarcely necessary, in these unhappy times, to remind the reader what effect all this had. Not even the Capitalist countries had ever seen such traffic, in rows as long as the notorious New York bread lines. In the cities, the jams now lasted for five, ten, and fifteen hours. To reach a suburb, or one's country dacha became an all-day expedition. The old airports, near the cities, were converted into parking areas, but soon overflowed helplessly. The jet airports, many miles farther away, were almost totally inaccessible because of traffic. People who were travelling by air often did not come home for weeks or months, and a class of citizens grew up who simply lived at airports.

But what, comrades will ask, was taking place in the Imperialist camp? What was happening in America, shipping all its automobile production to us? Relatively little is known, owing to the destruction of records by the anti-Party group who, under Krushev, paid little heed either to our own agents or to the Capitalist press, secure as they were in their misinterpretation of Lenin, sure as they were that the Fascists were merely exporting their depression.

It is not known, for example, who conceived the Capitalist plot, or its exact details. We do know, however, that the shipping out of the automobiles achieved a great change in the life of the U. S. A. As their older automobiles wore out, traffic thinned on American highways, moving faster and faster. The cars that remained were able to be driven about rapidly in cities, and to be parked almost anywhere their owners wished. For lack of automobiles, many citizens returned to riding in railways, which had formerly been at the point of extinction. Laden again with freight and passengers, they improved and multiplied their services. It became much safer to drive, since the less careful motorists soon wrecked their cars and were usually unable to replace them. As trucks and buses left the highways, loss of life decreased, as did insurance rates and the discomforts of automobiling. In fact, motoring tended to resume its former place as a bourgeois

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Two hundred and three million automobiles? It is scarcely necessary, in these happy times, to remind the reader what effect all this had. Not even the Capitalist countries had ever seen such traffic, in rows as long as the notorious New York bread lines in the 1930s. The jams now lasted for five, ten, and fifteen hours. To reach a suburb, or one's country dacha became an all-day expedition. The old airports, near the cities, were converted into parking areas, but soon overflowed helplessly. The jet airports, many miles farther away, were almost totally inaccessible because of traffic. People who were traveling by air often did not come home for weeks or months, and a class of citizens grew up who simply lived at airports.

But what, comrades will ask, was taking place in the imperialist camp? What was happening in America, shipping all the automobile production to us? Relatively little is known, owing to the destruction of records by the anti-Party group who, under Krushchev, paid little heed either to our agents or to the Capitalist press, secure as they were in their misinterpretation of Lenin, sure as they were that the Fascists were merely exporting their depression. It is not known, for example, who conceived the Capitalist plot, or its exact details. We do know, however, that the shipping out of the automobiles scattered a great change in the life of the U.S.A. As their older automobiles wore out, traffic thrived on American highways, moving faster and faster. The cars that remained were able to be driven about rapidly in cities, and to be parked almost anywhere their owners wished. For lack of automobiles, many citizens resorted to riding on railways, which had formerly been at the point of extinction. Indeed, again with freight and passengers, they improved and multiplied their services. It became much easier to drive, since the less careful motorists soon wrecked their cars and were usually unable to replace them. As trucks and buses left the highways, loss of life decreased, as did insurance rates and the discomfort of auto-riding. In fact, motoring tended to resume its former place as a bourgeois mobility.

sport. People came to work and to their appointments on time. Production increased. The growth of walking promoted health. As the air became purer, free of monoxide and other oil fumes, the incidence of lung cancer fell off noticeably. In this connection, one of our agents in the Los Angeles motion-picture colony reported that the smog had lifted in that city, and it was possible to see without artificial lights during the day --- an almost forgotten luxury in the Moscow of 1971 and 1972.

Although the Krushev group in the Central Committee stubbornly refused to face them, other more sinister results could soon be observed. As the Americans spent less and less time hunched mindless and slack-jawed over the wheels of their automobiles, the arts of reading and even of study revived. The despised American Educational system began to move forward as rapidly as the celebrated Soviet one now declined. And on a more practical ground, the Americans, with so many fewer cars, found it no longer necessary to build roads. In some places, indeed, where roads had been built to excess --- with super-highways crossing thruways which in turn vaulted over parkways which bypassed ordinary roads --- it was possible to sell off and dismantle some of the uglier new construction. Taxes were reduced considerably, and the Capitalist economy enjoyed a regrettably strong new lease on life, a fact which did not go unnoticed among the neutralist countries.

As is well known, however, the errors of Krushev and his gang were not really unmasked by events until May Day of 1972. On that fateful day, after unprecedented deliveries of new cars and gasoline, every vehicle in all the Russias turned out for the holiday, an event which can never be forgotten. Except in a few country districts, every road was jammed solid, without an inch between bumpers, by ten o'clock in the morning. And still more cars came, off the farms, from driveways, from cellars, until by noon, nothing was moving from Leningrad to the Crimea, from the Urals to Moscow. There was not even enough room, especially with the comrades' tempers so heated, to back up or remove cars from the road. Only a handful of the usual throng turned up on foot at Red Square; the tanks and mobile guns of the parade itself never left the suburbs, where the tanks are still rusting to this day. Only one commissar reached the platform in front of Lenin's tomb, and he got there by helicopter.

Since the Central Committee was hopelessly decentralized by the traffic jam, only local action could be taken to relieve it. Derricks were mobilized in several cities to lift cars out of the way, but they could not get close enough and soon ran out of fuel. Plans were proposed in several districts to bring up trains wherever the tracts crossed roads, in order to push a few cars out of the way by brute force, and thus provide maneuvering space, but it turned out that all the engines had rusted out, after three years or more of disuse. Everything was thus frozen in place, and the citizens got out of their automobiles 5 to start their long, walks home. Unaccustomed to exercise, weakened by inhaling vast amounts of monoxide gas, hungry and disgusted, many of them gave voice to anti-state remarks. With the roads clogged beyond hope, nearly everything stopped dead in European Russia --- transportation, distribution, production, even government itself.

As of this moment, the picture of events is still not entirely clear. The Central Committee and Presidium have reorganized behind the Urals. News reaches us infrequently from European Russia, and it is not known what the state of Government is there, although there are rumors of the presence of ostensible American Red Cross parties and one confirmed account of a food shipment from Iowa, doubtless part of an invasion headed by that well-known food monger, H. Hoover.

It is cold in this road-free portion of Siberia where the Soviet government is holding out, and most inaccessible. But at least, there are no automobiles! For the mistake of N. Kruschev is now clear to all comrades. It was an oversimplification of Marxist-Leninist doctrine to say the Capitalists must export or die. Rather, they must export their automobiles or die of strangulation; this is the correct interpretation. And what Marx really said was: The automobile is the opium of the people.

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Now that the Tom Swifties have somewhat faded from the picture, we are being besieged by "elephant" jokes, here in Tulsa. I don't know how far this blight has spread, but in case you wish to be spared, read no farther!

Do you know why elephants have wrinkled knees?

Because they have been playing marbles.

Do you know why an elephant has wrinkled feet?

He wears his Keds too tight.

Do you know what an elephant has flat feet?

From jumping out of tall palm trees.

Do you know why elephants jump out of tall palm trees?

Because bluejays push them.

Do you know why bluejays push elephants out of tall palm trees?

They like to hear peanuts crack.

Do you know why elephants have red eyes?

So they can hide in strawberry patches.

Do you know why elephants have big ears, a long trunk, and a little tail on the end?

To make them streamlined.

Do you know why an elephant has such a good memory?

Because an elephant never forgets.

Do you know why elephants don't carry suitcases?

They belong to the Teamster's Union.

Do you know how to tell when an elephant is in your refrigerator?

You can't get the door shut.

Do you know how you can tell if an elephant is in the bathtub with you?

You can ~~see~~ smell the peanuts on his breath.

Do you know how to get six elephants into a Volkswagon?

Three in the front and three in the back.

Do you know what the girl elephant said to the boy elephant?

"You certainly have that ivory look."

Do you know why elephants have such little tails?

Because Nature almost skipped details.

Do you know the difference between an elephant and a prune?

They're both gray, except the prunes.

Do you know what Tarzan said when he saw the elephants coming over a hill?

"The elephants are coming."

Do you know what Jane said when she saw the elephants coming over a hill?

"The prunes are coming." (She was color-blind)

Do you know how to call an elephant?

"Here, elephant! Here, elephant!"

AFTEr THOUGHTS.....

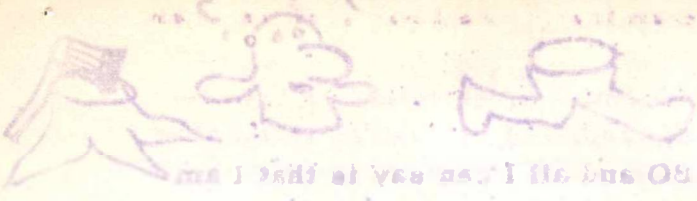


Well, here I am at the end of another SAMBO and all I can say is that I am bitter... bitter... bitter!!!! This has been the most frustrating issue I think I have ever put out. I am going to have to check my back files and see if there has been some mistake. Surely this must be issue # 13 !!! To begin with, I had trouble finding a spirit duplicator that was in working order that I could use. I found an old hand-cranked model, finally, and spent an entire evening getting the thing unstopped so it would feed fluid to the ossified wick. At last I got some kind of fluid distribution and by careful manipulation was able to milk out 68 readable copies. The next night I went to assemble them and found... horrors... a stack of purple and white mottle paper... every sign of letters had disappeared! The damn ink had quietly run together into a nice, uniform pattern... no letters!!!! No words!!!! No fanzine!!!! Worst of all... no masters!!!! There was nothing to do but bat the whole damn thing out on my typewriter again... which I did! Now, it is too late to get the mags to Eney and the only thing I can do is mail them myself individually as a postmailing to the last (103) or a premailing to the next (104) FAPA bundle. I'll leave it to you sharpies to figure out which. At any rate, I think I'm about done, if I can get this last page run off. No help at all, if I ever run another of these purple bastards, I'm going to get my head examined. As I said before, I am bitter... bitter... bitter!!!!



Trusting you are the same.

Sam



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To begin with I had trouble finding a spirit duplicator that was in working

order that I could use. I found an old hand-cranked model, finally, and

spent an entire evening getting the thing unclipped so it would feed fluid

to the cassette wick. At last I got some kind of fluid distribution and

by careful manipulation was able to milk out 48 readable copies.

Every night I went to bed with a stack of papers and a stack

of purple envelopes waiting for the next day. Every sign of letters had disappeared!

The damn ink had totally run together into a nice, uniform pattern, no

letters, no words, no lines, no anything. Great. All of my papers

were now nothing to do, but that's what I was hoping for. I was hoping for

nothing. It's too late to get the message to you and the

only thing I can do is mail them myself individually as a postscript to

the last (17) or a postscript to my next (16) bundle. I'll leave it

to you whether to figure out which. At any rate, I think I'm about done. If

I can't get the last page, the off... I'll get you another 4 more

purple envelopes. I'm going to get my head examined. As I said before, I am

bitter bitter bitter!!!

I trust you see the name.



[Handwritten signature]

From...

S. J. Martinez
P. O. Box 3581
Tulsa, Oklahoma

TO:

PRINTED MATTER
No commercial value

Earl Kemp
4925 No. Washtenaw
Chicago 25, Illinois

