

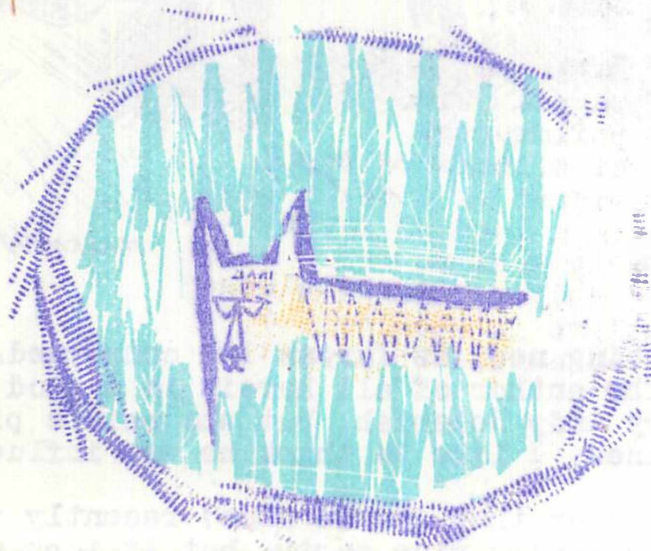
This issue is something new, as far as I'm concerned. It is an all poetry issue of SAM. The author of all herein is a good buddy type from Visual Arts, who is very Andy Reissish, but who paints pictures with big heavy Roualt-like outlines; I like to think he was influenced by me.

Anyway, Ron Markman, (for that is his name) recently threw a party which I attended. It was a very nice party, but it took me four hours to find it---I was under the impression it was in the Village, and I had to try to call Terry Carr, Pete Graham, and Bob Stewart--all residents of that area--for instructions. None of them was home. After I arrived at Markman's I sat down and began to read KIRPPE. It don't mix well. "Hey," said Ron, "hey, what's that?".

To make a long story short, I am now the proud possessor of some twelve poems. They are all, I feel, good poems worth reading, and I am only too happy to publish them. I feel like I was doing something for Culture. This is, of course, something of an experiment. I'm not too sure that Fandom is the right audience for this sort of material. Will you people read this, or file it in some dark corner? I will be very interested in noting your reactions, so please make them known.

The Jungle

The jungle is quiet
the animals are asleep.
I walk,
through the sleeping wilderness.
My footsteps echoing loudly
(too loudly it seems)
on the pavement.



Conformity Confirmed

I will
not conform to
conformity! To
non-conformity
only will I
conform to the
conformity of the
nonconformists
will I conform,
only now I realize
that the conformity
of conforming to non-
conformity is today
so conforming that those
who conform to non-
conformity are
conformists.
I will conform to
nothing.

Beat Cry

Tattered, torn
ragged, worn
philosophers
of a backward world
wisest of wise,
in a land of fools.
Why must we
(children of knowledge)
live in squalor...?
We should be kings!

no one's looking at
I know I am thought of
as an outsider
but really
I am an insider
inside myself
I live within myself
seeing only for those I love
and for those who love me
others would hurt me
and so I would
always look on from the
side of the street
and live with those
who would hurt me
and not care

Where am I?
I don't know.
Who am I?
I don't know.
I must find myself,
somehow,
somewhere.

Everyday
the same thing
people,
places,
things,
how dreary,
how monotonous.

I wish some weird looking animal
would come along.

That's the
way, better
than the
world of a
man's life
in a land of
the dead
I wish some
weird looking
animal would
come along

I can't see:
children playing
tellers paying
horses prancing
people dancing
turtles sunning
children running
fountains spouting
women flirting
old men sitting
women knitting
or people walking in the park.
all I can see is
eternal dark.

I can't hear:
choirs singing
churchbells ringing
motors running
people punning
dogs howling
children yowling
babies screaming
engines steaming
bottles popping
or footsteps clapping.
The reason these things
are not very audible
is not too audible.

At least I can't see cruelty's ugly head,
the reason being that I am...
Dead.

an untitled thought

I know I am thought of
as an outsider
but really
I am an insider
inside myself.
I live within myself
caring only for those I love
and/or those who love me.
others would hurt me
and do me wrong
except those who love me.
why should I care
and/or bother with those
who would hurt me
and not care?

hide & seek

i began playing

hide & seek

i played with life

i hid:

from responsibilities of life.

i sought:

for truth in Life.

when it came my turn to seek

i found i had hidden

so well, before,

i could not find myself.

Peanut Butter

Brown, sticky,

hard to eat

without milk,

or something.

I like it..

It makes your mouth

stick together

sort of.

it's good though,

to eat, I mean,

to sit around

eating it, peanut

butter, that is,

eating peanut butter

sandwiches and Jazz,

listening to jazz.

And Ginsberg and Ferlingetti and

Charlie Parker, and Buddha

and peanut butter and philosophy

all go together.

Peanut butter

the food of the

intellectuals.

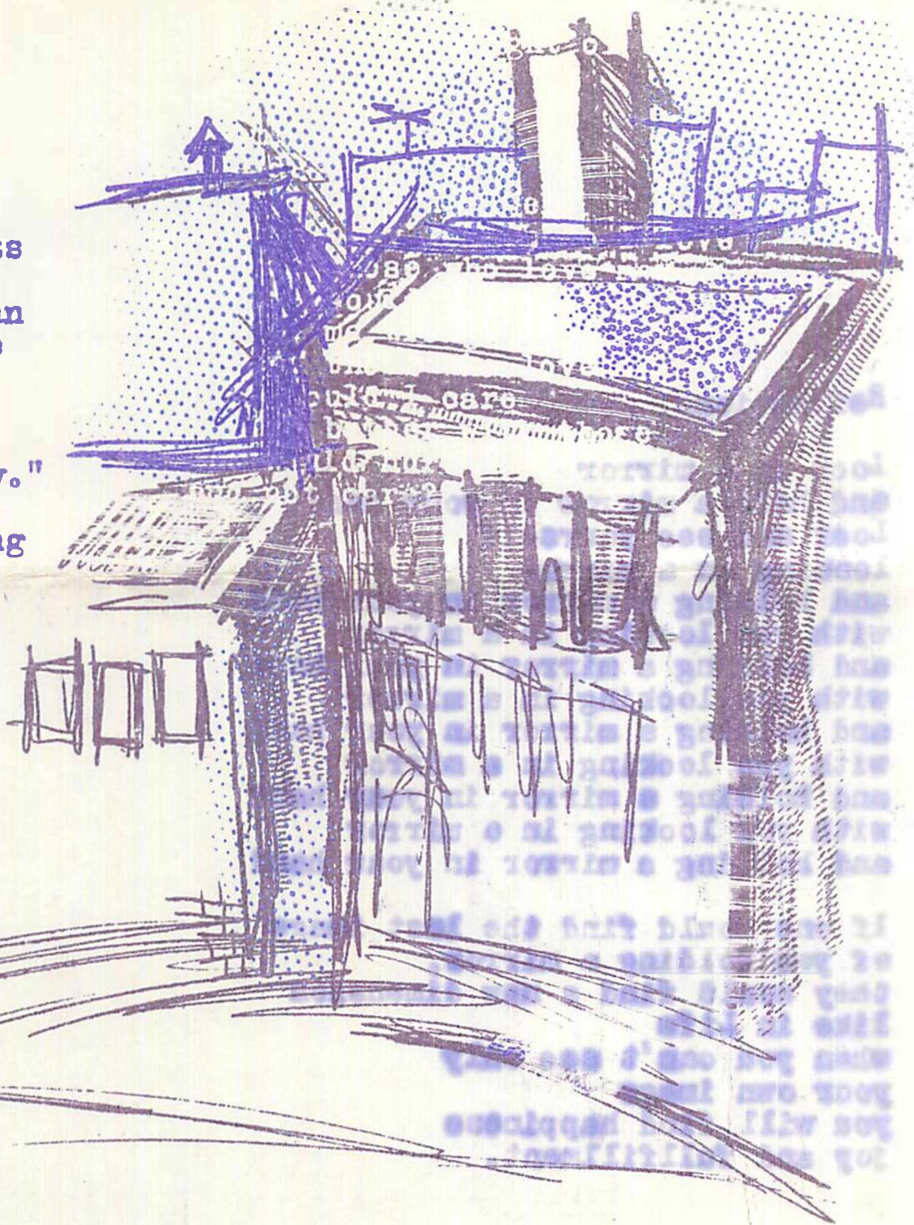
Reflections

Look in a mirror
and hold a mirror in your hand
Look and see yourself
looking in a mirror
and holding a mirror in your hand
with you looking in a mirror
and holding a mirror in your hand
with you looking in a mirror
and holding a mirror in your hand
with you looking in a mirror
and holding a mirror in your hand
with you looking in a mirror
and holding a mirror in your hand

If one could find the last image
of you holding a mirror,
they would find a new dimension
like in Life
when you can't see only
your own image
you will find happiness
joy and fulfillment.

City Block

Friday afternoon
and rain and
cold men standing
around. Hotsticky
in their under shirts
drinking beer, old
ladies talking, a man
can't make it in the
rain. The girls
swing by, old men
look, remember,
"Hey Look, it's Joey."
hot, sweaty, wet
in the rain, trudging
home "Yeah Hi."
home for beer,
hot smelly houses
microbes invading
rotting, stinking.



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July 9