

SAM

This is the third issue. This
is also the third stencil I've
tried to type this on. Send your
advice to: Steve Stiles, 1809
Second Avenue, New York 28, N.Y.
"Give up." will not be appreciated.

I haven't gotten any letters lately; time to put
out another issue of this thing. This is the annish
so I've expanded this issue to 80 glorious pages.

Count them, run them through your fingers, glory in
the quantity of it all. But don't be suprized if
some pages are missing--after all, I have a small
stapler. I had another editorial hanging around. It
was written under the influence of a raging fever; I
wanted to see if delirium would influence me, but I
can't seem to find it. Gee, maybe I was completely
delirious. I almost forgot to ~~mantain~~ the illo
over there on the right; you see there's this light
cord, see, and it doesn't work...naturally the only
thing to do was to tie a 5 lb. magnet to the
end of it. It hangs over my head as I type. It'll
make quite a impression some day---either on this
1918 typer, or my head. Just call me Damacles.

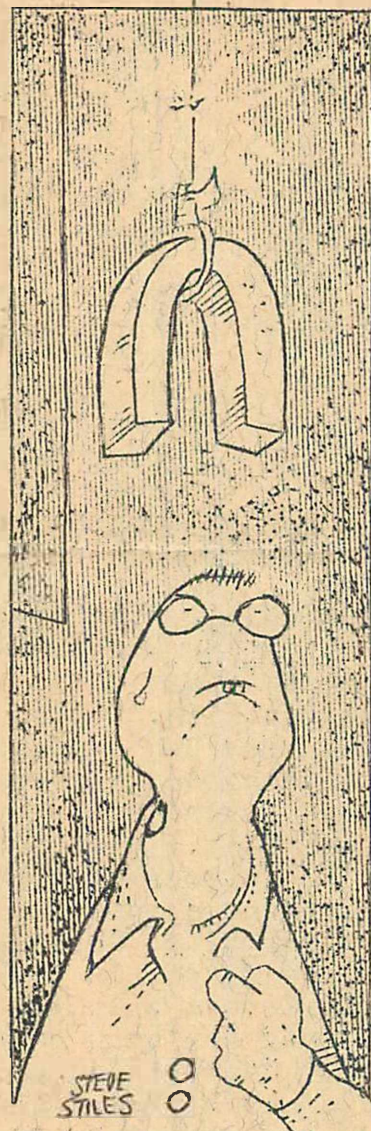
LETTERS

(a, b, c, etcetera!)

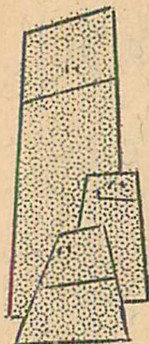
Suzy Vick, P.O. Box 269, Lynn Haven Florida :

I won't complain about legibility, or lack of it,
because Shelby has a proposition for you. ((I do
illos for Confusion, and he runs off SAM.)) Gee, I
never dream about fans. Once I even tried to sleep
with Bob Tuckers picture under my pillow for
inspiration, but no luck. Anyway, Shelvy found out
about it before I could get to sleep. How old are
you, boy? I'm not being nosey; I have my reasons. I'm
tired of being classed as a "older woman", so now I
look before I, etc. Everytime I find a fan I really
like he or she turns out to be still propped up in
in his/her stroller while waiting for the bottle
to warm up. Or else they're nearly as old as
Shelby and that's too old to be any use at all.
((Well, "older woman", I'll be 18 July 16, but you
must admit that's not my fault. And I shave too---
at least once a week.))

Shelby Vick: turn the page, dear reader.



READ FOR TALE



THE READERS

Shelvy: Don't have much to add to what Suzy said anent SAM; I agree all the way (except that crack about my age, of course) but I will add that I'm glad to find another Saint & Rex Stout fan. Hmmm; maybe we should run another pole; how many Saint fans are there among s.f. fen? Just recently Les Gerber informed me that he too was a Saint fan, and I remember others who were also ardent readers of Simon Temblar.

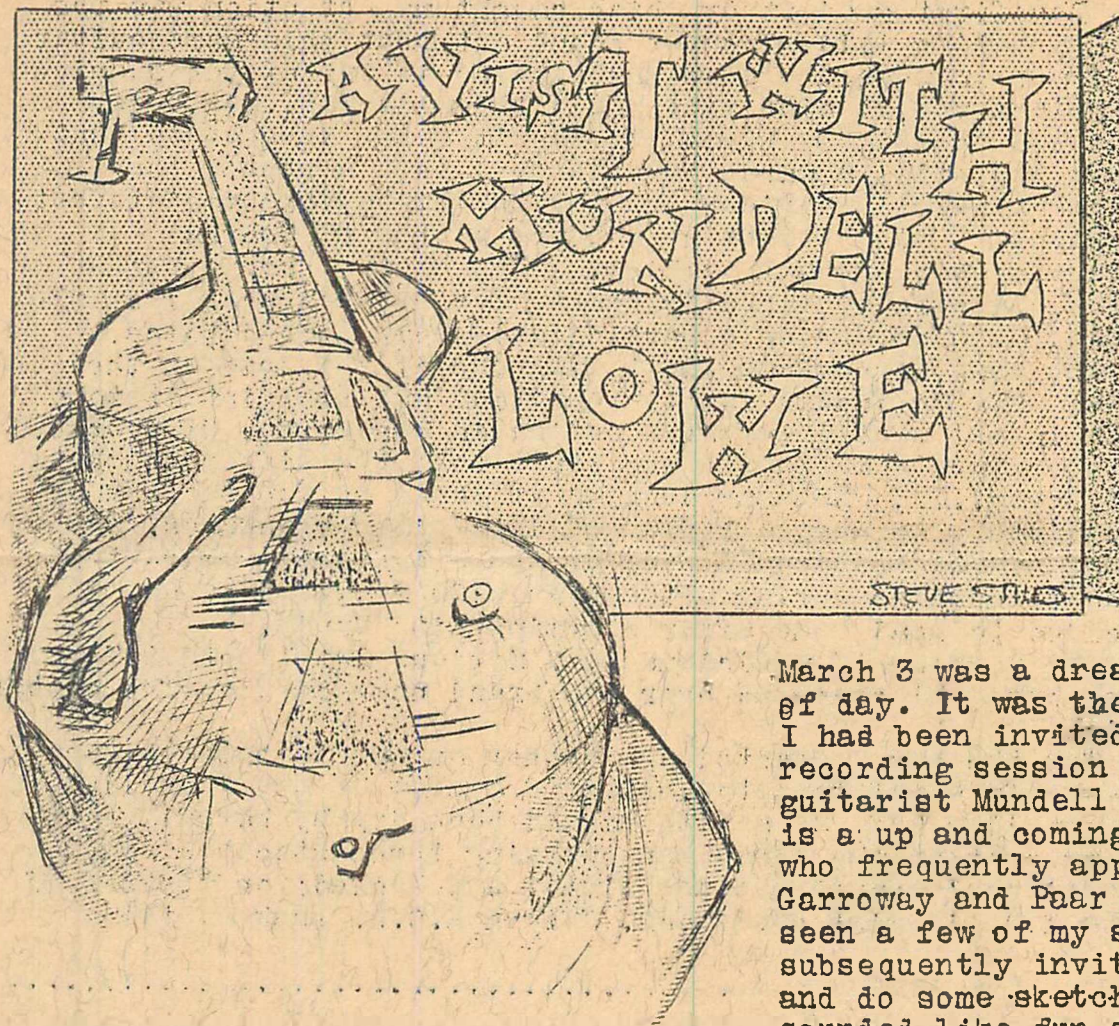
Don Wollheim says; "Recieved SAM#2 to my bemused amazement. It brought tears of nostalgia, for my own days of mimeographing for your fine, clear, mimeo work ((?)) is every bit as good as my own-ugh--fanzine back in the dawn of time." ((Are you sure those tears were caused by nostalgia?))

Phil Harrell, a student ben, writes about cotton candy and concludes: "I seem to remember throwing it on the ground and jumping up and down on it until it had been reduced to nothing

but a dirty lump of nothing. Talk about satisfaction." Chuck Devine comments that whereas Sam#1 had been refered to as "four illegible pages" Sam#2 is six illegible pages. This is what is known as progress, Chuck. Bob Lichtman suggests I find a new publisher. I did. He suggests that I do more illes. I did. He suggests that I try solo rambling and cut out-side contriubs. I did. He suggests that I try doing a dittoed comic strip. I will, for Bob Jennings. You have pull Bob Lichtman. Betty Kujawa liked the Dodd illo, saw "House By The Railroad", and regrets missing the Harmon experiment. You shouldn't be Betty; the thing was a rather dismal flop. Alan Boatman comments on Mike Deckinger; "It's amazing how he latches on New Fanzines so darn quick." Harry Warner describes a morphine dream. He isn't a junkie, but has been in the hospital of late. Martin Levine: "Mike Deckinger's piece was too cute, and Ron Filmore'd a barely worth reading. I did enjoy Betty Kujawa's letter though, your illo, the general talk, and the back cover ramblings. ((Which was by George Scithers)) Reproduction and typing were pretty bad again on the first two pages ((which were done by Jeff, the next four wonderful pages were done by me on my mother's PTA mimeo. This issue may be run off on grandad's office machine. I believe in keeping things in the family.)) Alma Hill advises me on the cares of tending a mimeo. Thankee Alma. Dorothy Hartwell has twisted her ankle....it's probably healed by now. Don Thompson thought that "Long Skinny Heads" was pointed satire, dulled only because he's had experiences with that type. Dick Schultz, who I absolutely refuse to refer to as RIP (too morbid) sends me "Das Staatengeschichte Wissenschaft Und Ich #1", and modestly asserts that in trade for SAM I've recieved the bargain. I'm not in a position to dispute that yet Dick--your title is so long that I havent been able to read past the title yet. Bob Jennings also offers to run off SAM. Gee. He also reports that he had a dream in which Barr, Prosser, and I were illustrating manuscripts. Goshwow.



March 3, 1961



March 3 was a dreary, dismal kind of day. It was the day on which I had been invited in on a RCA recording session with jazz guitarist Mundell Lowe. Mundell is a up and coming young musician who frequently appears on the Garroway and Paar shows, he had seen a few of my sketches and subsequently invited me to come and do some sketches. The idea sounded like fun so I accepted.

I was kind of hesitant about entering the studio when I arrived; they might've been doing a take and I have a terrific ability to make doors creak, or trip over chairs--the idea of being shushed at by some dozen artists unnerved me. After cautiously applying a ear to the door, and hearing nothing, I poked my way in. Come to think of it, this could've been a mistake since I imagine studio doors have sound-proofing. My first impression of the interior was the feeling that I had wandered into a electronics lab; cables, booms, mikes, and other equipment were in vast profusion, not to mention electric guitar wires, and almost obliterated the musicians.

I had rather feared that I'd be hustled off to a partitioned area of the studio--is that called the control room?--which, I suppose would've been interesting--but instead I was invited to find a seat on the outskirts of the group. This was more to my liking, I felt much less an outsider, with a bit of imagination I could lean back & pretend that I was a revered pro, playing some important function by listening. However I didn't lean back, instead, when Mundy and his people started I took out my pad and began to sketch. Originally I had planned to just sit and listen, however the process of creation is infectious---I found it impossible to not draw; the very rhythm of the number ("Out of This World" by Allan) was conducive to the strokes I like to use. The piece

was magnificent. The first good study which caught my attention was the guitar, used in the heading illo. I later found out that this same guitar adorns a record cover in much the same position, so if any of you suspicious people see this cover, it ain't what you'd think it was...is...am.

The next number was called "Do Right", it wasn't quite as good as "Out of This World", but was still a marvelous piece. I then sketched the booms and mikes, which were in various angular positions, forming interesting spacial relations. I also worked up a quick sketch of George Duvivier---he was the only one not looking. The control room crew weren't at all lax, and were continually asking for retakes, both from the group, and individuals. Once, during a particularly complicated piece, Ethel, evidently The Boss, found some fault with one of the trio on the reeds. How she was able to find a faulty rendition and pinpoint it to a specific musician in all that interwoven action is beyond me. Of course, I understand that there are some people who can't tell the difference between Picasso and Leger..... Someone decided it would be fun to play in the dark, and immediately we were all plunged into pitch blackness. Their audio system was fantastic; it could pick up the slightest murmur--this made me worry about sneezing during a take. At 5:30 a coffee break was called and I decided to head home after chatting with Mundy.

As I left I heard a group of musicians in a Serious Intellectual Type Discussion---they were all croggled over the brahd name on a coffeecartom; Kickapoo Joy Juice.

While waiting for the bus I debated on whether or not to enter a back-date book store in front of the stop. After a moment or two I decided in the negative--I consider N.Y. as a city picked bone dry by bargain hunters. As I took my seat on the bus a man carrying three stacks of magazines got off, curious I leaned out the window and looked; on the top of each stack was a E.C., in mint condition. I love E.C.s. Luck of the Stiles'!

.....

Chapter II: After A Visit With Mundell Lowe; As the bus speeded home I held a mental debate on whether or not to get off and fatten my collection of Entertaining Comics, however it looked like rain so I promised myself that I'd go another time. (I still haven't). When I got home a letter from the Visual Arts scholarship committee was perched on the table. Suddenly I felt quite sweaty. " It's probably just to tell you when to pick up your portfolio." mom said glumly. I opened the envelope.

The first test I'd taken was ROUGH--30 points were for a knowledge & psychology test, 35 points were for a drawing test, and 35 more points for a exercise in cutting stiff paper; the last was something I'm completely inept at. When I was finished it looked as if I'd used a dull butter knife, rather than a razor blade.

I was feeling rather low when I went home, therefore when I was requested to submit my portfolio I was rather suprized. Hectic days were spent mastering the art of matting, and consulting friends, among them Larry Ivie, on the pieces to be submitted. Letters of recommendation were secured from Vernon Greene, who does "Bringing Up Father", & Sid Couchey, who does "Little Lotta" for Harvey comics. The big day arrived: the first thing my interviewer, Mr. Donato, asked was why I was so nervous. I denied it and assumed a toothpaste grin. His questions had my mind spinning like a turbine, but I managed to be quick enough. One thing which particularly

interested him was my mention of SAM. I made out like it was a big intellectual production, answering social questions and the like--boy, am I a liar! Donato, taking a sadistic turn, showed me my score on the paper-cutting problem. If I can help it, it'll forever be a mystery to the outside world. As I've indicated, the questions he fired at me were dillies. To wit: "Name three books you've read this month.". Now it sure is the mortal truth that the normal fan is a extremely literate type--and that's understating it--however I couldn't very well mention s.f.; this guy wanted literature. As it turned out I had been reading Dostoyevski that week; at the moment, though, all I could remember was "Spartacus", & when asked for a opinion, I completely forgot about the Spartacus-Christ symbolism that ran rampant through the book. Sheesh.

Another query was "What office have you held in your school?". I weakly explained that I had run the gantlet in JHS, but... (and here I mumbled something about being a bullfrog in the ocean) Other questions, fortunately, were easier; "What are your favorite schools of art?". Impressionism and cubism. "Who are your favorite artists?". Picasso, Seurat, Monet, etc.

Then my portfolio was examined. While waiting to be interviewed a fresh fear had sprouted on my horizon; while my portfolio had 11 pieces, other students had arrived with huge canvases & bulging 'folios.

Two of the pieces submitted may be familiar to fandom; one was "Lonesome", a drypoint etching that was in the Pittcon art show. The other was my pseudo Twig Illustrated cover on Pilikia #3.

However the piece which really caught his attention was a large watercolor which I put in at the last minute. He kept on coming back to it, and finally he asked me if I'd been influenced by some guy with a Italian sounding name.

(first Dan Adkins, and now this...!) Later, at a old print show I think I discovered who the "Italian" was: a 15th century Japanese artist named Mordikuni. We both sort of use a free, bold brush stroke...or used in his case.

After the interview I went home in a bouyant, uplifting surge of undiluted pessimism.

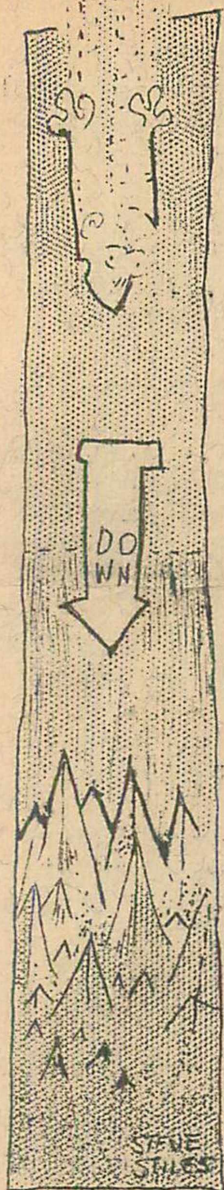
Having opened the letter I read the first few lines; " Dear Mr. Stiles, It gives us pleasure to inform you....". Need I go on? At that moment I couldn't; I was strangely out of breath at the time.

The scholarship I've won is for three years, and is a terrific financial relief in so much as the tuition would've cost us \$ 2160.

By the way, I got 10 on my portfolio, and likewise in personality and responsiveness. Like, wow.

oooOooo

Earnestly desired: Farside# 1,2,3. Sata #3. Stellar #6,7,8. Any Insides.



I had planned to run a caricature by Vernon Greene of me on this page. However, I unfortunately made the mistake of mounting it, and without a lighting table I really can't do it justice. I really hate to let down all you hundreds of curiosity maddened fen. Just the other day I became acquainted with the tragic situation through a conversation with J. Allan Youngyouth. "Gee Mr. Stiles", he eagerly said, squinting with his beady moist eyes, (his glasses were broken--the squinting made his eyes water) "I aint never seed a BNF before." (the glasses again) It deeply touched me. "Son", I said, tousling his boyish, 34 yr. balding head "I'm deeply touched."

Actually, to stop lying, the real truth is that we had a ex-fan unexpectedly drop in on us, and vigorously pump my father's hand. I understand that he was rather embarrassed, so I thought I'd clue you people in. Don't want anybody also making mistakes.

Have I mentioned Greene before? He used to also do the comic "The Shadow", and is a very nice guy.

Strangely enough I feel fairly confident that I'll get decent reproduction, I suppose I should know better after past experience but I've taken various precautions this time. I've used carbon cushions, typed double, and purchased a bottle of corflu. Not only that but applause must go to good ol' Ted White for running this off on the fabulous QWERTYUIOP press. Clap, clap, TEW.

In so much as I'll have plenty of spare time this summer, and probably during my school year, it may be possible to put this out much more frequently. I've even contemplated a July issue...for 1961! I've also gained the use of a multilith, not to mention the Twig press, so in all likelihood I'll have freedom in the art dept.

End of propaganda. Write.

SAM#3

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