

edited by
Steve
Stiles

Hello there, my name is Steve Stiles.

Big deal.

Well, I'm tremendously happy to have discovered the organization no doubt controlled by the infamous mercenary, Leslie Steven Gerber. Shadow Fapa will give me the privilege to be able to voice my full views without the danger of parental censorship. I'll be able to say "damn" and "bastard".....the flower of intellectual freedom!

Another thought which makes me giddy is the fact that I'm about 57 on the FAPA waiting list, which means I'll only have to wait six years before I can get in, if I'm still in fandom or still alive, that is.

Hey, I called Leslie Gerber an "infamous mercenary". I wonder why? To the best of my knowledge ole Les' isn't involved in any monetary pursuits, when then did I call him "the infamous mercenary, Leslie Gerber"?

I guess its because I like to call people infamous mercenaries.

I was sitting on the subway train today. Well, not on the thing, but inside. It is a dangerous thing to ride on the top of a cross town shuttle train. I was reading a book which I got for my uncle's birthday. Unfortunately, I had already gotten him a record, which was originally intended for my grandmother. My cousin will get the book on his birthday.

The title of the book was "Uncle Shelby's ABZ Book"; I highly recommend it. Anyway, it was quite funny, and I began to laugh. I laughed quite hard as a matter of fact---however, back in the rear of the car there lurked a Subway Preacher. A word about this phenomenon; there are two kinds of humans who like to sell their wares on crowded subways: small negroes with bongo drums, and Subway Preachers. You see, insomuch as it is impossible to escape between stations, these people have captive audiences. It's kind of a sneaky trick in my opinion.

Can you see the situation?--I'm buried, unknowing, in a very funny book, and hidden in the rear of the car is a irate subway preacher. As I began to read, he began to preach. About the time he said "the booka da Bible; itsa translated into a t'ousand tongues", I read; "Do you want a nice red lollipop? Go pour all the lye into the toilet. Now go tell mommy you have eaten the lye. (that is a fib or a little white lye) Mommy will take you to the doctor in a taxicab. After the doctor pumps out your stomach, he will give you a nice red lollipop.". I cracked up. Evidently the guy, and everyone else thought I was laughing at him. He began shouting about hell for scoffers, and people began moving away from me. And the madder he got the more he would repeat "the booka da Bible; itsa translated into a t'ousand tongues!". For some strange reason he seemed to believe that this would all instantly convert us, and that struck me even funnier, so that my laughing jag continued. It was a strange experience, being so

embarrassed, and yet not being able to control the source of it. By the time we had reached Grand Central station I was fearing for my life.

I showed Bob Stewart the rough draft for this, and he commented that I have a tendency to ramble. The result is that I've rewritten this whole page. Just goes to show how much the Void crowd controls my life. But gee, I don't think I have a tendency to ramble. Do you? Oh heck, just the other day I was telling a friend that I don't have a tendency to ramble. "Friend" said, "I don't have a tendency to ramble to it"....way, as a matter of fact this whole idea was b.....

Actually though, I rather enjoy a rambling kind of narrative; it kind of relaxes me.

I think I'll have some mailing comments. This mailing (#97) was lent to me by East Coast Al Lewis. If anything goes wrong, blame him.

Day Star--MZE Inasmuch as I'm a potential draftee, one could say that I'm obligated to comment on the now-current draft dodging issue. But I'm not. The question doesn't bother me, because my eyes are so damned weak, that'll never get in. I can truthfully say that I probably wouldn't enjoy my stay in the services, because as far as a organized authority is concerned I'm usually out of step---as much as I try not to be; I'm usually a very cooperative person. I think Walter shouldn't disdainfully dismiss cowardice as a dishonorable excuse. I think its an excellent one.

I will grant you, Marion, that you have stacked the deck against Walter's arguments by giving an extreme case as an example. One thing bothered me in your example; when you showed this miserable loafing bum, why--oh why--did you make him an abstract expressionist painter? (ahem!--will someone please hand me my soapbox.....?) Do you mean to try and tell us that only lazy bums paint in that school???? I'm an abstract painter (for this month, anyway).....(well, maybe that kind proves your prejudice) It has been my experience that a true and sincere painter does not "loaf around" while slapping paint on his canvas. In many cases action painters carefully evolve their explosive techniques after a long series of realistic studies. Not long ago I completed my first painting of that nature, and I did three black and white sketches, and five color sketches before laying my brush to the canvas. And the painting itself took me three weeks.

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Did you ever have a Vic Tenny man chase you down the street?
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Con--Bney A very informative and detailed report. Speaking of cons, I saw you at the Philcon, and shad the urge to say hello, but I never got around to it. You looked kind of forbidding, the way I used to envision Boyd Raeburn.

Melange #3 66The Trimble This is one of the most refreshing Trimble productions I've seen in a long time. I'll probably have a lot of fun commenting on it.

Who did the cover? I'm usually pretty adept at spotting styles, but this one has touches of both Hinge and Retaler.

It certainly is sad to see an old homestead about to be demolished. As cold as I imagine my soul to be I was rather bugged to see my grandparents' apartment building demolished. For one thing, they had been steadily improving their apartment until it looked like a place one might see in an ad. All that work replaced by a hollow, pseudo-skyscraper.

PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH ASBESTOS
UNDERWEAR by the famous S.W. Styles.



symbol of
symbol (right)

I wholeheartedly agree with you on your evaluation of Walter Breen, except on one point; there isn't a suspicion of a charming smile on Walter's face---it's usually quite noticable. Which reminds me: last week I was sitting in Metropolitan Mimeo, doing illos for Terry Carr (who has the same initials as Top Cat, I might add) and Walter Breen was staying over at this fabulous fennish landmark. Anyway, about 11:00 (p.m.) Walter began to get hungry. Only trouble was was that it was freezing outside...New York was giving its impression of the North Pole, and Walter didn't particularly feel like freezing to death. He voiced this several times. I was sitting there, and quite innocently suggested that he simply set fire to all his clothes. It was a simple as that. These clever solutions occur to me quite often. You have to understand the basic Steve Stiles mind; the mental picture of Walt calmly striding down the December pavements with his clothes afire, and with a calm bored expression kind of appealed to me. Of course the moment I said it I feel suddenly quite stupid. Walter doesn't smoke.

I was going to fight Ed Cox to the death for sullyng the honor of little Orphan Annie, but think I will merely say that I'm being wooed by his use of design in his background, his figure work, his word balloons (that sounds silly, but....) and the fact that the strip is full of prejudices and opinions.

I was going to say more, but I'm lazy.

oooOooo

You know something that makes me sick? I do a lot of traveling on my after school job (which shall remain nameless) and I have to brave a lot of crowds. Generally I carry a box, and I always brush somebody, if very lightly. During my hours most crowds are composed of women, since men are away at work. Anyway, whenever I bump somebody---and I have never severely bumped anyone, I might add---they always turn around, and in a voice calculated to freeze your blood, say "Excuse me!", or "Excuse me!", or "Well! Excuse me!". That's what makes me sick. I hate liars.

(moremailingcomments;

Ankus #2--Pelz It must be Trimble appreciation week around here; I really went for Bjo's "Duperman". Of all of her many outlets artwise, I enjoy her comic strips best. They're damn cute. And what happened to old Super Squirrel, anyway ?

Lighthouse #4--Graham & Carr This and Null-F #22 are, for my money, the two most sophisticated jobs in the whole mailing. It's amazing the peaks the VOID boys are reaching....I have been known to say that they're bringing in some kind of a teenaged Renaissance into fandom, much to the

discomfort of some people, nameless shall they be. And I see a sort of crazy parallel in this renaissance jazz; suppose these crazy Byzantine monk artists escaped from some cloister and espied, say, Michealangelo at work.

Know what they'd say? They'd say "this isn't art! It isn't religious; no skinny Christs..Mike is a fakefan!". Thats what they'd say.

Observant people may have noticed that Lighthouse's cover uses the same Atom drawing as NULL-F's; I hope that this doesn't upset anyone. If it does, I'd like to point out the completely disimilar colors and layouts. Those two factors make a big difference...I'll bet that there'll be a few who will choose to disregard them, tho.

Pete Graham talks about polls, Pete, I have a strange feeling you're putting me on. If you are, you're too subtle. Anyway, I'm stifling the mad impulse I have to send you the 5000 bucks; kind of a shame too--- sounds like the kind of poll where I can reveal all the traumatic experiences I've had. Did you know, for example, that at the age of six, a little girl locked me in a garbage can?

I intend to avoid the Chicago IQ test like the plague. For one thing, I have both a superiority and inferiority complex, and whatever results I'd get would be sure to crush one complex and swell the other. I like the way I am now; all my neurosis' are shakely balanced....

Golly gee, I sure enjoyed Ted's column with the Campbell interview. It gave me real insight into what the true aim of art should be. I'll just forget about all that fake stuff about contrast, color, design, shape, etc, and buy myself a slide rule. As a matter of fact, I think I'll just quit SVA, and enroll in the nearest engineering school; I may not be able to draw as well as van Dongen, Bernklau, and Douglas, but at least, maybe, I'll be able to strip a jeep in the middle of the desert!!

My feelings about the armies of various countries can be summed up in one happy little thought: in the event of WWII, who's going to need one?

Pennsylvania Dutch Septic Tank Food

At the left is a wild Steve Stiles experiment; translation: I'm fooling around just for kicks. Did you know that this is the second time I'm typing this? I forgot to remove the brown sheet the first time. Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the king?

Just finished reading Catcher in the Rye.

and for about a week I wrote like Salinger. That means something, I guess. Holden Caulfield was able to cope with reality? You are indeed Marie of Romania, Terry Carr.

Null-F #22--White Before I go into this, I'd like to comment on, or at least let you know how much I enjoyed, Null-F #23. However, you stapled it wrong. Do you think you'll eventually recruit Seitel to fandom? I can see you sending him retraction issue after retraction issue....

I'm goshwow about the art and layouts herein. Special interest was dug in Reiss' contents page illo, and Sylvia's baccover.

If it is true that there are a few people trying to blackball Walter, (and I can imagine who they are) I must say that they can't pick a more inappropriate candidate for it. How 'bout whiteballing people? Seems fair.

I consider "The Forth of June" to be well written, but rather depressing in mood. As a matter of fact, I can't recall ever reading any fan fiction connected with you ("Sometimes I'm Happy", "Blind Clarinet", "The Adversaries", "Fantasy Blues", "Campaign Liar", etc.) that wasn't depressing to some extent. No, wait; I take that back.

I'm a slimy coward.

You know that Ted White hates to be called "Teddy" ?

.....end

Essay Entitled "A Painting Named 2,300,000 Bucks"

Recently the N.Y. Metropolitan Museum of Art did a very stupid thing. It purchased a painting, in an open auction, for 2,300,000 dollars. A very immodest sum to say the least.

My first reactions were "Well, if you pay that much for bombs and crappy cheesebox office buildings, then you can certainly pay that much for a painting.". Particularly a painting by Rembrandt.

Art is a manifestation of beauty, and as such is valueless, and above value.

In such a situation pricetags are evil--but a necessary one if the artist is to continue to eat and, subsequently, to produce.

The painting of which I'm speaking is probably familiar to you all--not owing to the high qualities of the painter,-- but to the huge buildups it recieved in the-ugh-Press.

So, at first I was pleased when I learned that "Portrait of Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer" (whew!) sold for such a

huge sum. I thought that it was proof that American interest had not totally abandoned the arts for science.

But, when I began thinking about the possibilities of such a purchase, I saw some unpleasant possible results. These results were actually confirmed when I went to the museum for a first hand look.

There, placed boldly in the lobby, and heavily guarded--not to mention roped off for some ten feet--was the painting. Around it milled a hoard of rubber necks. It was quite a crowd.

After studying the painting for several minutes (which was rather difficult because of the crowd) I went upstairs to look at the other exhibitions.

The room in which other Rembrandts were hung was almost deserted. Many of these were far superior to the one hanging downstairs. As a matter of fact, using them as a scale, I'd give "Aristotle Contem; lating the Bust of Homer" a "B".

The implications are rather disheartening. It leads me to believe that no painting should be worth as much.

First of all, by paying \$2,300,000, there is an implication that this painting is more important than all the other, less expensive, ones by the same artist; this, I feel is entirely untrue. But the average man on the street tourist-museum goer cannot realize this. He usually judges value in terms of money. Thus he would be misled, and might receive a false standard of some sort. Not only that, but the high price might delude the average man into thinking that Rembrandt, and his style of painting is better than the works of El Greco, Van Gogh, Kandinsky, etc., etc.; this is a highly erroneous conclusion, and a dangerous one to boot. Nobody can point a finger at a particular school of painting and say "This is it! All other schools are inferior!" because the different interpretations of what art should be, appeal to different people. Art would really be a dull field if that weren't so.

And it is highly ironic when you realize that that particular canvas sold for such a high price merely because of the cold reasons of supply and demand. According to one source, this work passed back and forth between a few people, and with each transaction its price increased.

but an almost equally sad fact about this painting remains. The people in the lobby did not go upstairs for another reason. When they looked at that terrific painting, they didn't see wonderful composition, dramatic lighting, great contrasts and techniques; what they were looking at was money. More than two million dollars of it.

They weren't seeing the painting in its entirety! Thus the true value of it has been destroyed. It has been diluted. They should have just pasted the bills on a blank canvas.

-----end of the issue-----

This has been produced by: Steve Stiles
1809 Second Avenue
New York 28, N.Y.
Shadow FAPA
Mailing

six pages, that's not
too many.