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SAMI, edited, illustrated(?) written, and published by odd job
man Steve W Stiles,
Sam: A Labor Of Lub Pub. (Oh yes, incidentally , this Stiles
fellow resides at 1809 Second Avenue, N.Y. 28 N.Y....remember
the low, willyawillya?)
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This is a first issue, it is solely (perhaps unfortunately)
dictated by me for the time being. Having resolved that, a
question arises; what to write about?

Well, I could write about my trip to the N.Y. Metropolitan
Museum of art in which I saw some really impressive etchings,
lithographs & ink sketches, and woodcuts..giving me a sense of
wonder.

In which I stretched busts (sculptured heads, wise guys!) and
regained a fresh confidence in my work, and a resolve to do
more sketching.

In which I fell in love with fine arts, and determined to
concentrate more on them.

But I won't. Won't tell you anything about my trip, that is.

I read the gassiest book of essays by one George Orwell last
July. I shamefacedly admit that I bought the book partly
out of snob appeal, but found it well worth the money, maybe I
can risk a description without boring too many of you peepul.

The first essay is called "Such, Such Were The Joys", a account
of George's particularly horrible childhood at a private boarding
school. The trains of thought held by educators in those
days were unbelievably stupid and cruel; "...a boy's appetite
is held back by morbid growth which should be held in check as
much as possible."

Class distinction, based on the allmighty dollar, was
repeatedly drummed into young impressionable George, and when he
left his school he sincerely believed that he was doomed to
failure because he had to continue his education on a
scholarship. I'd go on, but I'd rather not elaborate on
how Orwell was made to hold the semi-belief that he was of
the lowly class at the age of thirteen. What fools we mortals
bel

"Cable that idiot at the UN and ask him if he's working for
us or the rest of the damn world". -Bill Mauldin, in "Back Home"

I have before me a letter from Chuck Devine dated Aug. 15,
stating that Guy Herwilliger has entered the twilight state
known and feared as gaffia. I know that the time this will be
published will be old news so I'm not printing it as such,
but to express my own regret; Twig was one of my favorite zines
and with the addition of George Barr might have reached a
new artistic zenith for dittoed fan mags.

Hope to hear from you, again, Guy.

You know, I just think I might be maturing fannishly; I say this because in the two years that I've been in fandom I've had my infrequent "zine dreams" undergo drastic changes in subject matter, and material.

In my earliest year in fandom I wasn't too active; I only subscribed to two zines, and got others by accident, therefore the things of fandom held no great influence in my dreams. They were limited to finding TC mags, and (in spite of what Dick Cheney said) the very excellent strip "Beyond Mars".

Last month I dreamed I found a stack of Satas, two weeks ago it was Astoundings, circa 1946, and then... (pretty gd shrtnd, eh?) then..last night it happened!

There was this mimeograph, see, and.....

DEPT. OF STUPID MISTAKES: I am not overly fond of big, BIG margins, imagine then my surprise when I picked up my dummy issue and compared it's margins to the one I am typing. Sorry, I'll try not to let it happen again, I'd retype new stencils but I've already done that with one page and really don't have the heart.

"BYE BYE BIRDIE" is the title of a play I saw recently at the Martin Beck Theatre, I think I'll describe it, it deserves some mention.

Briefly (ha ha!) it was the story of a young agent-composer of a rock n' roll singer, Albert Peterson (Dick Van Dyke) struggling to get publicity for his drafted singer Conrad Birdie (Dick Gautier, of course you realize who he represents.) and got married to his secretary at the same time. Unfortunately Albert has a coniving mother, Mae (Kay Medford) who has taken a disliking for said secretary Rose Grant (Chita Rivera) and does every thing she can do to keep Albert to the apron strings.

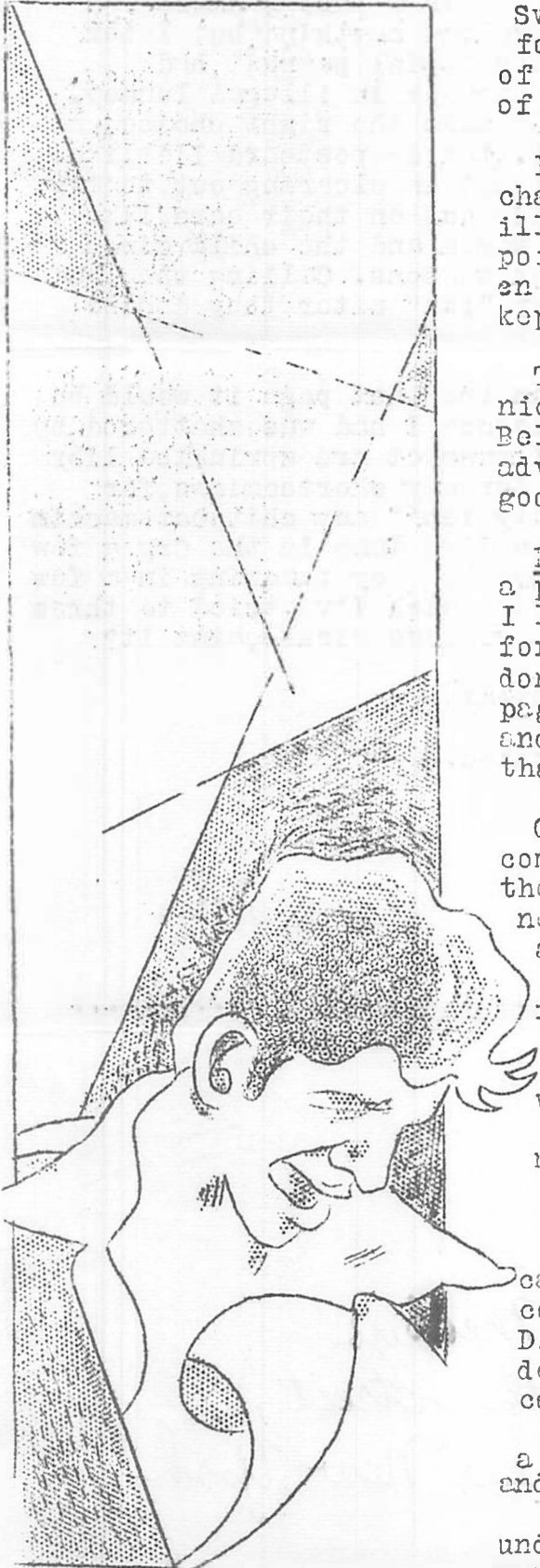
"Birdie" has a distinct flavor of Capp satire in places, examples:

- 1) "We, being of sound mind, etc, pledge allegiance to CONRAD BIRDIE and the united states of america."
- 2) "Conrad Birdie will show the world that American youth is the hope of the entire Western civilization"; Conrad aint no typical American youth, and is not a object for optimism.
- 3) "We Love You Conrad Birdie"-remember Capp's Lovable Jones who loved humanity and was despised by it? Birdie hates his fans.
- 4) "Honestly Sincere" a song sung in a unemotional monotone, while the mayors wife collapsed.

while the ironies were as funny as Little Abner's adoration of Gen. Bullmoose, they were not half as amusing as the antics of Mae Peterson as she tried to appeal to Albert's sympathies; "I walked here-the IR's too good for yer poor old nather!", "The day I knew would finally come at last has finally come at last!", "You'll find me in a open oven!"-hilarious!!/a sadist that's what Am, a sadist./

Finally Mae, who didn't want any relatives from south of the border (Rose lived in Far Rockaway) is defeated by the revolting Peterson, and slumps off the stage to the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, determined to walk the few hundred miles back to N.Y.-hilarious.

"My name's Sigfried, but my friends call me Geganrsbuch for short."



Oh yeah, the background was a town called Sweet Apple; Birdie was being drafted, and for a last publicity stunt had to kiss one of his fen (a fem, natch) to cash in on a song of his called "One Last Kiss".

In case you haven't guessed, the grimacing chap on the lower left is Conrad. I hope the illo will turn out all right; I used a ball point pen, and it's the first illo I ever put en mimeo stencil, you can understand why I kept it simple.

THANK YOU FRANK & BELLE DIETZ for a very nice party Aug. 31. Particular thanks go to Belle for being such a good hostess, and advising me to mingle. I did so, and had a good time.

FUTURE PLANS DEPT. A size increase isn't a probability, neither is a regular schedule, I lack time due to school. I'm not sure about format either; one thing for certain is that I don't want to continue to dope out four solid pages solo. In other words I need help, letters and single page literary contriubs would help that need.

Gadzooks! Sometimes a creeping feeling comes over me, and, if it isn't the cat, it is the feeling that perhaps I don't have the necessary enthusiasm that young fen are alleged to have. You see I'm seventeen, and, after two years in fandom, have finally decided to publish a puny four pager; almost a snapzine! Now it so happens that there's a fan called Jeff Wanshol, who; 1-is twelve .

2-has been in fandom a poultry few months.

3-just pubbed a 20 page fanzine-Gadzooks!

Recently Walter Breen gave me a fanzine called The Rumble and asked me to send a commenting letter to the co-creators Pat & Dick Lupoff. I forgot until now so I'll describe the situation briefly (chuckle) and comment on it.

The zine is mainly dedicated to describing a unfortunate encounter between a few Futuria, and some jd goons.

It seems that the Fu's were having a picnic under George Washington Bridge, among the assemnt were four women and one small child.

A particularly unsavory pair of juvenile delinquents santered up, and ordered the assembled to remove themselves from the picnic area because a rumble would soon be in progress with a rival gang. The request to move was ~~phrased~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~nice~~ ~~manner~~ not phrased in a nice manner.

The Futurians moved, not wishing to get involved anything, but later questioned their decision; after all they, in a peaceful pursuit, had yielded public property to a bunch of idiots engaged in illegal lunacy.

The Iapetis ask their readers whether they made the right choice, and since I was negligent in answering them via letter or postcard I'd like to answer them here. I think you were intelligent in clearing out, to try to toss the Missing Link and his Cavalier baddy out on their ears, like they deserve, might have endangered the four women and the child, since the goons might have had friends on the way, or weapons. Calling the law was the best solution. Why let them have their "fun" after they denied you yours?

THE PD BREAKS... WHEN HASN'T HE?: As I'm on the last page it would be appropriate to apologize (for whatever confidence I had was shattered by the borders on page one) for mistakes that I suspect are sprinkled liberally throughout these pages. I also apologize for any shortcomings, for not only is this mine not Fenac, but yours truly isn't any chitchat machine.

I've tried to avoid being too "witty" (as I've done in the Cry a few times, and succeeded in making a idiot out of myself) by throwing in a few serious subjects and to keep from being too serene I've tried to throw in a few light ones... in other words it's a vicious circle, aint it?

There's what I call cutting one's own throat.

Here's hoping I can get decent reproduction.

Blest,
Steve Stiles

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