

15 Nov 61

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ON THE NEXT PAGE: On the next page my alter-ego makes a rather stupid remark; "This is possibly the August issue." Well, obviously it's Sept., and for all I know you may be getting this in October. I realize that if the reasons for my delay were made known to you, wells of tears would spring up from many hardened hearts. No doubt about it. However, it is not for me to complain; instead I shall stand off from the enquiring multitude, with button down lips, as it were. Yes indeed. It will be hard. Which all goes to prove that schedules should be left to competent people.

In the latest Fanfaronade Ted White talks about Images, you know; the kind of identifying mask one slips over the naked self; having one one can attend conventions and indulge in fanac in such a way that people can say "How Ted Whiteish". Of course if you're not Ted White this doesn't apply to you. Anyway, the whole thing made me stop and think...for eighteen years I have been going around in the nude! I've been totally without any image whatsoever. So lately I've been going over the files of my mind; do I have a Reiss, Adkins, or White image? The search for self identification goes on.

Speaking of Reiss, I was talking with him a few weeks ago. We were at Ted White's place, and I had noticed this apa mailing which seemed quite imaginative in regard to artwork. There was even some stuff which looked like the work of Klee. It was pretty fascinating. In one zine there was a sample of sand pasted to the back cover. (Al Lewis, my coeditor-columnist informs me that he's seen apa zines with seed & sea shell samples--wild, man!) "Look at this, Andy," I said, waving a few rolled sheets in front of him. "Why can't genzines be this imaginative?" Reiss opened his mouth to speak; but just then a friend of his got a prospective model on the phone, and he turned away, And Was Distracted. So now I'll never know.

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SAM-4. Published by Steve Stiles...or Ted
White, actually. I just do the editing.
Comments should be send to; 1809 Second
Avenue, New York 28, N.Y.
.....

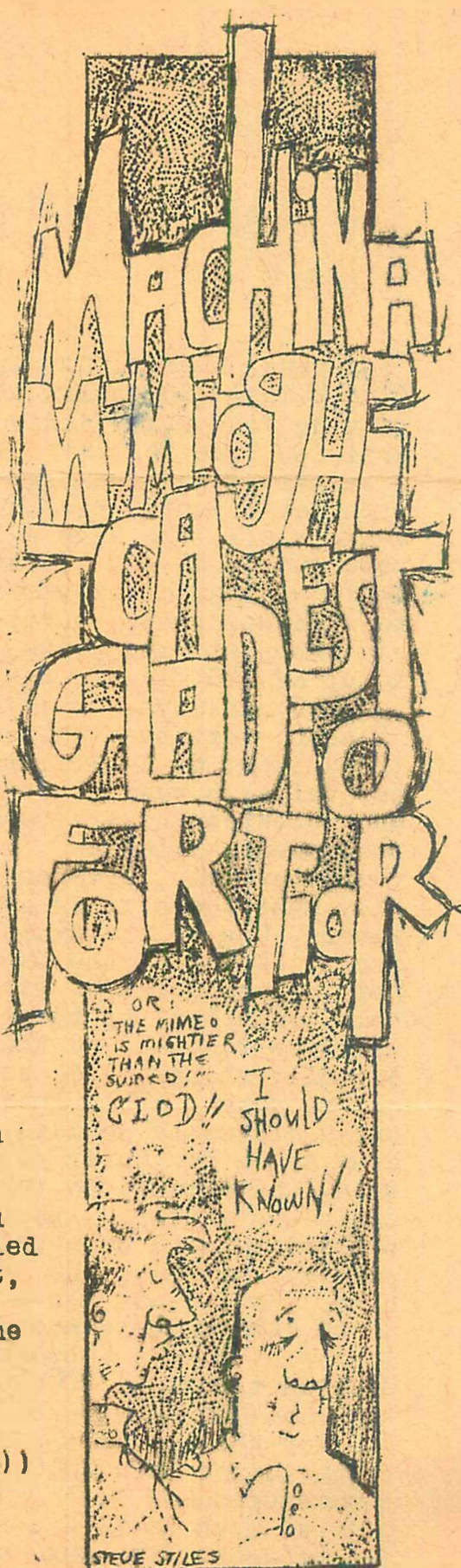
THIS IS POSSIBLY THE AUGUST ISSUE, or
maybe the September issue...in the previous
number of my creation I blandly mentioned
the possibility of a July issue--well, I'm
too lazy; I've decided on a irregular
bimonthly schedule. I'm eliminating the
letter column in this particular
number; letters were rather brief for the
most part, (of course there were except-
ions) Some people expressed the philosophy
that since SAM is small it would be a
sacrilege to outdo it sizewise via personal
missive. Humbug. Well, maybe I just hit a
busy season. In any case all kinds and sizes
of comments are welcomed, and I thank all you
who bothered.

Les Gerber indicates that I write like e. e.
cummings.....

"YOU'LL NEVER BE A PRIZEFIGHTER!!" said the
examining doctor at the employment office!!
I was stunned, floored, shocked; all my
cherished dreams of me in the Garden were
crushed in that moment of truth! How could I
face my folks once the truth was known?--all
those years at Stillman's up in smoke!!
Weakly I made up the excuse that I didn't
want to be a prizefighter, but, instead, was
interested in the art field. "Oh, a ideal-
ist, ha?" he said, "not interested in making
money, eh?". And for this delightful little
interview I had been shuttled from room to
room, and from floor to floor, getting mired in
the ever present bog of needless red tape. My
doctor, complete with Billy Gilbert accent,
continued, "You look like a intellectual, you
know," he said, "You haff a high IQ?" I replied
that I had been told so, and then, to be modest,
I added that sometimes I didn't always use it.
"Billy" stared at me. "You ought to be shot!" he
whispered coldly. I laughed in his face.
So much for modesty....

((The above is a true life account of what
happens when you apply for working papers, sws.))

....we both neglect to space after commas,
Les says.



hey, gang:

NEW EXPLOITATION!

Yes gang, a brand new application of economic exploitation has flittered into being! Something new to get steamed up about. Something new to provide fodder for indignant sneering articles... indignant sneeting articles like this.

Recently I was thumbing through a copy of the Reader's Digest and my eyes met this title, "The Scandal Of Our Missile Program". I skipped it--after all, who digs a corny title like that? However, I eventually returned to it--my library card has been revoked--and got duly upset. It dealt with union blackmail in our rocket program and the picture it painted was pretty scrdid, even by modern standards.

In the past five years, the article states, there have been a delightful total of 330 missile base strikes and walkouts, resulting in a loss of 163,000 man-days---that's plenty too much.

Reasons for these walkouts have been pretty pathetic. Take, for example, the walkout at a air force base in Colorado; it seems that the rascally capitalistic bosses refused to let the workers (pipefitters, electricians, and asbestos workers) make their own coffee. Gristle for Communist propaganda mills!

Unfortunately, government officials have been naively hoping that if they meet these kinds of demands the unions will stop rattling their sabers. One of the examples of how far the feds can bend backwards is a recent fiasco at the Cape. It seems that company technicians had the nerve to unhook 1000 wires in a blockhouse; naturally the union workers felt compelled, by the demands of their principles, to request that the wires be rehooked so that they could rehook them.....at 3.75 an hour. Actually though, I do believe that Vandenberg air force base has one up on Canaveral. When intricate factory made machinery arrived there, union officials decided that the assembling of that equipment should've been a job for their pipefitters--obviously--therefore the pipefitters should be allowed to take apart the equipment and put it back together again--obviously....particularly at 4.13 an hour. Well, the Air Force's collective mind came up with a "solution": the pipefitters would get paid for watching the equipment for as long as the job would've taken them. Now I ask you---would Uriah Stevens dig this?

When NASA experts attempted to install ground equipment for the Saturn (a rocket with a supposed thrust of 1.5 million pounds, as compared with Russian thrust of 800,000 lbs.) the pipefitters took a walk. Three times the NASA men sneaked back, three times unionism sent them away.

As for the pay of the downtrodden I was amazed to learn that Vandenberg electricians earn \$510 a week---that's more than the missile base's commander makes, ditto with Wernher von Braun. Elevator operators have made as much as \$363 a week, truckdrivers \$324, warehouse clerks \$264. Some ditchdiggers have made more than the combined pay of the astronauts---all this must be great for morale.

I think we need a new Daddy Warbucks.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED : Anyone with any particle of sence can look at my typer and say: "You have troubles with that typer, Steve Stiles." And so I have---that's no lie. George Scithers, upon taking a long drawn out look at it, hinted that it belonged in the Smithsonian Institute. Upon mediating on this I'm forced to admit that they wouldn't take me up on it; you see, Funny Things Happen with this machine.

Last week I moved said typewriter into the living room---it gets lonely in my own room with only my 30" by 40" "self portrait" to hang over me---and proceeded to catch up on my usual late correspondence. In a matter of a few simple hours it was over, and I sunk into the blue limbo of fnz reading. Then my brother toddled over to me and asked if he could type something. I considered snarling "No, ya can't!" as I usually do, but I was feeling mellow. I reburied myself in my reading, but was shortly resurrected by a loud forceful crash. Leapin' Lizards....!

I looked up. There the wreckage lay, kicking up its heels in the last throes of rigor mortis....I decided to stay where I was; it couldn't be broken, it just couldn't! A few minutes crawled by, the sound of typing began....and with a clunking sound it stopped. The child's equivilant of curses burst from the room where Randy had gone. I groaned. It was broken.

There was a moment of quiet. Suddenly I was getting up....the trouble, among things, was a certain tightness in the roller, causing a complete rejection of paper; I silently gave the youngest Stiles a dirty look, I didn't say anything. I knew, yes I knew, that doubtlessly the poor lad would recieve sufficient chastisement---any minute my mother would turn to him and start out with a withering "Oh, Randy!!". Mother turned. "Oh, Stephen!!" she said. I should've snarled "No, ya can't!", it transpires. C'est la guerre.

That evening my uncle dropped in and had a look at it. The carriage finally surrendered its bulldog grip after an hour or so---later I sat down to resume typing. No impression showed up on the paper. It seems that there's this little thing, see, and this little thing holds up the ribbon to the roller; when the key goes up so does the Little Thing with the ribbon. But the Little Thing didn't go up. I mentally wept. At this point madre showed some very definite signs....these little definite signs made me envision sending a gafiation note to Fanac.... A week went by, mail began to pile up, and various fanzines which made me feel very much like commenting arrived....it was all very sad. I began to get desperate; I decided to take the Underwood to the repair shop. Now, in the repair shop there's a little man (also complete with Billy Gilbert accent) who loves his typewriters; the sight of me creeping sheepishly into his shop with a broken typer enrages him---it's as if I had murdered it! I was desperate---very desperate! Heaving the machine upwards, I staggered towards the door to the accompaniment of popping tendons. I then staggered down the four flights of stairs, staggered out another door, staggered to the bus stop, and staggered onto the bus. It was all very tiresome. Anyway, the bus jounced off to my destination (if you've ever been on a N.Y. bus you know what I mean) and I staggered--what else?--off.

Steeling myself, I plunged into the shop. "You dropped it again!" the man said accusingly. I assumed a guilty grin, and ~~bothered~~ all. "No, my brother did." I said. I then explained my troubles; the guy gave me a funny look, reached inside the typer and switched on an obvious toggle---the thing worked.there ought to be a moral here somewhere...

Art Through The Ages. Part I

I've been aware of a great need in fandom. A need in fandom that has been apparent for a very long time, however, if Campbell won't publish science fiction in his magazine, it's his lookout. Something else has been bothering me; it hit me yesterday when I was contemplating the Universe in my quiet, genial way: fans do not have a good education in art! This has worried me---I've yearned for the day when fans would become cultured & refined people...like me... So, as I said yesterday, I will enlighten you! Yes indeed. This, then, is the high purpose of this article. Besides, I have an extra page to fill up.....

Art, as most of you know, began with the caveman. Or maybe before that. Most of you probably know that these primitives dabbled the walls of their caves with whatever materials they happened to have. How many of you, I wonder, ever considered the deeper aspects and problems that went into such art? For example, how does one go about matting the finished product? Bet you never thought of that.

Wall paintings served a high purpose in the family & communal life of these early humans. During the later evening hours these creatures would gather around a particularly popular sketch and stare at for the duration of twilight. Generations lived and died around it. After a few centuries some darned egghead would invent the FCC of that time, and erase it. "The things they have nowadays" he would complain, "are fit for twelve year olds!".

AL LEWIS' COEDITORIAL: I think it's catching....

....Everyone knows about metropolitan N.Y., home of Void, where coeditors are as common as flyspecks on your menu. But not everyone knows that metropolitan New York, home of SAM---which is also picking up flyspecks at a terrific rate. (100% increase in the last week!)

It was a week ago, at a rather dead Fanoclast meeting, that Steve, rather quietly dropped his bombshell. "I want a coeditor." he said, mustering a smile. "Why?" I pounced; "Are you out of money, or is it too much work?"

"Neither," he demurred. "I just can't think of anything else to say, and I have only five and a half pages done. Won't somebody please be my coeditor?" He pleaded, and looked around frantically. Larry Ivie sneered, Andy Reiss looked the other way, but my cold and stony heart burst.

"Why sure, Steve," I said, "the Friendly Al Lewis will be glad to coedit your fanzine with you." So that's why I'm here. But gee---do you think that New York has become the focal point of coeditor fandom?

-----East Coast Al Lewis-----

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 someday 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

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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 Yogo. (Hoooo!) 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! Moran: 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.

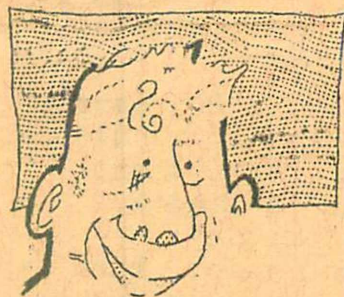
"Getaway"---A harassed looking guy, obviously deeply in trouble, is talking rapidly to a doctor friend. The doctor continually gestures towards the door, urging a getaway. Finally the guy straightens his shoulder and runs straight at the door, which the doctor flings open at the last second, and into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

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RANDOM, DISJOINTED THOUGHTS : Tomorrow 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. (Thore mentioned ya again, boy!) 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 SAM--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.

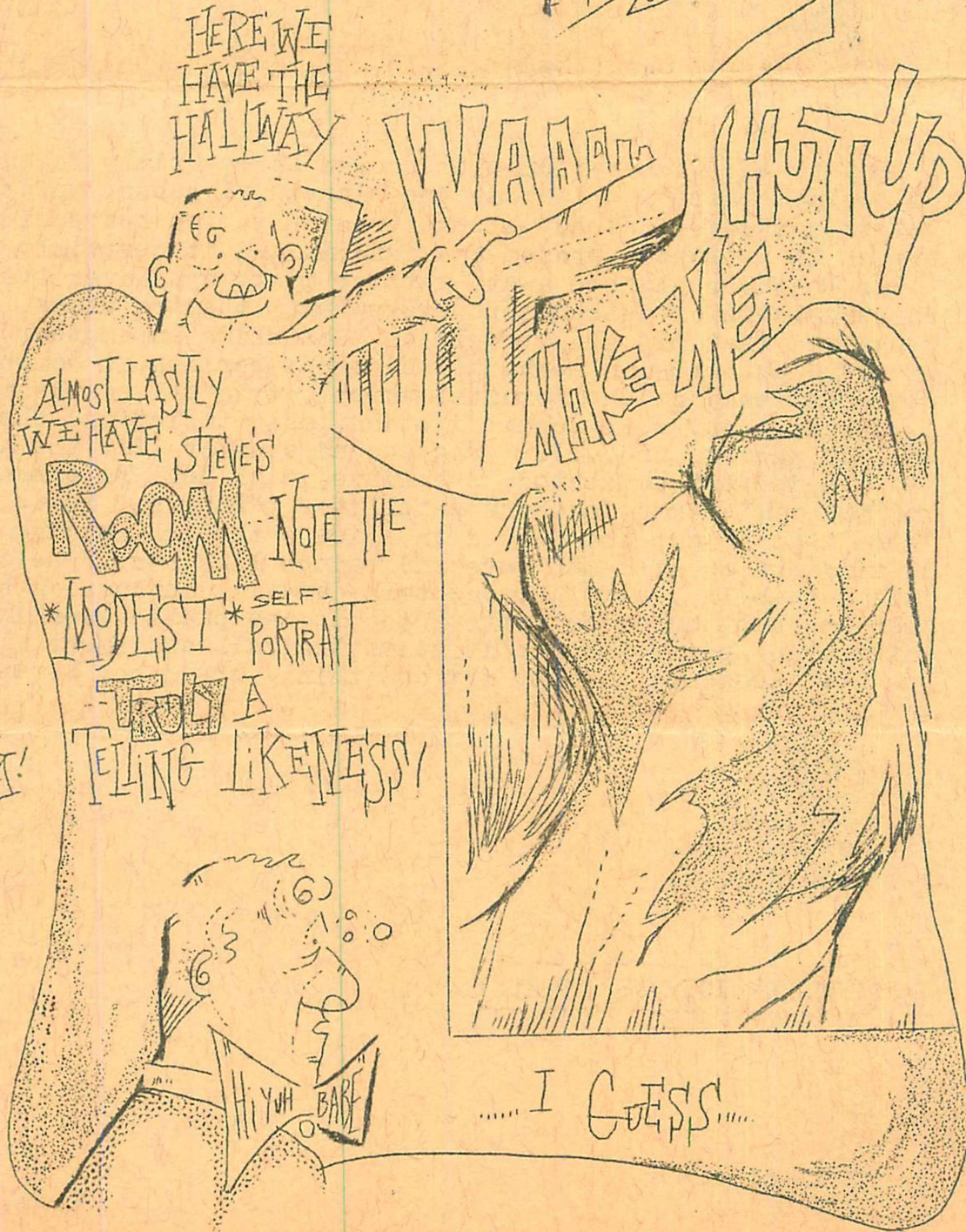
GREETINGS
 FROM FREELOADERS
 IN YOUR FRIENDLY
 GUIDE TO 1809
 SECOND AVE!

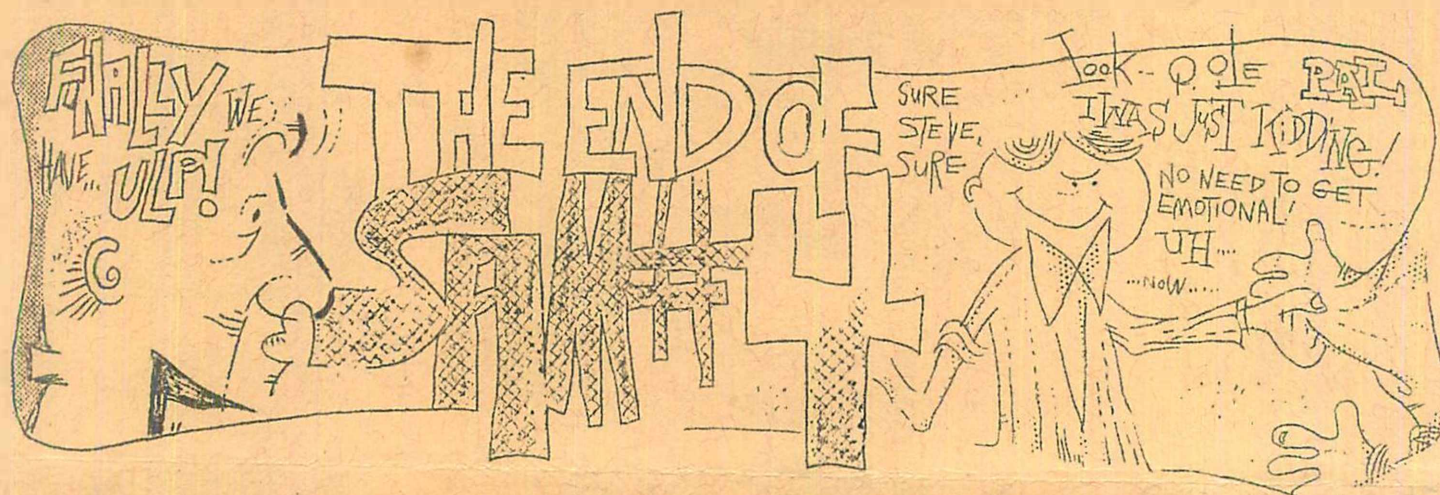


THIS IS APT. 4B. HERE
 IS THE CAT-- 14 LBS.
 2 1/2 FEET LONG...
 HE CAN ROLL OVER
 JUMP ON FACES,
 AND RATTLE
 VENETIAN BLINDS
 AT 4 A.M. -- A
 FINE GENIUS!



Good
 EVENING
 SAM!





I went to the Planetarium with neofan Larry Crilly recently. A Planetarium is a place where you look at the planets, I guess. Unfortunately we didn't get to see any, instead we were treated to two hours of a recruitment speech to astronomy prodrom and fandom. And it certainly is a fandom.

Our lecturer blabbed away, getting misty eyed over the "unique" universalness of astronomers everywhere; they're slans, you know. Then he mentioned that his group would be publishing an amateur digest devoted to printing articles on members' science experiments. Somehow, as I just finished reading "The Immortal Storm", this all sounds terribly familiar...bet some guy will submit fiction, (scientifiction) the science hobbyists will be aghast, and..... The second speaker (for the next two hours) was a scientest connected, I believe, with Bell Telephone, or at any rate, the "balloon" communications satellite. ("They pay me to dream!" he said) Seems that he got interested in science through reading Amazing. "I wanted to find out about death rays and things like that." he said. He then went into a rambling, very nervous talk, and in conclusion stuttering told us that the best cure for nervous people was public speaking. I doubt it. One interesting point though: it seems that all equipment for a zero-g craft has been designed, except for one thing: the john. Sorta makes you think.

SAM

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It's QWERTYUIOPress' fault!

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