

SAMSFAM

By its title, the novel *SAMSFAM* chronicles the life of its character through his relationship to his described family. He is a character because he is the son of another character. He is a generator, waiting to be the son of another son. He is Sam's son. He is Sam. He is the son of Sam.

We know him so well. We hardly know him at all. From what we can glean from the novel, we can know more of him. More or less!

We don't know his name. But we have heard them utter his name. We do not want to give him a name. We do not want to say his name because that gives him a reality separate from the stories of which he is a part. And he is no more than a part of a story.

Not the first in the story. He is the son. He is part of a legacy, and so he receives his identity as a son. The heir to the throne. The crown prince. The clown prince.

He is in many stories. One son, many stories. And so the son of many.

He is a pretender to a legacy; as legacies are so marked by pretense, this is only the most extreme. If in tending toward memoir, he hopes to legitimize his legacy, then we will only be too willing to record his will. We do not conspire with his legacy. We only hope to expose the edifice upon which he constructs his empire.

His is the legacy of the moment. And those close to him cling to that vision in the hope that they may be equally blessed in their pursuit.

In his squalid vacuity, he clings to the hope of a memoir to justify his tendencies. We are mortified at those tendencies because we have put him in the place to act out those tendencies. WE HAVE PUT HIM IN HIS PLACE.

When you say his name, speak Son of Sam. Only that phrase will capture the meager waste of his ravages. As their son, he will walk the halls of the house where they once graced an incomplete brutality. To complete the memoir only appears to justify the brutality. He is not the first. He cannot be the last.

He can execute only because they who follow his commands think that they can detect an identity who issues their orders. They know his name. They speak his name. I cannot. I know that he lacks identity.

I can only say Son of Sam. He is the Chief Executive.