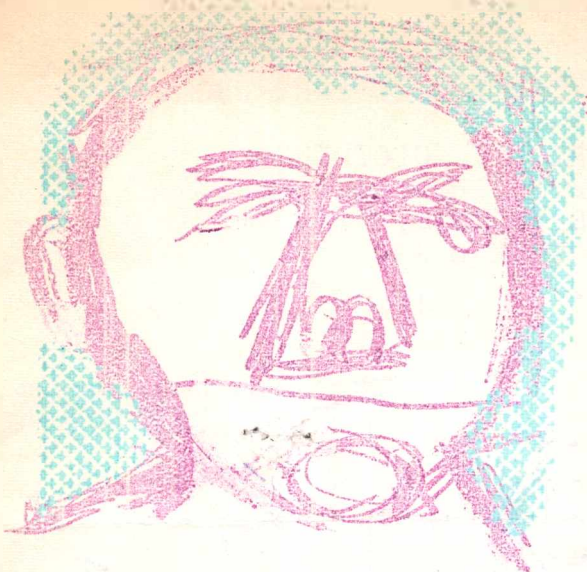


The Fanzine That Is Nothing To
Write Home About



SAM #7; a highly irregular
publication which shocks
even its editor in its
Cosmic Irregularity. This is
from STEVE Stiles, who
LIVES at 1809 SECOND Avenue,
NYC 28, and why the hell am
I capitalizing certain
letters?

ARTS has Eviably bribed STILES with a scholarship. In order
to keep that scholarship the editor of SAM must maintain a B+
average OR ELSE!But why go on? Needless to say, the
next big issue of Sam (bet you're tired of those caps) is
delayed indefinitely, but by no means permantly ; I have an
awful lot of good material on hand, and I have no intention.

In the mean time I plan to revert to my original stragedy;
publishing personality type issues of SAM in between genzine
SAMs, which seems to be the best solution I can think of.

PERMANENTLYPERMANENTLYPERMANENTLYPERMANENTLYPERMANENTLYPERMANENTLY

Actually, come to think of it, the big SAM might be out
sooner than I think, as I've gotten an assignment to do
factory safety posters for 20-40 bucks, and if I get around to
doing it I'll probably be able to buy paper and have the
art gestood.

Vulgar Department:

TO ALL EMPLOYEES

SUBJECT: INSTRUCTIONS TO PERSONNEL IN CASE OF ATOLIC ATTACK

AT THE FIRST WARNING-----

1. STAY CLEAR OF ALL WINDOWS.
2. SEAT YOURSELF IN A HARD CHAIR AT LEAST FOUR FEET FROM DESK OR TABLE.
3. LOOSEN NECKTIE, BELT OR ANY RESTRICTIVE CLOTHING.
4. REMOVE GLASSES OR ANY OTHER SHARP INSTRUMENTS, PENS, PENCILS, ETC., THAT MIGHT BE IN YOUR POCKETS.
5. BEND OVER WITH YOUR HEAD BETWEEN YOUR LEGS.
6. AND FIRMLY KISS YOUR ASS GOODBYE.

((Thanks, Mom!))

