



Alan Dodd!

SAM # 2 is just plain edited by ole Steve Stiles this issue...I have been swamped by a cast of thousands. Mimeograph work is by my brother...l4 and named Jeff, yet!

.....
 -Contents-(Gollygoogoshoboyoboyetc) :
 LETTERCOLUMN.....a lettercolumn.....
 General talk in various parts.....me.
 The Can Opener, by Mike Deckinger.....
 Long Skinny Heads, by Ron Filmore.....

Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline Street, South
Bend 14, Indiana :

"I liked your lil zine--my copy was a littl faint in pürts but I struggled to read every word--something I usually won't do when faced with fade away printing. I don't like N.Y.C. (Chicago is more my kinda big town) but I do envy you visiting the N.Y. Metro-politan Museum of Art and seeing plays like "Bye Bye Birdie". Ever see any of his Edward Hopper's paintings while going through art museums?? He is my hero as far as American artists go. ((I did see a piece by Hopper while at the Metro that day. It was a dry point etching, I believe, and displayed some great contrast. Ever see his "House by the Railroad"?))

You and your zine dreams--my fannish dreams seem to be about meeting-for-the-first-time various fears. Usually Alan Dodd--first dream of him was when we were both inmates of some English prison--he in the men's wing and I in the women's---we met when working in the prison post office (that would figure); twas all very grim and sad. Next dream Alan was a infuriating lil 10 year old snob in a Eton outfit--obnoxiously uppity--living in a moated castle...it was hate at first sight!! The final dream found me running into Dodd in London where I discovered he had a suspicious gang holed up in a cellar near Parliament--hideout with printing presses--he never did tell me what their racket was--conflicting or god-knows--anyway he was as sinister as heck. I'm getting leery of ever dreaming of Good Old Dodd again. Why, when he's such a darn nice guy, I should dream all this jazz is beyond me!!" ((Boy, you really put poor Alan

through the mill. The only fan dream I ever had featured ~~anyone~~ other than Leslie Gerber; in my dream Les got up to speak in a con hall, whatever he said couldn't have been very popular because almost immediately everyone jumped on the hapless dream Gerber and shoved him into a closet.

Which reminds me, today (Nov. 26) I noticed in today's (ugh!) Journal-American the following: "A more ominous note was sounded by Leslie Gerber, 16, Wingate (Brooklyn) H.S. graduate, now at Franklin & Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.: "In college, you don't have teachers, you have instructors, and that describes their function well. In most classes you are given the work and then you are on your own." This was in one of the teen columns.))

Len Moffatt, 10202 Belcher Street, Downey California :

"Thanks for sending SAM. Poddin my ignorance but what does the title stand for? Steve's Amateur Magazine? Stilos' Amateur Magazine? ((No; Stupifyin' Amazing Marvel - I'm trying to bring back the "good old days".))

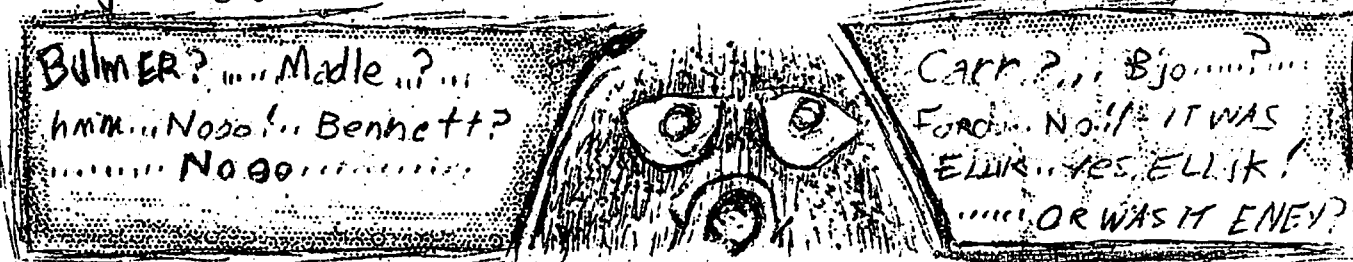
Yes, the repro was poor (he said, echoing the comments of other readers) ((YUP!!)) but the content was fairly amusing.

I enjoyed the short recap of the play, but then I'm a show biz fan. The illo for the play review was good -- in fact it leads me to the suggestion that it might be a novel idea if fan artists illustrated their reviews (of plays, books, mags, movies, or whatever). The illos could depict scenes from the item in question, or the review-artists impressions of the item....all sorts of approaches. Eddie Jones did this, in a way, in BASTION with his "As I See It" dept., doing a page of illos for Bester's "Tiger! Tiger!" What think ye of this idea? ((I like it well enough to use it sometime in the future. What think ye, Bjo, Barr etc, etc?))

OTHER LETTERS RECEIVED : Chuck Devine comments, Chuck's birthday was Oct. 6. By the way, Chuck needs written material for Pilikia. Mike Decking-er sends in a nice written piece, starting a new trend I hope. Next is Alan Boatman who offers words of encouragement. I just started on some illos for you Alan, hope I can send them to you before this gets out. Donald Franson sends out a query as to where I got the title. Don is filled with suspicion that I lifted it from Sam Moskowitz. Well, the plain truth is that I liked the sound of the word and used it. Harvey Kurtzman writes -- not that it had to do with SAM, but namedropping is namedropping! Dick Lupoff writes one of longest letters I've gotten, and I can't find it!

Dorothy Hartwell dropped a line, Dorothy is one of the most interesting correspondents I've ever had. Don Anderson sends a mimood note that he's in the hospital, and may be laid up until the end of the year. ---As corny as it sounds I hope y'get well soon.

Larry Ivie doesn't write, but wouldn't read my last ish since I didn't print his name, sooo...IVIEIVIEIVIEIVIE...o.k. Larry? Seriously though, Larry has started to draw for the prozins..all five of them!!- how disgustingly successful!



THE CAN OPENER

by Mike Deckinger

Someone once said to me that there's one subject which no one, but no one, can write about and that's a can opener. The can opener, he said, is such a steady and well known fixture in the average house that it is simply impossible for one to delve into deeper. Everything about it has been uncovered, and you might as well write a treatise of the relationship between the wingspan of a butterfly and a sardine's tail, than on a can opener.

This I disagree with. The can opener is a integral and meaningful object true, but it has'nt been totally exhausted in literature. I used to know someone whose hobby was can opening; honest, he lived for the day when he'd be all alone with just one opener and a dozen cases of unmarked cans. I've seen him in action before, and he has perfected can opening into a specific and dainty art. He's very jealous of his natural talent in performing this function and looks with disdain upon anyone who tries to equal him.

One day he announced to me that he had the overwhelming urge to go home and open some cans. If he had just casually informed me that he was a noted criminal whom the police were pursuing I could not have been more astonished. But since his statement fascinated me, and I had nothing else to do anyway, I followed him home.

The first thing he did was to spread a newspaper completely over his table. Then, from a side drawer he took a slim, rusty, yet eloquently proud can opener and held it up for me to see. "It's my very own" he said proudly in the same way he'd tell one of his children, "I brought it myself out of my own money and it is my very own. Would you like to touch it?" he asked me.

I said that I would, and so, very gently, he laid my hand on one knobby end and permitted me to stroke it.

"It's really very nice, don't you think?" he asked earnestly, all the while beaming in admiration.

"Oh quite," I was forced to admit, "I don't think I've ever seen such a appealing can opener as this."

He smiled again, and gently resting it on a table, went to the drawer and began pulling out metal objects and tossing them to me. "Set them up the table," he directed. "Them" were two about two dozen large metal cans, with the labels torn or soaked off, so that we had no idea what the contents were. "Now watch!" he ordered, and after a command like that I was powerless to resist. I watched as he deftly picked up the first can, shook it cryptically, and set it back down on the table. He then took the opener, attached it to the can, and very slowly began to turn it. He was obviously getting a great deal of enjoyment from twisting the knob and slowly unsealing the lid, though I must confess none of this pleasure was being transmitted to me.

"Ah," he said joyously, "it's almost open, what do you think we shall find in there?"

I had to admit that I had no idea what the contents would be; why there could've been anything from fried snails to pickled rat's tongues.

"It's the suspense of it all, isn't it?" he proclaimed knowingly.

Very gently he hooked the opener under the lid and pried it up.

He seemed to be undergoing a painful process as he slowly revealed the contents to the light.

"Peaches," he said glumly, "quartered peaches packed in juice."

"Is there anything wrong with that?" I inquired.

"I've found peaches in the last five cans I've opened," he explained, "nothing is so exasperating then looking for something new and instead finding peaches."

"Yes," I sympathetically agreed, "it must be quite a letdown."

"But some day I'll be lucky," he said loudly, banging his fist on the table, "someday I may find something of real value, perhaps an oyster with a pearl or a diamond ring or some caviar." Defiantly he tossed the can into a waste basket and picked up the next one.

"There could be gold in this," he said.

I watched him for a moment and then thanked him politely for the tremendous and thrilling opportunity he had given me, and left, just as he was setting about opening the next can.

So who says can openers are unexciting?

oooOooo

.....

THE ATTIC WORLD OF IRVING HARMON was something new in television. (Yes Virginia, tv does employ originality....sometimes.) As my feeble wit understands it, it was a series of skits, repeating again and again, revealing personalities of people Harmon knew indirectly. It was the repeating process which brought out the various twists in his character's personalities, it was also the repeating process, which because of it's alternation, rendered the whole program rather incomprehensible to the common herd and your Yogoith. (Moooo!) However, to get on; "The Elegant Man" was a series of shifting scenes, portraying E.M. on a platform waving, bowing, smiling, and you name it, at other well dressed people as they went by. Each time that they went by he'd get obviously ignored while a humble park clean-up man would applaud like mad, getting ignored in turn. Each time the "Elegant Man" would get more downcast, and yet, at his elbow he had a admiring and appreciating audience! Moral: Don't ignore your local parkman. "The Banana People"---Three people in trenchcoats are sitting on a park bench eating bananas. Footsteps approach, the banana people are thrown into highgear, their bananas are stuffed down hurriedly. After doing so they drop their bananas on the footpath, and then....they wait.

"Getaway"---A harrassed looking guy, obviously deeply in trouble, is talking rapidly to a doctor friend. The doctor continually gestures towards the door, urging a getaway. Finally the guy straightens his shoulder and runs straight at the door, which the doctor flings open at the last second, and into a brick wall! As the doctor sadly looks down at his pal he slowly takes out a banana and begins to peel it.

.....

RANDOM, DISJOINTED THOUGHTS : Tommorrow I've been committed to totter off to take a art scholarship test for Visual Arts, school of Walt Kelly, Harvey Kurtzman, Wally Wood, Williamson, Elder, and Lawrence T. Ivie. (Ther meantioned ya again, bhoi!) I feel qualified to take it, but I'll be darned if I ever won anything in my life. Oh well.

I seem to have forgotten to stick Martin Levine into the "lettercolumn" Martin liked the reviews, didn't like repro (me neither) and hinted that-- I interjected overtones of Mundania into SALL--undeniably true, still am in fact...interjecting notes of mundania, that is....I suppose I'm at that social consciousness stage--I'll wither up eventually.

LONG SKINNY HEADS

by Ron Filmore

"I mean he's a nice fella, but he just doesn't fit into our family. He's got this long skinny head, know what I mean?"

"Uh-huh."

"Nobody in our family ever had a skinny head before. He's the only one with a long skinny head. He's sort of good to her though. He's not really a bad fella I guess; he can't drink or play the numbers, that I know. And it's nothing personal, y' understand; I don't have nuthin' personal against people what got long skinny heads---I once knew a fella who had a long skinny head. Not as long an' skinny as his, but still it was pretty long an' pretty skinny. Well, he was a pretty nice fella, Jeff was, and he usta come countin' me like a real gentleman. ((Not a typo)) long skinny head and all. I hear he's pretty successful now...real estate. Sometimes I think I shoulda married him instead....."

"So it aint nothin' personal at all, but after all, he is married to my daughter, aint he? A mother's got a right to worry, aint she? Ya think I want my gran'children to go through life with long skinny heads?! To tell the truth I'd rather they were born with short fat heads, like mine. It's better that way, aint it? I mean at least they won't go through life lookin' like Coney Island freaks, right?"

"That's right."

"I mean it aint like I'm prejudiced, is it?"

"Of course not, it's just that you don't like people with long skinny heads, that's all."

"I can't stand them." oooOooo

" If we were meant to go to Mars we would've been given the means."

JEFF WANSHEL DOES IT AGAIN, and he has some nerve too; I was talking to Dick Lupoff at a fan meeting recently, talking about whether or not #2 would be out, and why not, when in walks Jeff, who promptly picked up a bundle of wonderfully mimeed sheets--his dissembled fanzine. It ran to around twenty pages, not a typo anywhere. I just don't know, I just don't know. This younger generation.

THE AMERICAN LEGION DOES IT AGAIN TOO, around about Christmas time the ----- branch of the Legion, out in Jersey, announced that there would be a Christmas rabbit barbecue. Rabbits would be supplied by flushing a few hundred out of the brush, and then clobbering them with baseball bats, or mashing them with their bare hands. It was all family participation.

Sort of reminds you of "The Lottery", doesn't it? Jolly Yuletide fun--good will, joy, joy. Of course this raised a storm of protest, rightly directed I think, at the bunny bashers. To this the highest muckity-muck at that post-chapter-whatever replied; " We won't tolerate interference from outsiders. Were having another one next month." The best fun they have though, is at Easter--man, those kittens!

I'VE BEEN BRAINWASHED IT SEEMS, remember "Bye-Bye Birdie"? We've got the record, and darned if I haven't become addicted to "Yuh Gotta Be Sincere"--

"If yuh wanna be sincere-bum-yuh gotta fool it in here, to becc..sin-hin-ccccccccc! Oh baby! Oh honey! Oh darn!

New York is a dangerous place: I innocently (or almost innocently) went up to good ol' 1809 Second Avenue to try to talk ~~publishers~~ of this affair out of some illustrations. He, sneaky soul that he is, talked me out of some words. These. Be ye warned.

Steve tells me that folk keep telling him his art work looks like that of Dan Adkins. I can't see what's wrong with that; I like Dan Adkins' artwork. Steve, upon the other hand, insists that he is not copying Dan. Steve suspects, however, that the similarity may stem from the fact that both he and Dan probably drew their original inspiration from the same sources: EC Comics, Wallace Wood, and others. Both, oddly enough, seem to be trying to grow out of those early influences.

Steve's library shows the usual wide range of taste in reading material that publishers of fan magazines usually have; in sight are "Art Through the Ages", some Rex Stout mysteries, some Saint books, a small handful of Tarzan ((How can Tarzan be a small handful?)) (Simple - there only a few books of him on the shelf.) ((The Tarzans are kept strictly for sentimental reasons, I want it understood.)) several shelves of fanzines, SF magazines, and SF hardcovers.

This trip was, I should say, pretty successful: Steve took several manuscripts to illustrate, and almost apologized for being unable to do the illos in less than a month. This is fast work for an artist, and I happen to like Steve's work - particularly the so-called Adkinshish style, which Steve himself says he does not particularly like.

Steve says he feels like a louse making me do this writing. I fail to understand why - all I'm doing is nattering along on his very old Underwood standard, which typer I am sure the Smithsonian would like to have if they only knew about it. I am a bit confused by such odd keys as the ' , the ' , the # and # , the ! and ! , and finally . . . It is quite a typer, and as I said at the beginning of all this, New York is a bewonderworthy place, and Steve and his typer are three of the reasons why.

George F. Sullivan

((Well it was good enough for Woodrow Wilson!))

.....
Steve Stiles
1809 Second Ave.
N.Y. 28, N.Y.
.....

printedmatteronly
maybeopenedforpostalinspection

Edmund R. Meskys
723 A 45th St.
Brooklyn 20, N.Y.

